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A Christmas Carol

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

Charles Dickens

Original Text

Quick Text

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A Christmas Carol

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

Charles Dickens

QUICK TEXT VERSION

Script Adaptation: Sean Michael Wilson
Pencils: Mike Collins
Inks: David Roach
Colouring: James Offredi
Lettering: Terry Wiley
Design & Layout: Jo Wheeler & Jenny Placentino
Publishing Assistant: Joanna Watts
Additional Information: Karen Wenborn

Editor in Chief: Clive Bryant

A Christmas Carol: The Graphic Novel
Quick Text Version

Charles Dickens

First UK Edition

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All enquiries should be addressed to:
Classical Comics Ltd.
PO Box 7280
Litchborough
Towcester
NN12 9AR
United Kingdom
Tel: 0845 812 3000

info@classicalcomics.com
www.classicalcomics.com

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KING GEORGE

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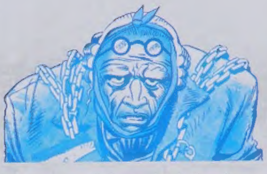
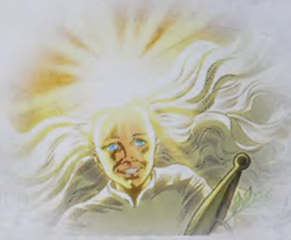
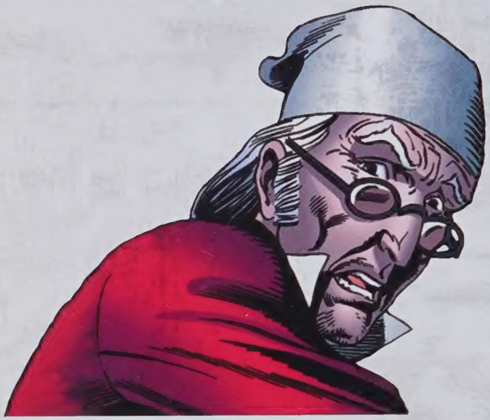
Dramatis Personæ



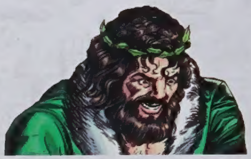
Ghost of Jacob Marley



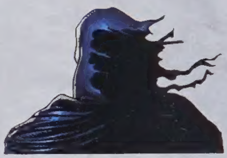
Ghost of Christmas Past



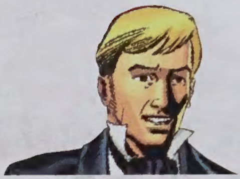
Ebenezer Scrooge



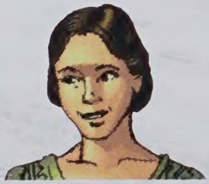
Ghost of Christmas Present



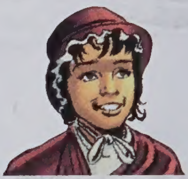
Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come



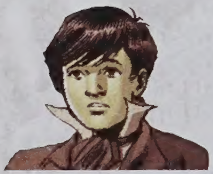
Bob Cratchit
Scrooge's clerk



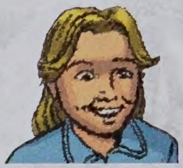
Mrs. Cratchit
Bob's wife



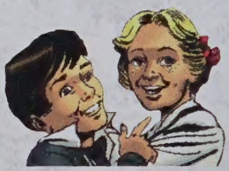
Martha Cratchit
Bob's eldest daughter



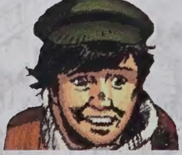
Peter Cratchit
Bob's eldest son



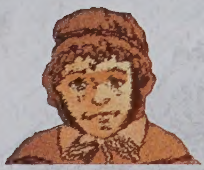
Belinda Cratchit
Bob's second daughter



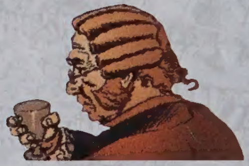
Cratchit children



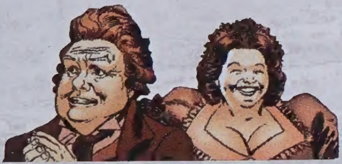
Tiny Tim Cratchit
Bob's youngest son

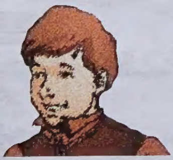


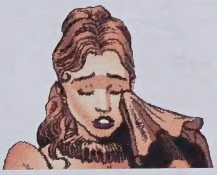
Fan
Scrooge's sister

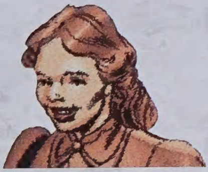


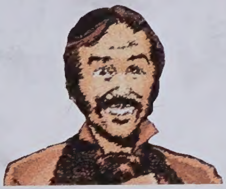
Schoolmaster

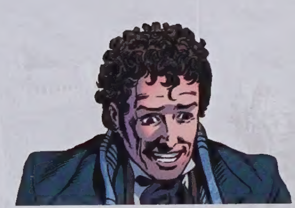

Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig

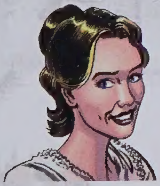

Dick Wilkins
Scrooge's fellow apprentice

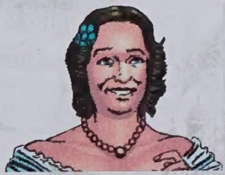

Belle
As a girl

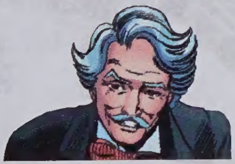

Belle
As a married woman

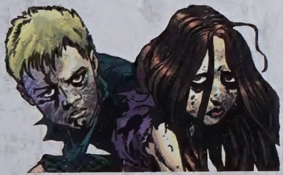

Belle's husband

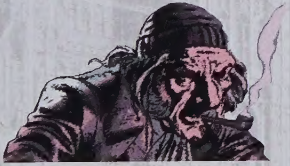

Fred
Scrooge's nephew

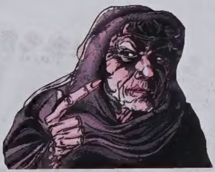

Alice
Fred's wife

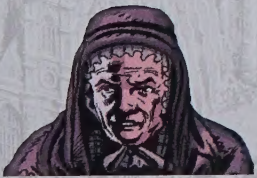

Alice's sister

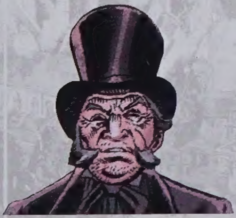

Topper
Friend of Fred

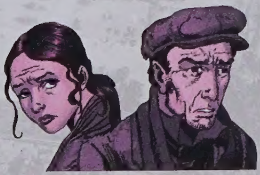

Ignorance and Want


Old Joe
Pawnbroker


Charwoman


Mrs. Dilber
Laundress

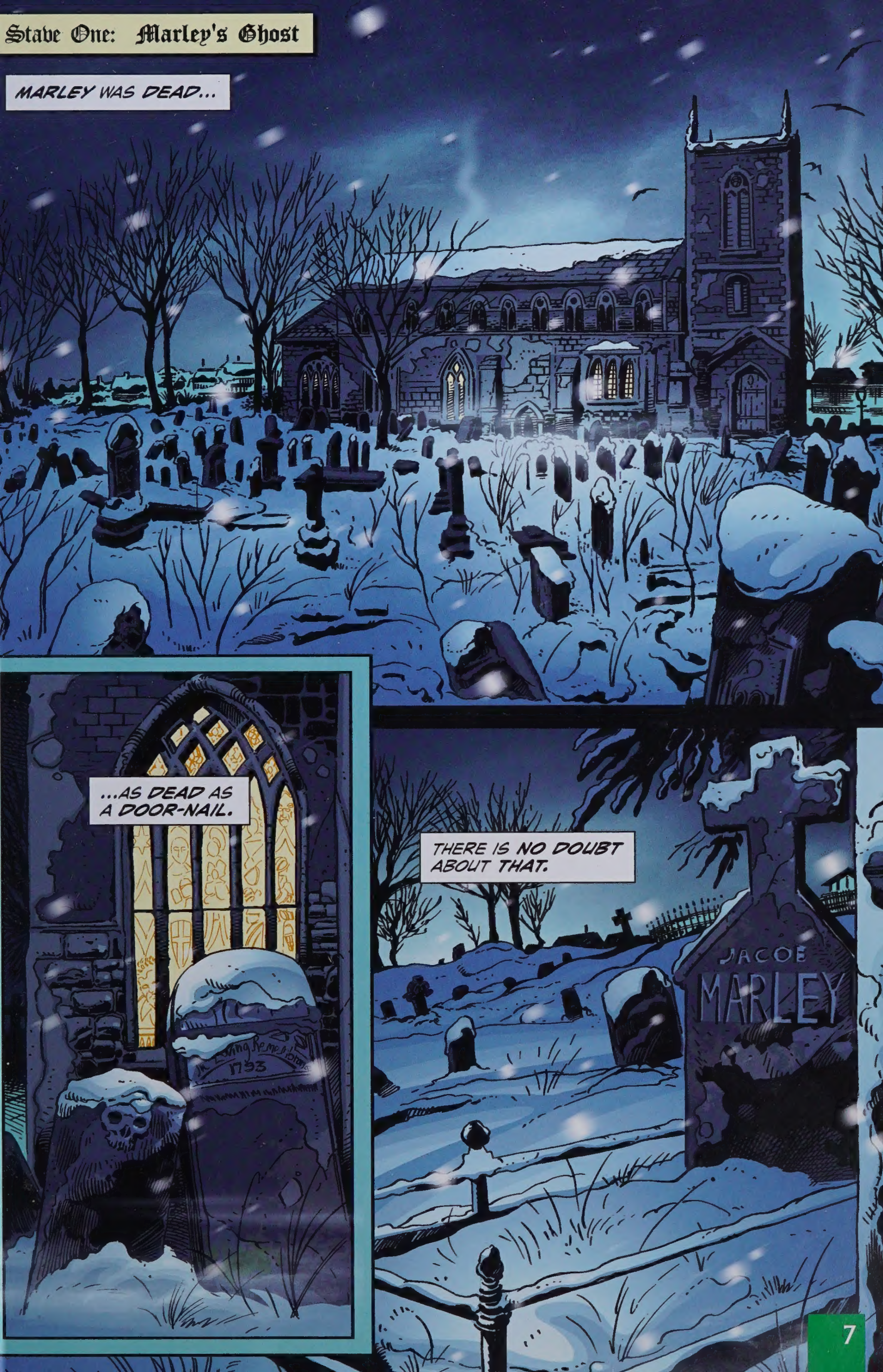

Undertaker

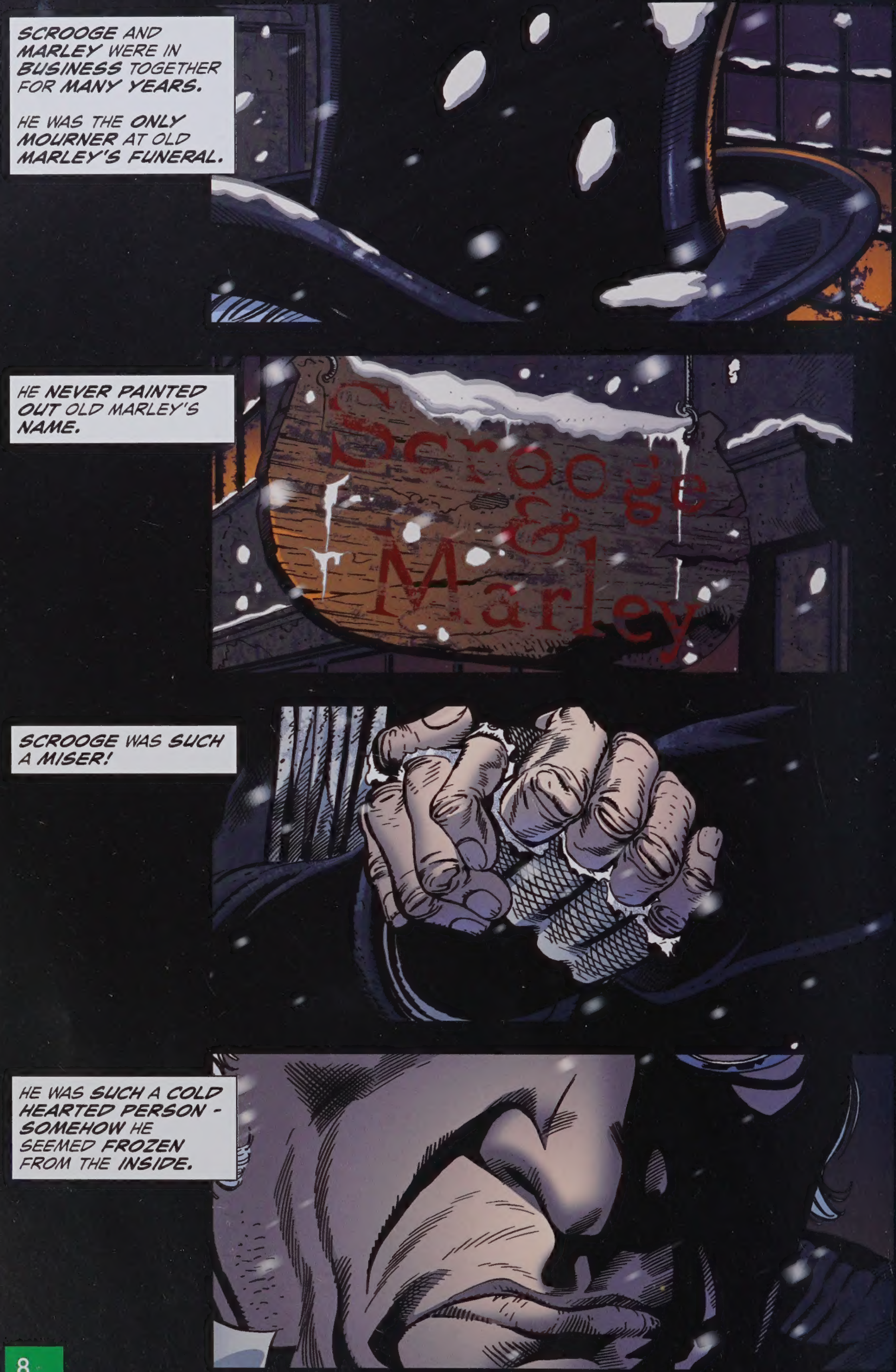

Caroline and her husband

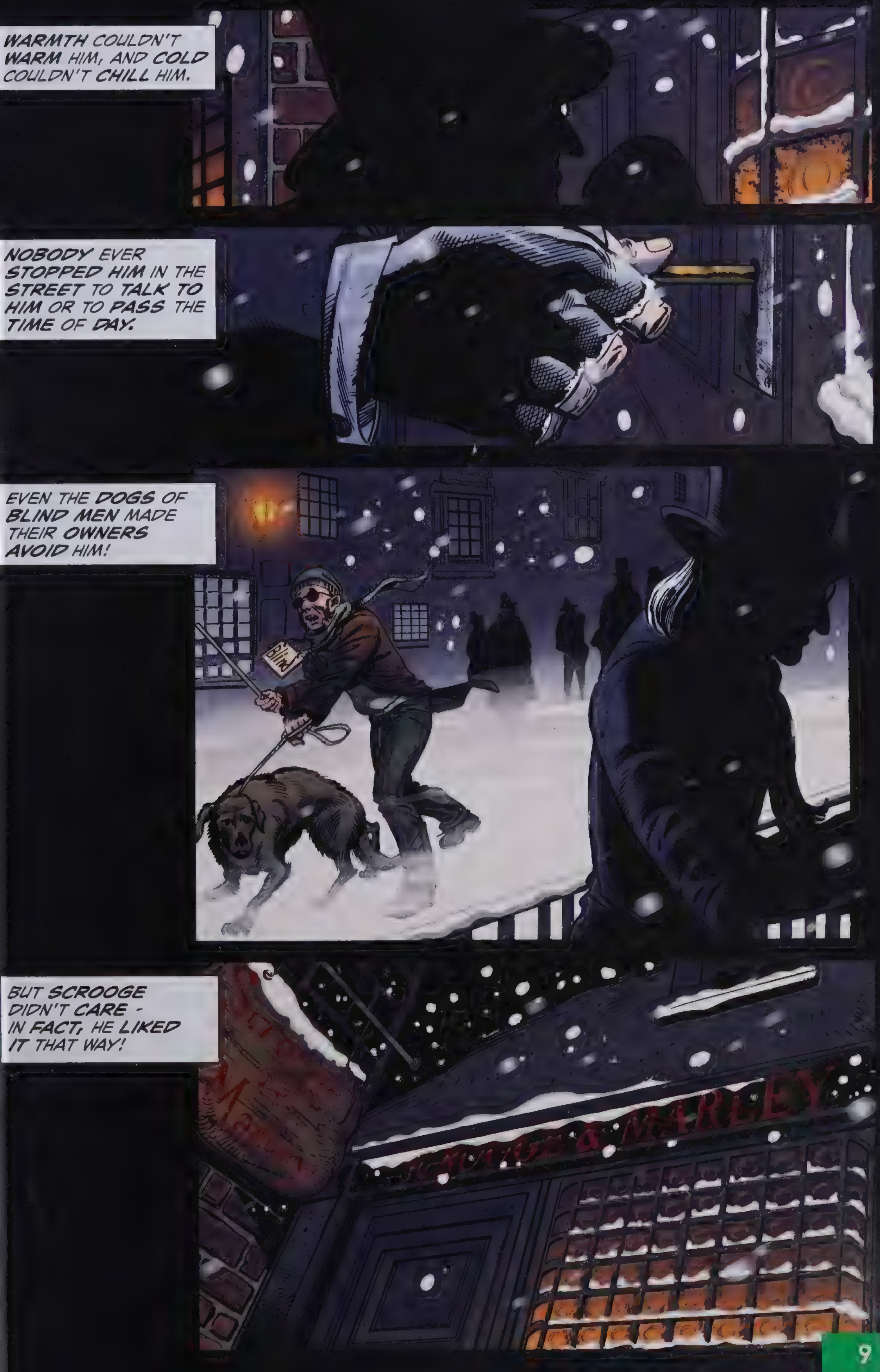
A Christmas Carol

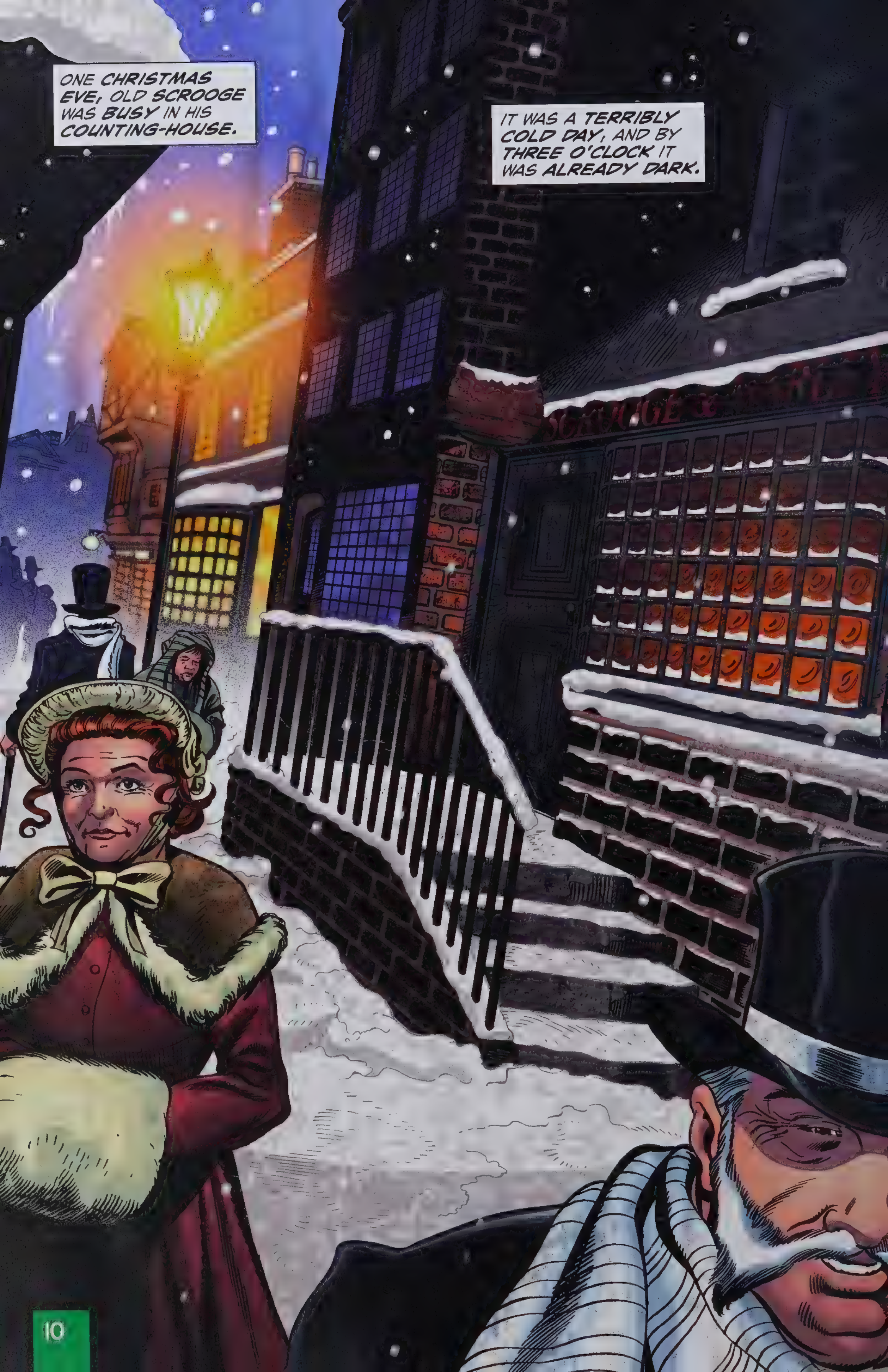
6

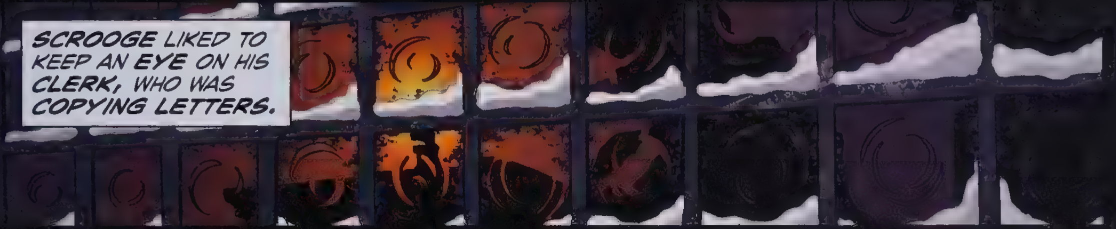
Stave One: Marley's Ghost


MARLEY WAS DEAD...
...AS DEAD AS A DOOR-NAIL.
In Loving Remembrance 1793
THERE IS NO DOUBT ABOUT THAT.
JACOB MARLEY

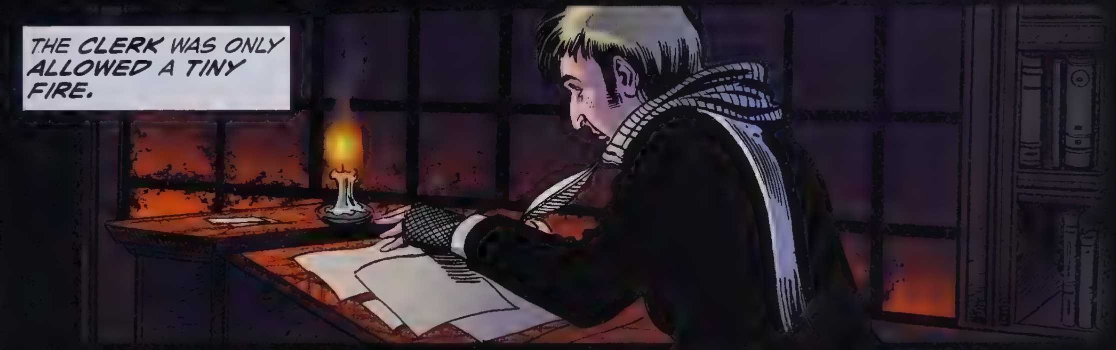

SCROOGE AND MARLEY WERE IN BUSINESS TOGETHER FOR MANY YEARS.
HE WAS THE ONLY MOURNER AT OLD MARLEY'S FUNERAL.
HE NEVER PAINTED OUT OLD MARLEY'S NAME.
Scrooge & Marley
SCROOGE WAS SUCH A MISER!
HE WAS SUCH A COLD HEARTED PERSON - SOMEHOW HE SEEMED FROZEN FROM THE INSIDE.


WARMTH COULDN'T WARM HIM, AND COLD COULDN'T CHILL HIM.
NOBODY EVER STOPPED HIM IN THE STREET TO TALK TO HIM OR TO PASS THE TIME OF DAY.
EVEN THE DOGS OF BLIND MEN MADE THEIR OWNERS AVOID HIM!
BLIND
BUT SCROOGE DIDN'T CARE - IN FACT, HE LIKED IT THAT WAY!
SCROOGE & MARLEY

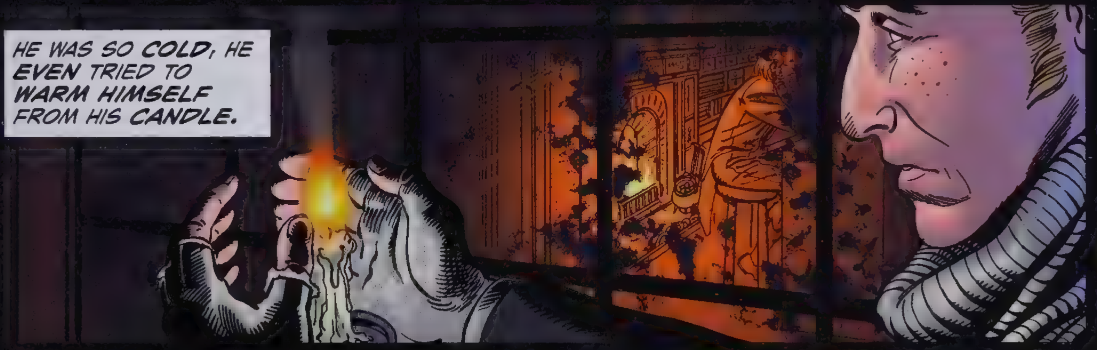

ONE CHRISTMAS EVE, OLD SCROOGE WAS BUSY IN HIS COUNTING-HOUSE.
IT WAS A TERRIBLY COLD DAY, AND BY THREE O'CLOCK IT WAS ALREADY DARK.
SCROOGE &



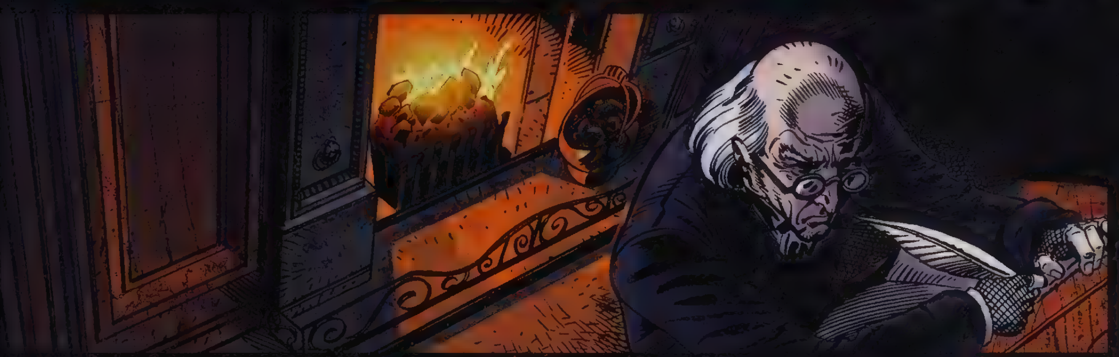
SCROOGE LIKED TO KEEP AN EYE ON HIS CLERK, WHO WAS COPYING LETTERS.

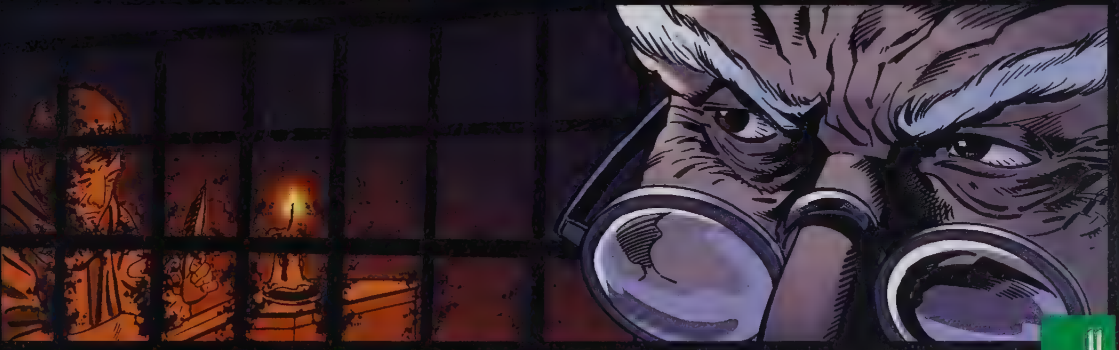


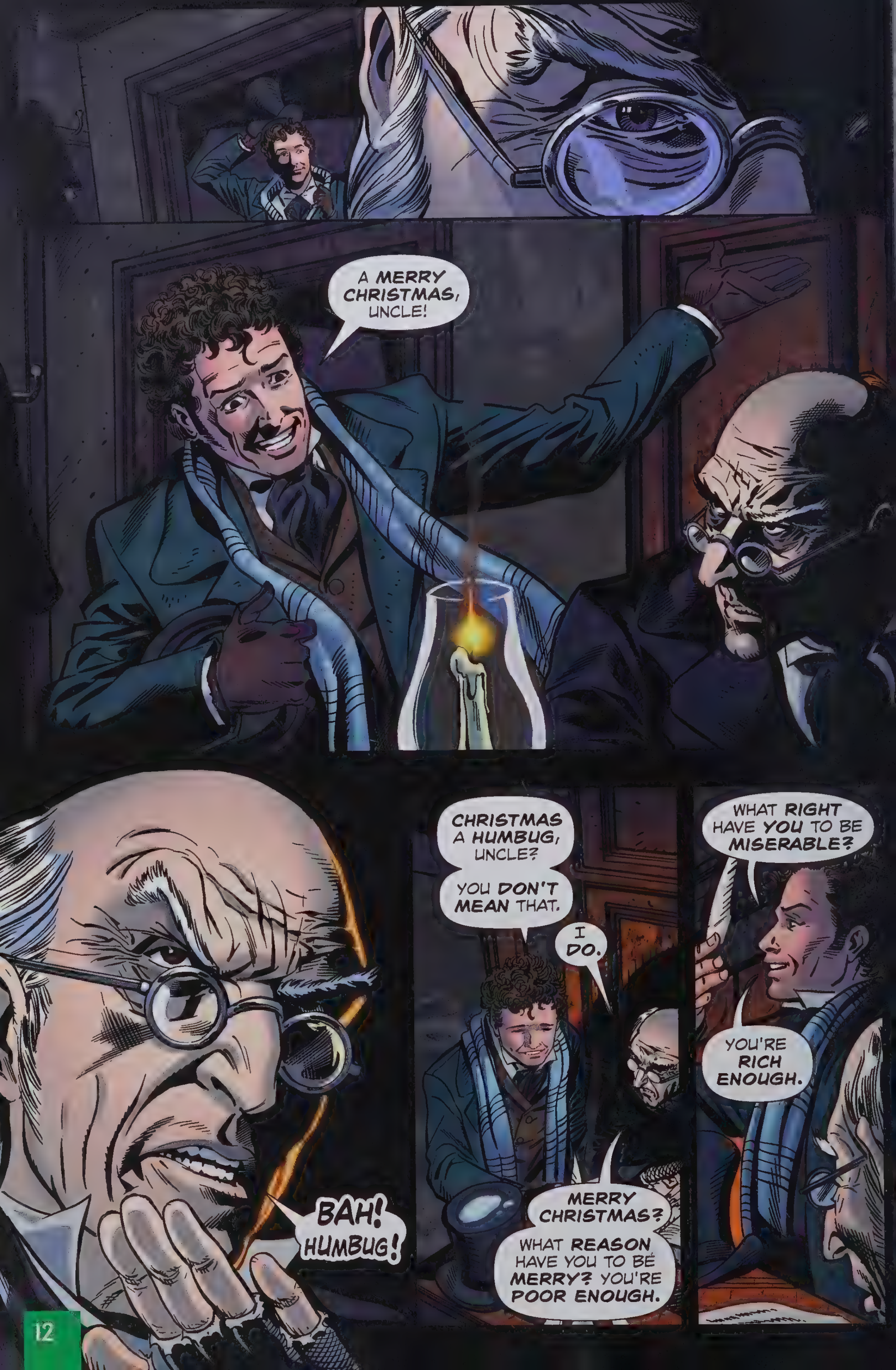
THE CLERK WAS ONLY ALLOWED A TINY FIRE.

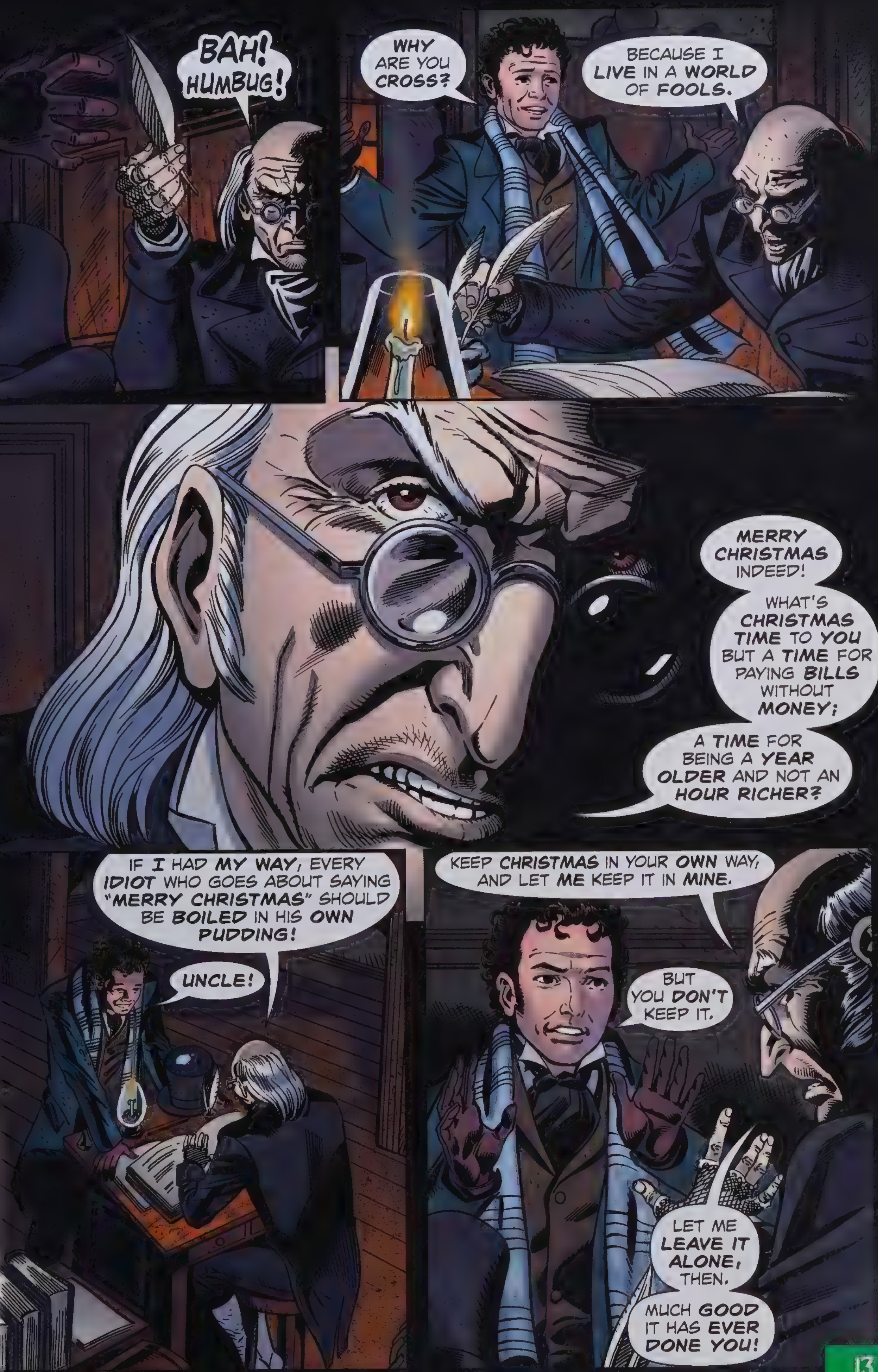


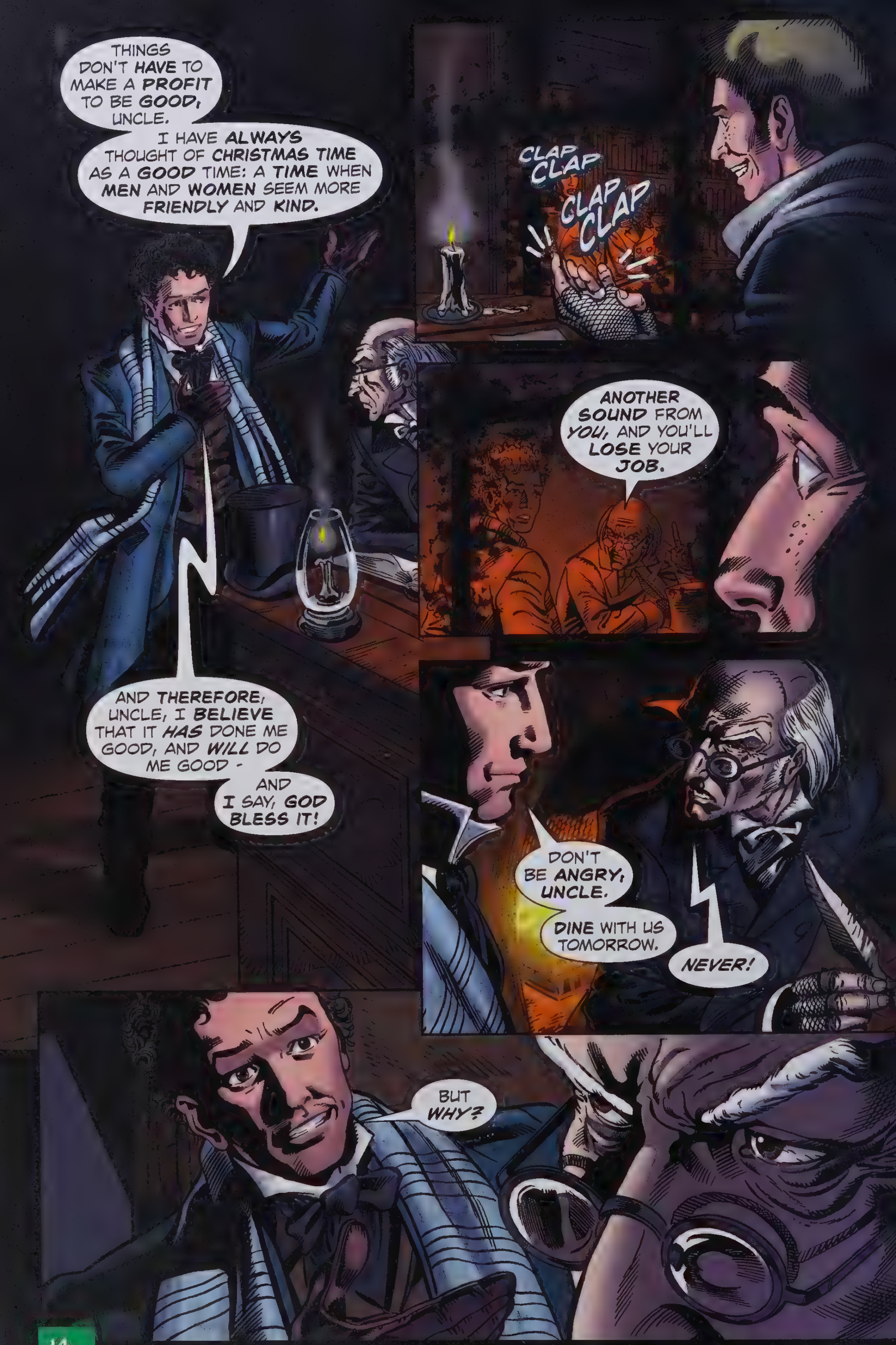
HE WAS SO COLD, HE EVEN TRIED TO WARM HIMSELF FROM HIS CANDLE.

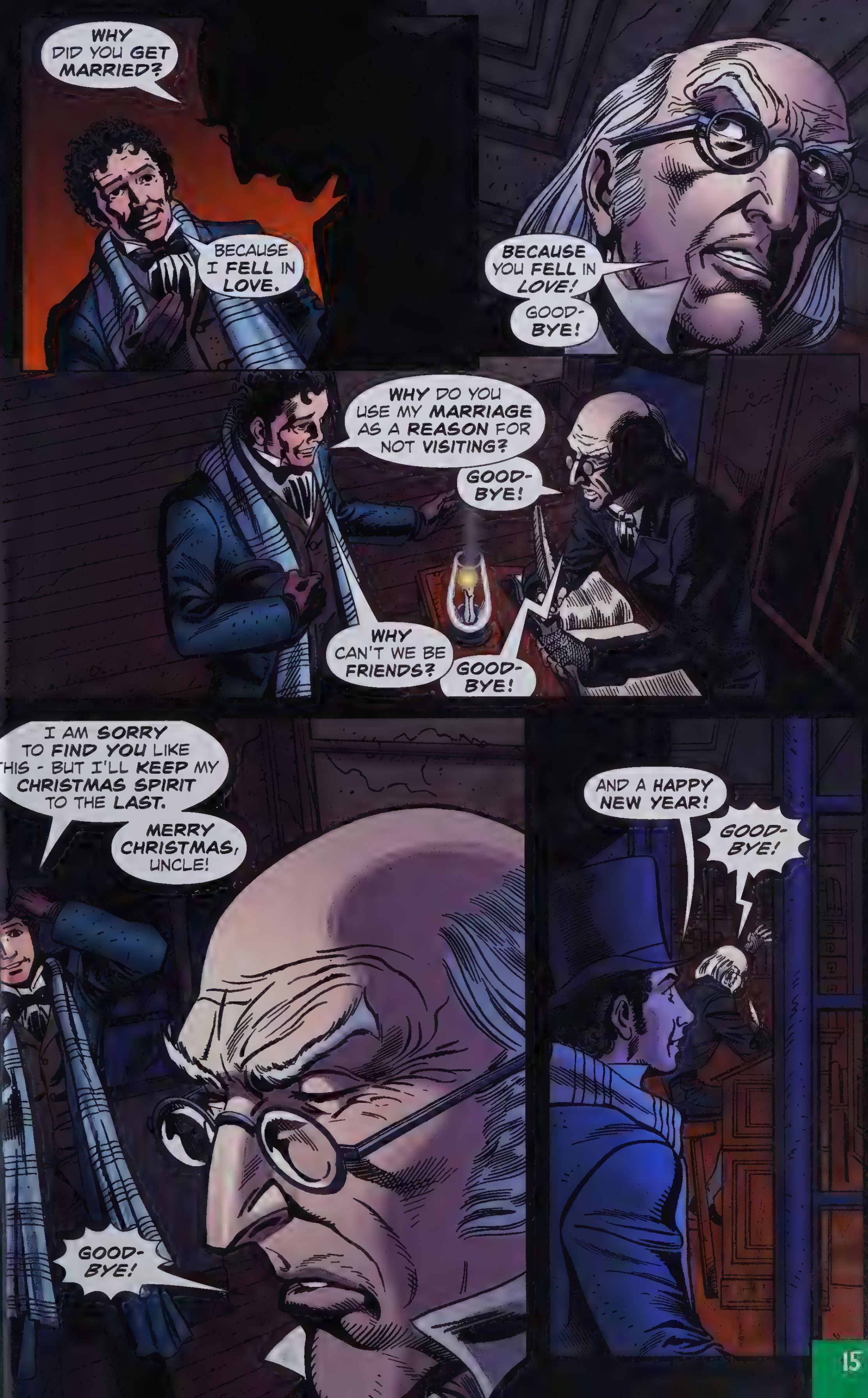


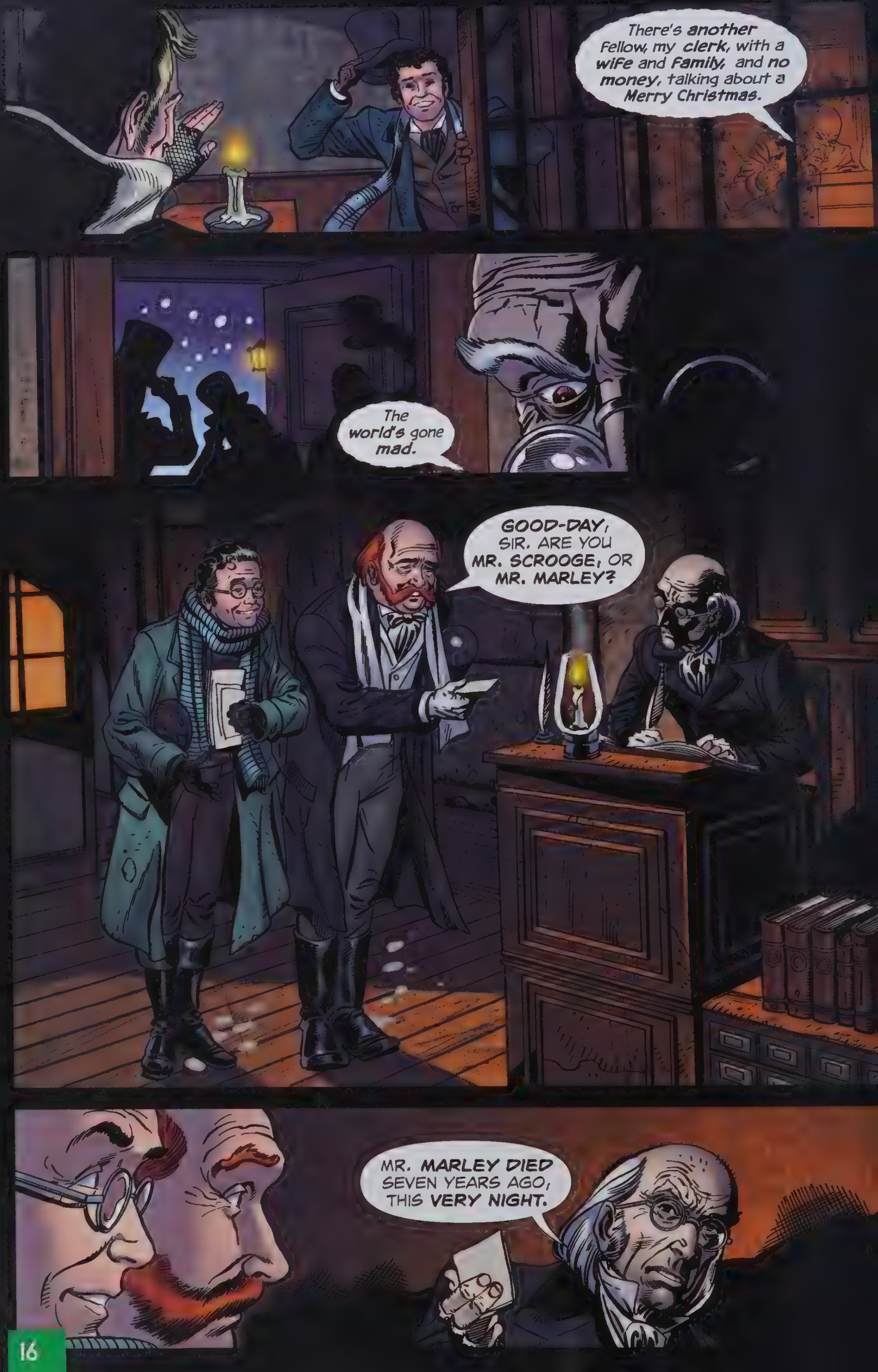


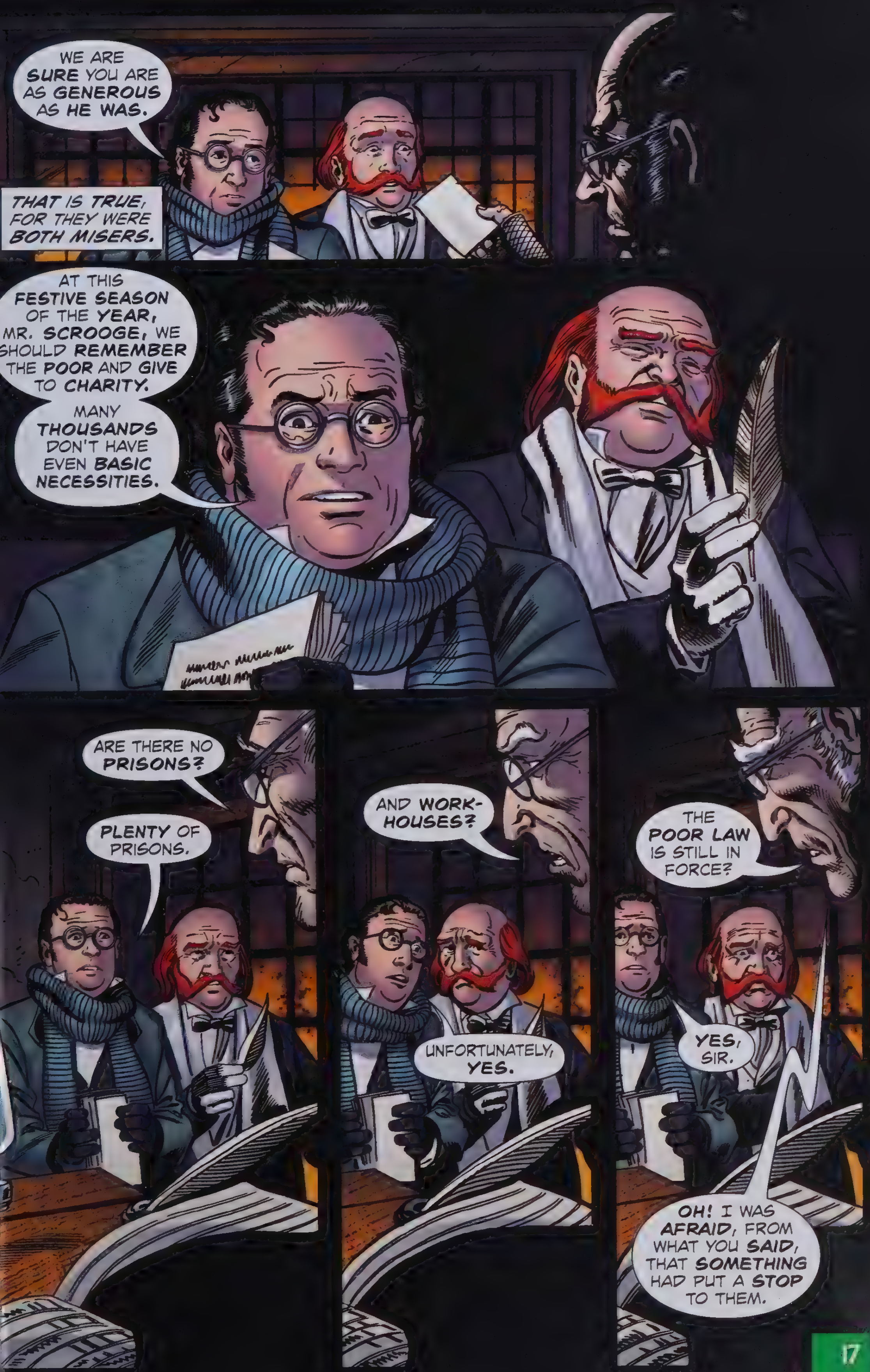

A MERRY CHRISTMAS, UNCLE!
BAH! HUMBUG!
CHRISTMAS A HUMBUG, UNCLE?
YOU DON'T MEAN THAT.
I DO.
MERRY CHRISTMAS?
WHAT REASON HAVE YOU TO BE MERRY? YOU'RE POOR ENOUGH.
WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO BE MISERABLE?
YOU'RE RICH ENOUGH.

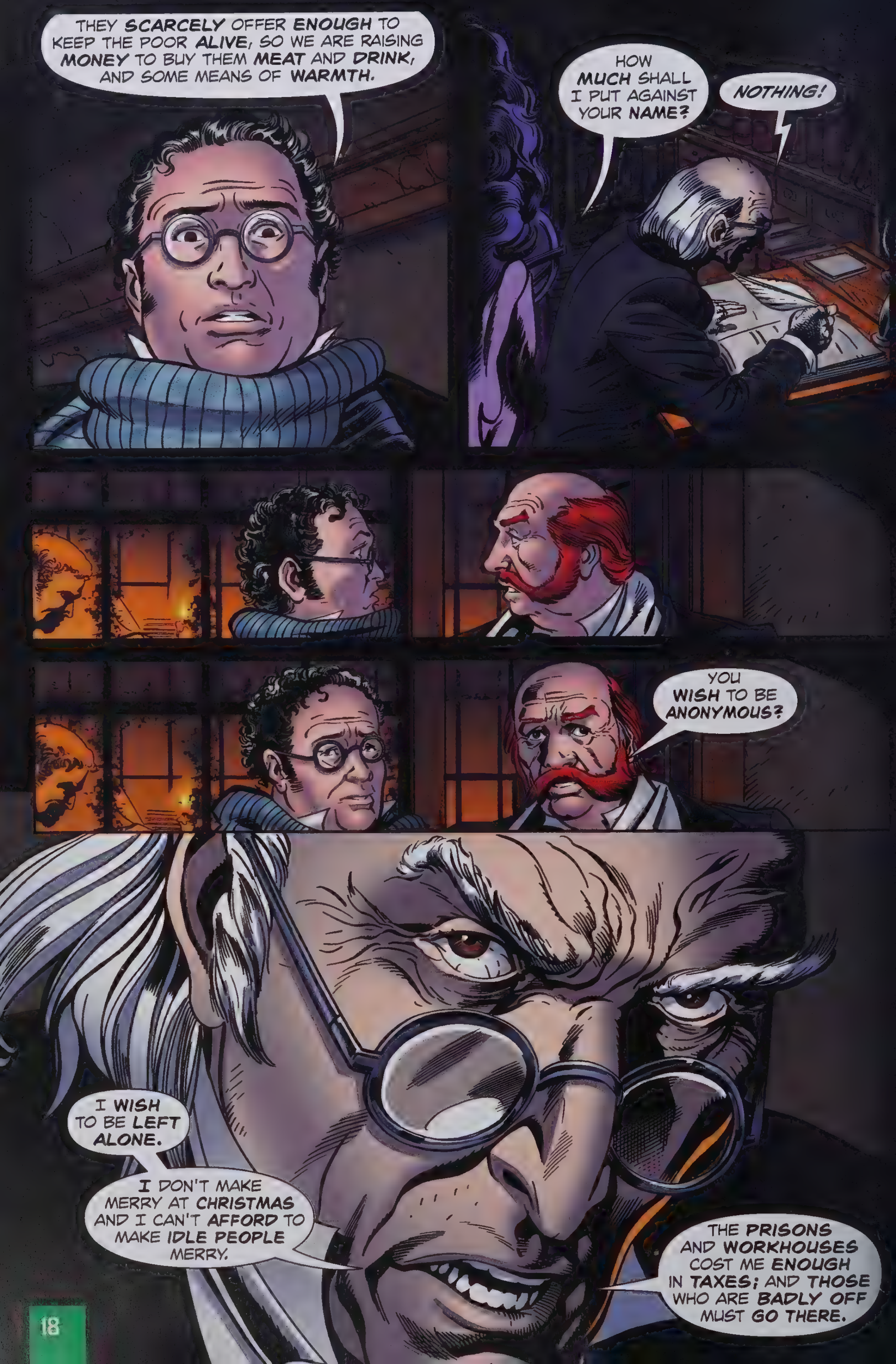

BAH! HUMBUG!
WHY ARE YOU CROSS?
BECAUSE I LIVE IN A WORLD OF FOOLS.
MERRY CHRISTMAS INDEED!
WHAT'S CHRISTMAS TIME TO YOU BUT A TIME FOR PAYING BILLS WITHOUT MONEY;
A TIME FOR BEING A YEAR OLDER AND NOT AN HOUR RICHER?
IF I HAD MY WAY, EVERY IDIOT WHO GOES ABOUT SAYING "MERRY CHRISTMAS" SHOULD BE BOILED IN HIS OWN PUDDING!
UNCLE!
KEEP CHRISTMAS IN YOUR OWN WAY, AND LET ME KEEP IT IN MINE.
BUT YOU DON'T KEEP IT.
LET ME LEAVE IT ALONE, THEN.
MUCH GOOD IT HAS EVER DONE YOU!

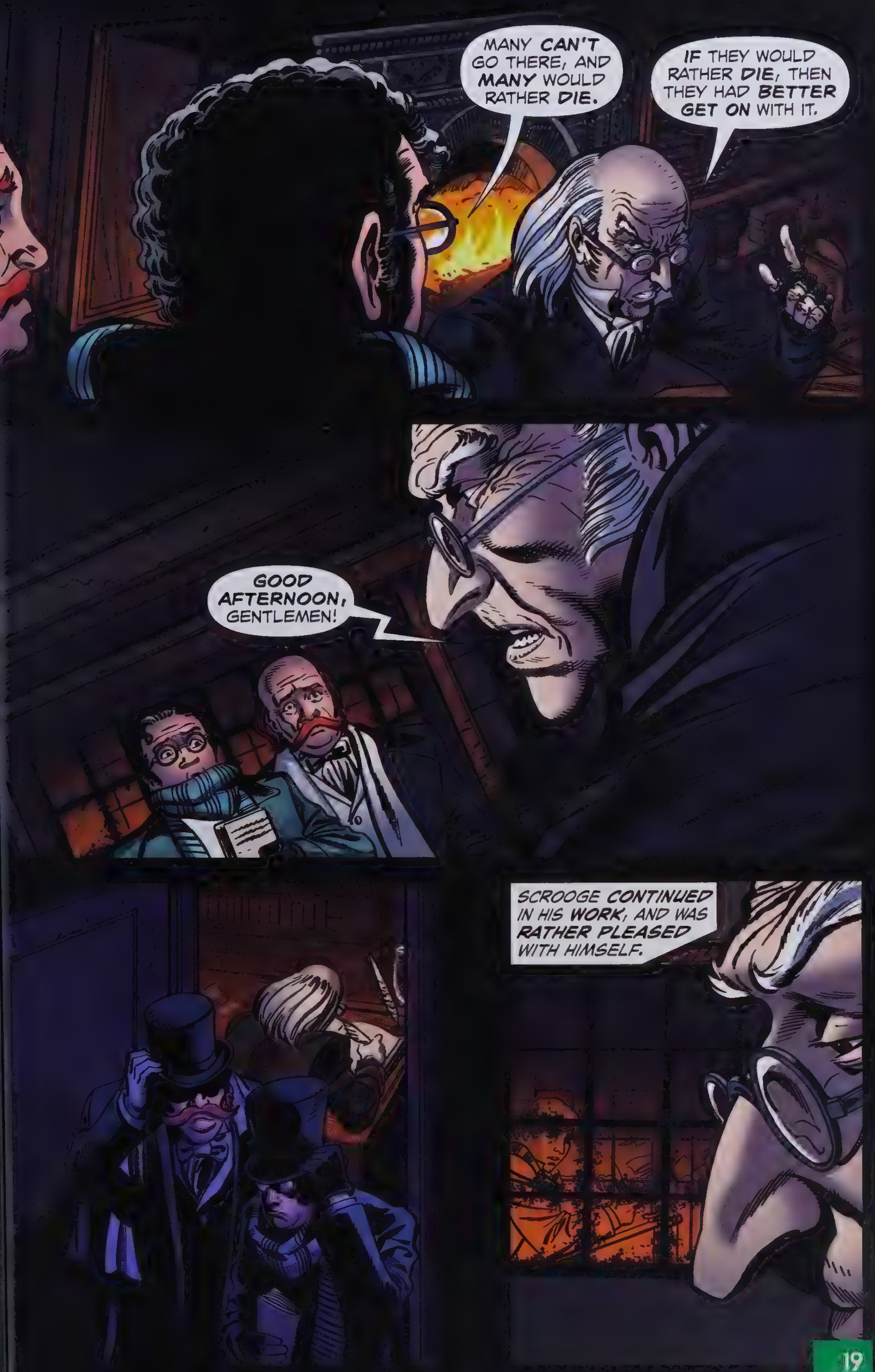

THINGS DON'T HAVE TO MAKE A PROFIT TO BE GOOD, UNCLE.
I HAVE ALWAYS THOUGHT OF CHRISTMAS TIME AS A GOOD TIME: A TIME WHEN MEN AND WOMEN SEEM MORE FRIENDLY AND KIND.
AND THEREFORE, UNCLE, I BELIEVE THAT IT HAS DONE ME GOOD, AND WILL DO ME GOOD -
AND I SAY, GOD BLESS IT!
CLAP CLAP
CLAP CLAP
ANOTHER SOUND FROM YOU, AND YOU'LL LOSE YOUR JOB.
DON'T BE ANGRY, UNCLE.
DINE WITH US TOMORROW.
NEVER!
BUT WHY?

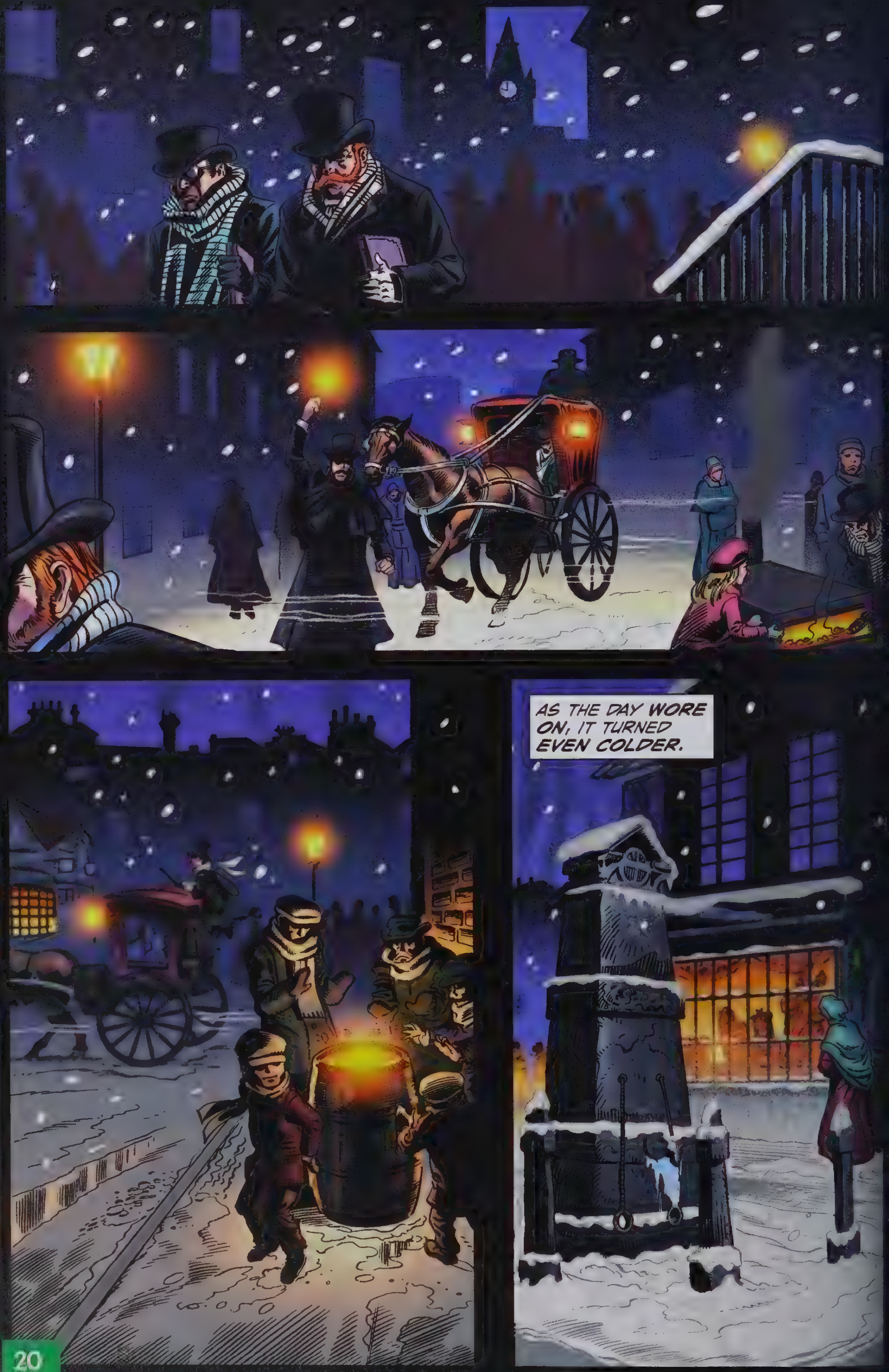

WHY DID YOU GET MARRIED?
BECAUSE I FELL IN LOVE.
BECAUSE YOU FELL IN LOVE!
GOOD-BYE!
WHY DO YOU USE MY MARRIAGE AS A REASON FOR NOT VISITING?
GOOD-BYE!
WHY CAN'T WE BE FRIENDS?
GOOD-BYE!
I AM SORRY TO FIND YOU LIKE HIS - BUT I'LL KEEP MY CHRISTMAS SPIRIT TO THE LAST.
MERRY CHRISTMAS, UNCLE!
GOOD-BYE!
AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!
GOOD-BYE!

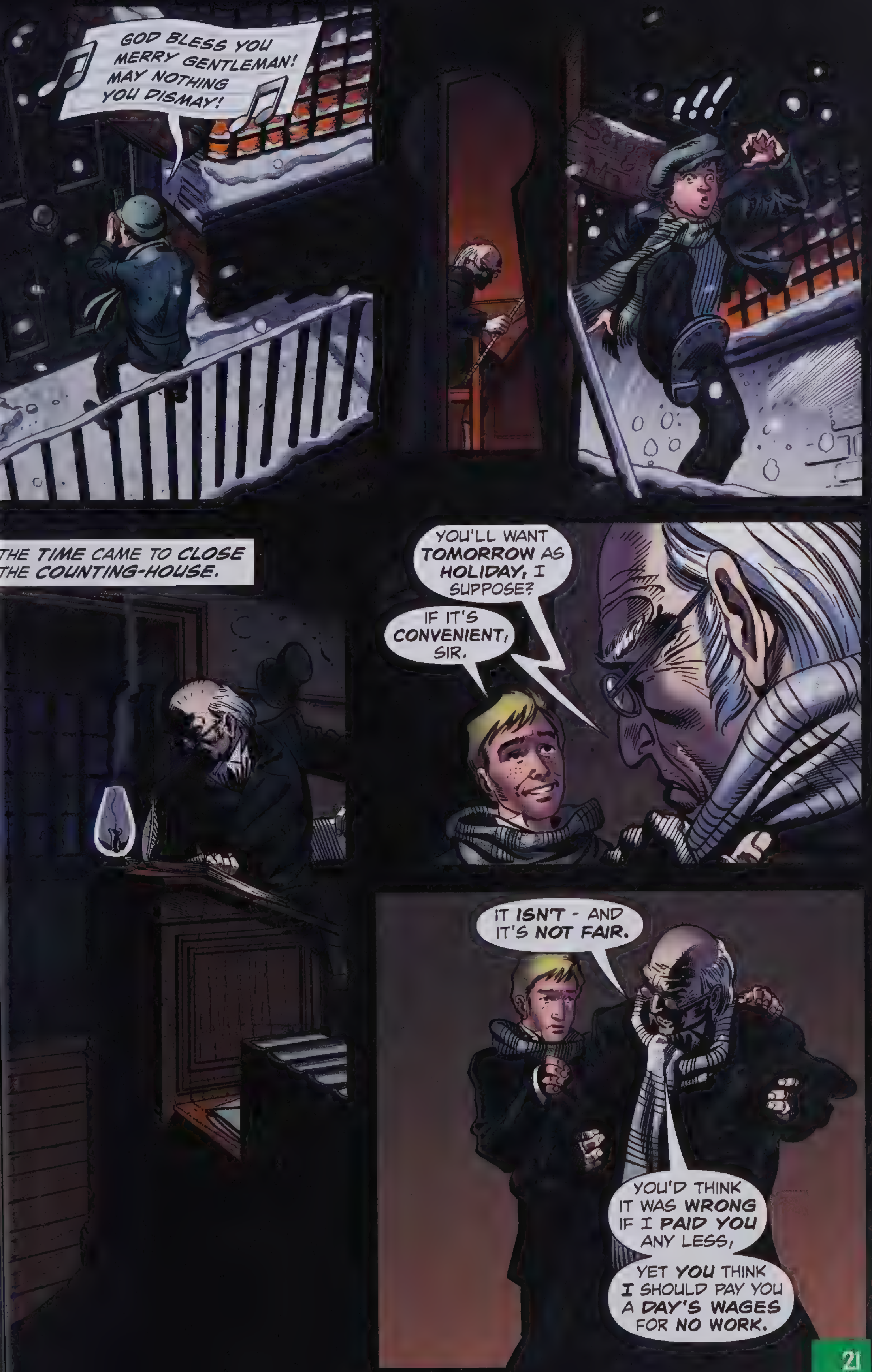

There's **another** Fellow, my **clerk**, with a **wife** and **family**, and no **money**, talking about a **Merry Christmas.**
The **world's** gone **mad.**
GOOD-DAY, SIR. ARE YOU **MR. SCROOGE**, OR **MR. MARLEY?**
MR. **MARLEY DIED** SEVEN YEARS AGO, THIS **VERY NIGHT.**

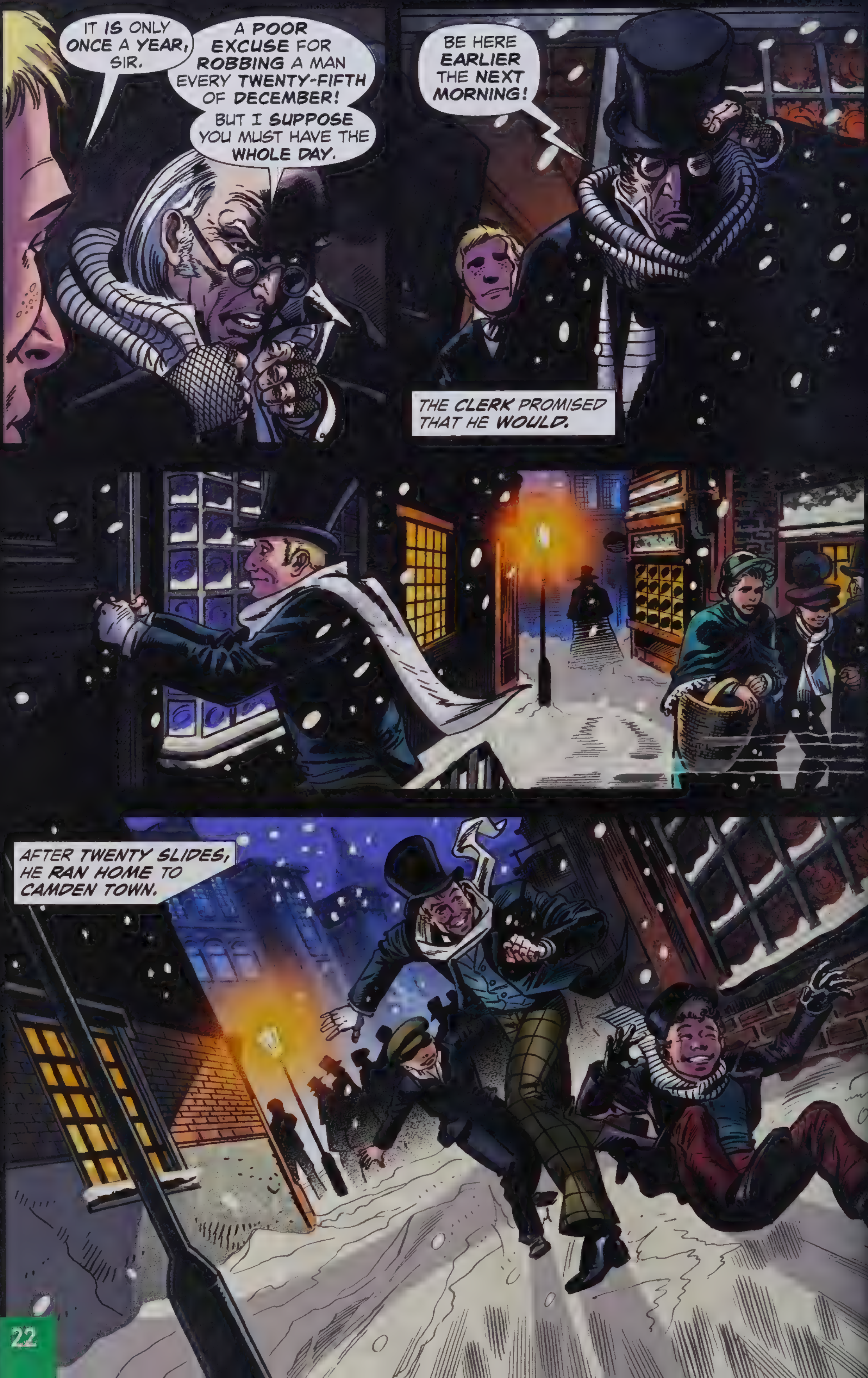

WE ARE SURE YOU ARE AS GENEROUS AS HE WAS.
THAT IS TRUE, FOR THEY WERE BOTH MISERS.
AT THIS FESTIVE SEASON OF THE YEAR, MR. SCROOGE, WE SHOULD REMEMBER THE POOR AND GIVE TO CHARITY.
MANY THOUSANDS DON'T HAVE EVEN BASIC NECESSITIES.
ARE THERE NO PRISONS?
PLENTY OF PRISONS.
AND WORK-HOUSES?
UNFORTUNATELY, YES.
THE POOR LAW IS STILL IN FORCE?
YES, SIR.
OH! I WAS AFRAID, FROM WHAT YOU SAID, THAT SOMETHING HAD PUT A STOP TO THEM.

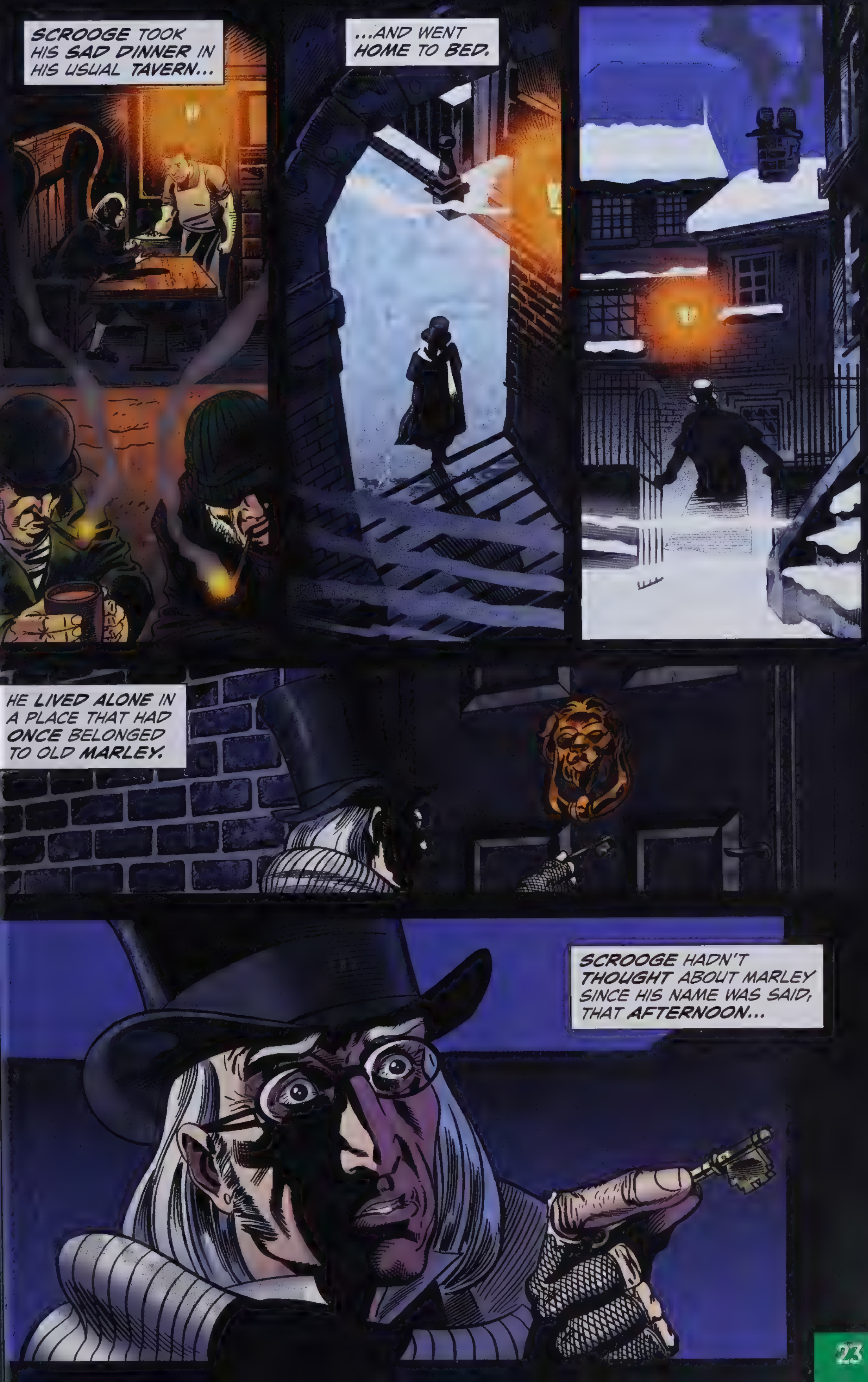

THEY SCARCELY OFFER ENOUGH TO KEEP THE POOR ALIVE, SO WE ARE RAISING MONEY TO BUY THEM MEAT AND DRINK, AND SOME MEANS OF WARMTH.
HOW MUCH SHALL I PUT AGAINST YOUR NAME?
NOTHING!
YOU WISH TO BE ANONYMOUS?
I WISH TO BE LEFT ALONE.
I DON'T MAKE MERRY AT CHRISTMAS AND I CAN'T AFFORD TO MAKE IDLE PEOPLE MERRY.
THE PRISONS AND WORKHOUSES COST ME ENOUGH IN TAXES; AND THOSE WHO ARE BADLY OFF MUST GO THERE.

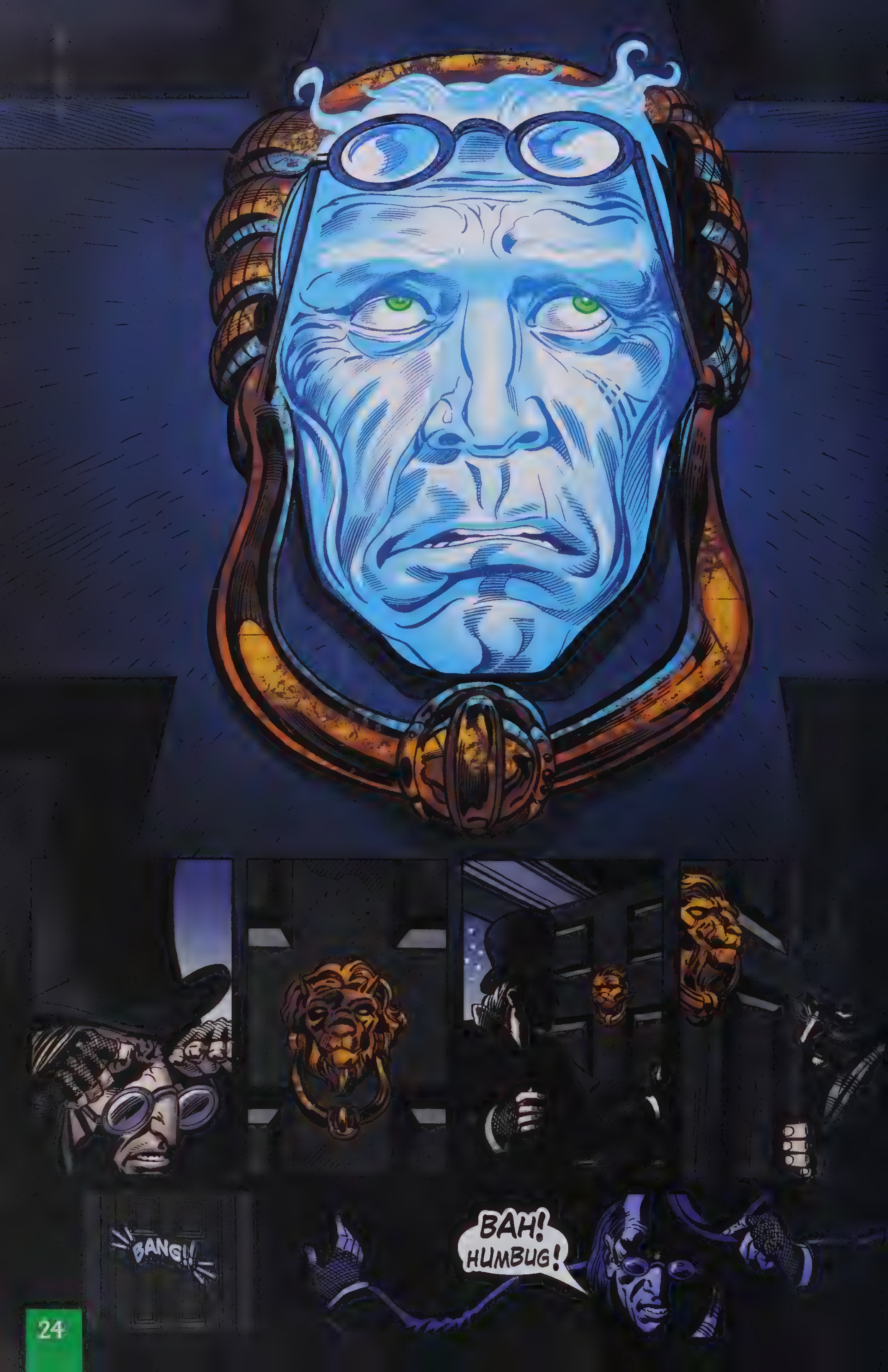

MANY **CAN'T** GO THERE, AND **MANY** WOULD RATHER **DIE.**
IF THEY WOULD RATHER **DIE**, THEN THEY HAD **BETTER GET ON** WITH IT.
GOOD AFTERNOON, GENTLEMEN!
*SCROOGE **CONTINUED** IN HIS **WORK**, AND WAS **RATHER PLEASED** WITH HIMSELF.*

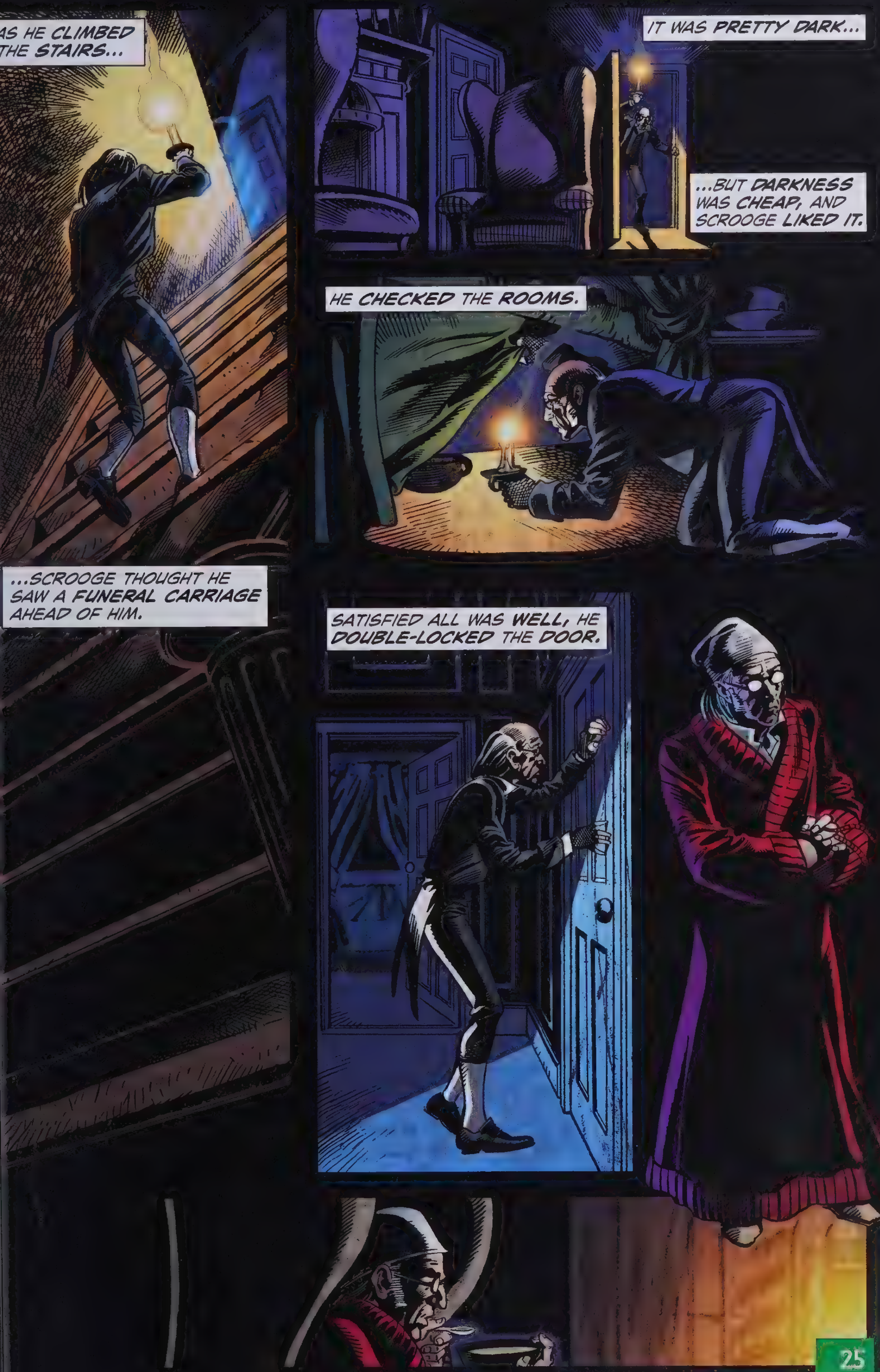

AS THE DAY **WORE** ON, IT TURNED EVEN COLDER.

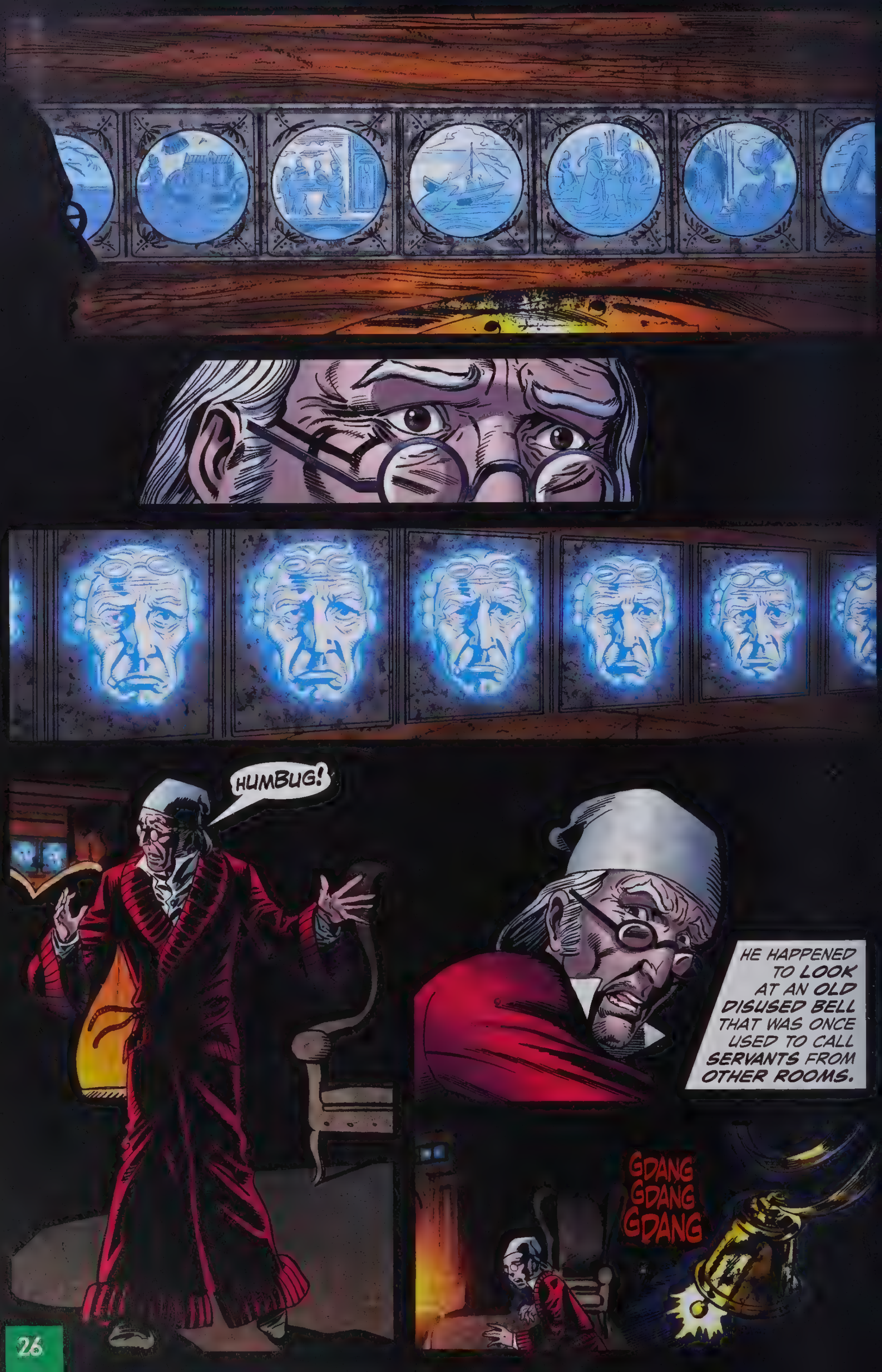

GOD BLESS YOU MERRY GENTLEMAN! MAY NOTHING YOU DISMAY!
!!
THE TIME CAME TO CLOSE THE COUNTING-HOUSE.
YOU'LL WANT TOMORROW AS HOLIDAY, I SUPPOSE?
IF IT'S CONVENIENT, SIR.
IT ISN'T - AND IT'S NOT FAIR.
YOU'D THINK IT WAS WRONG IF I PAID YOU ANY LESS,
YET YOU THINK I SHOULD PAY YOU A DAY'S WAGES FOR NO WORK.

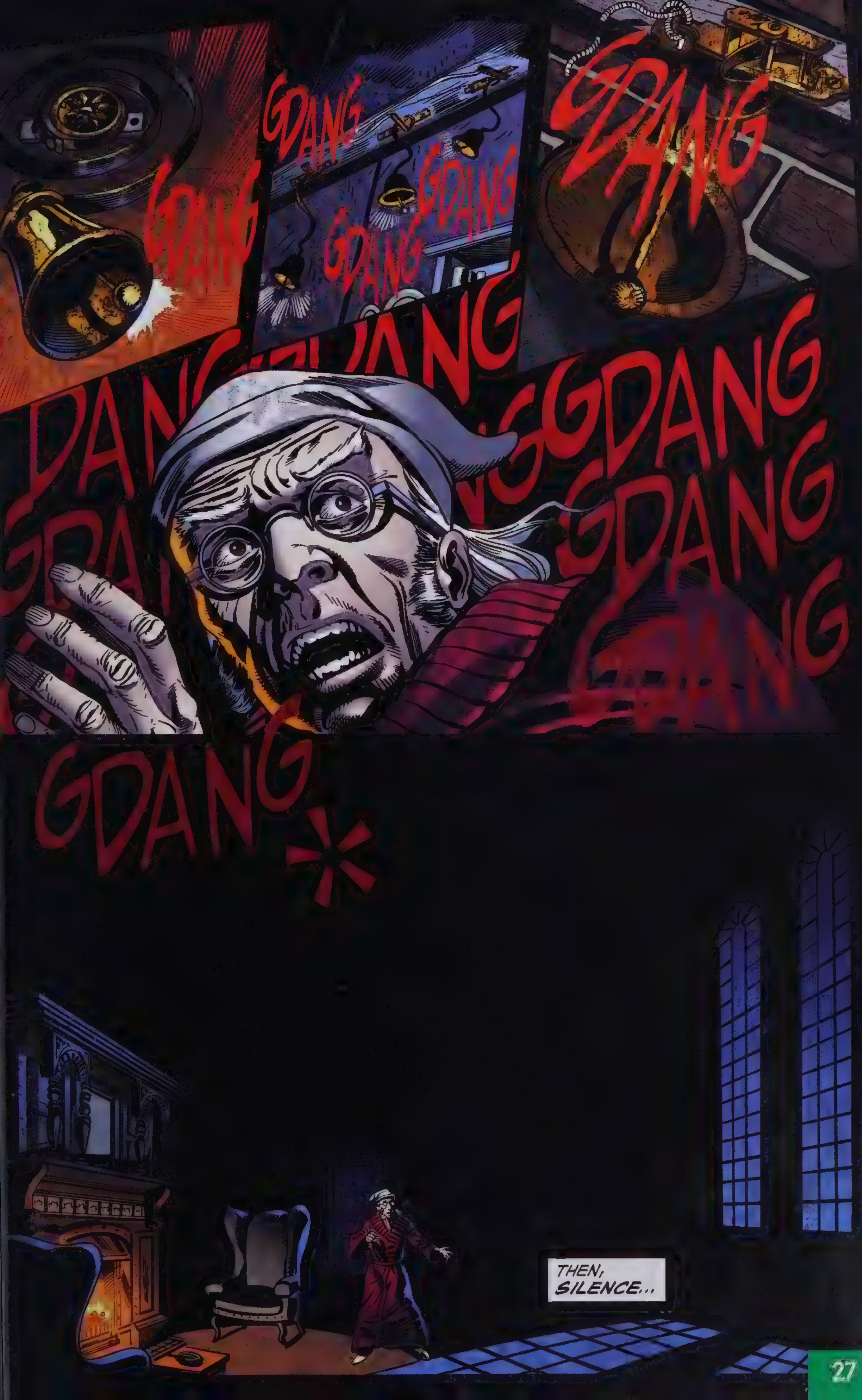

IT IS ONLY ONCE A YEAR, SIR.
A POOR EXCUSE FOR ROBBING A MAN EVERY TWENTY-FIFTH OF DECEMBER!
BUT I SUPPOSE YOU MUST HAVE THE WHOLE DAY.
BE HERE EARLIER THE NEXT MORNING!
THE CLERK PROMISED THAT HE WOULD.
AFTER TWENTY SLIDES, HE RAN HOME TO CAMDEN TOWN.

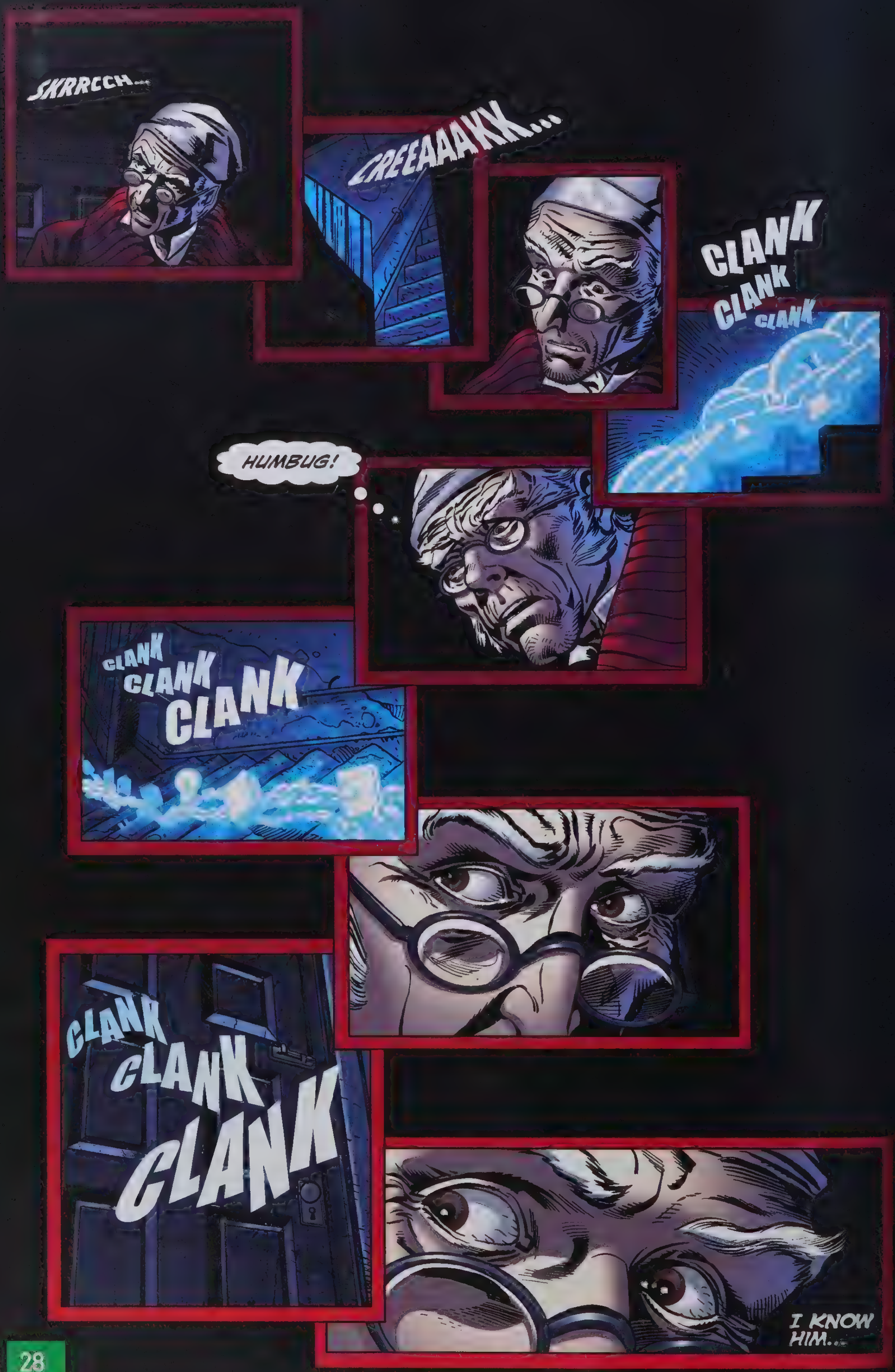

SCROOGE TOOK HIS SAD DINNER IN HIS USUAL TAVERN...
...AND WENT HOME TO BED.
HE LIVED ALONE IN A PLACE THAT HAD ONCE BELONGED TO OLD MARLEY.
SCROOGE HADN'T THOUGHT ABOUT MARLEY SINCE HIS NAME WAS SAID, THAT AFTERNOON...

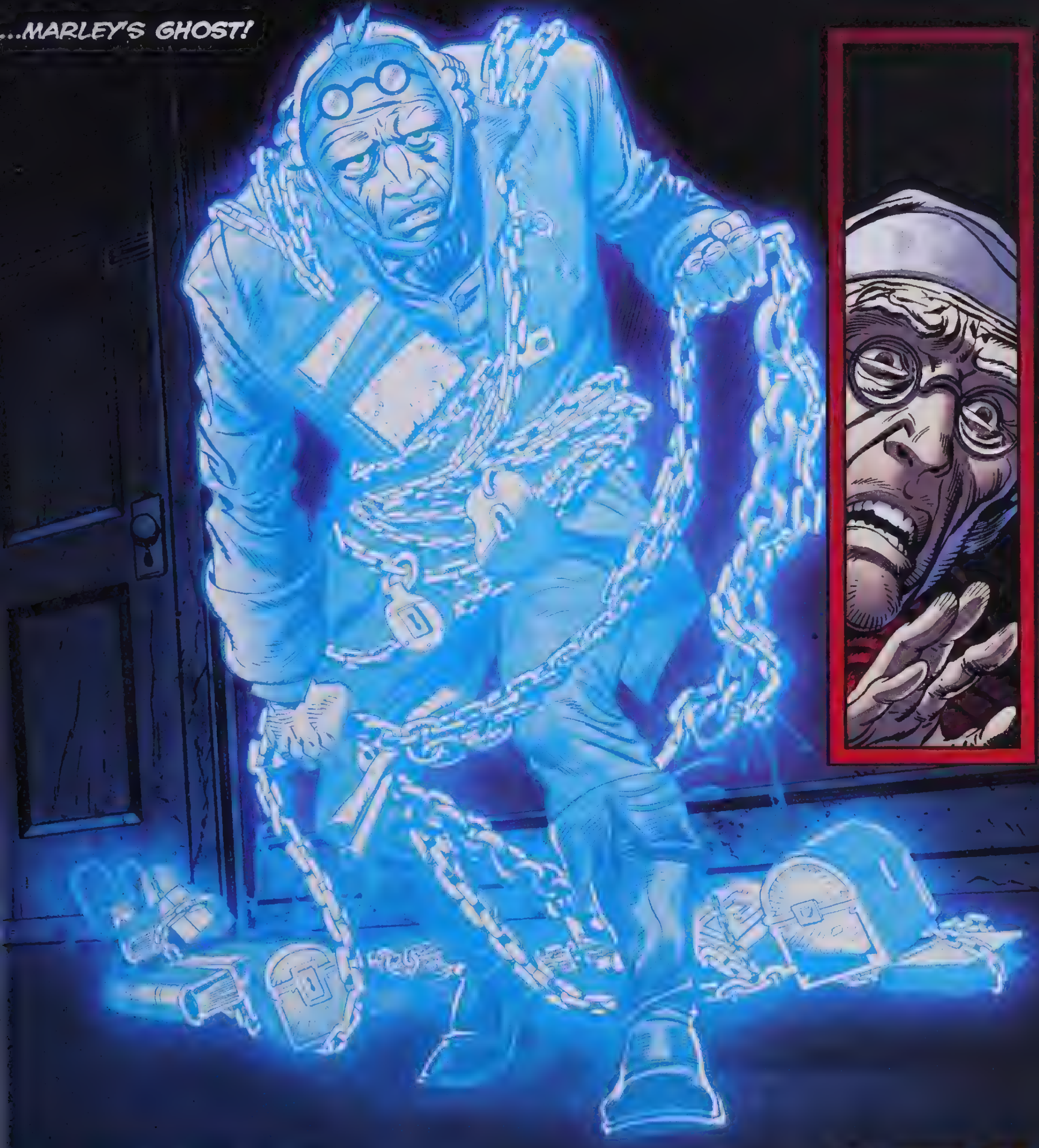

BANG!!
BAH! HUMBUG!

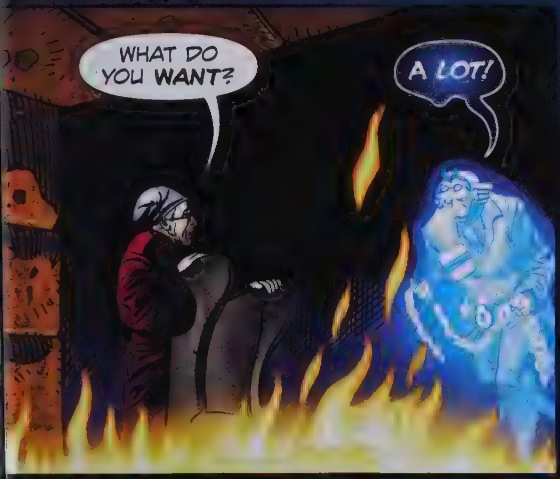

AS HE CLIMBED THE STAIRS...
IT WAS PRETTY DARK...
...BUT DARKNESS WAS CHEAP, AND SCROOGE LIKED IT.
HE CHECKED THE ROOMS.
...SCROOGE THOUGHT HE SAW A FUNERAL CARRIAGE AHEAD OF HIM.
SATISFIED ALL WAS WELL, HE DOUBLE-LOCKED THE DOOR.

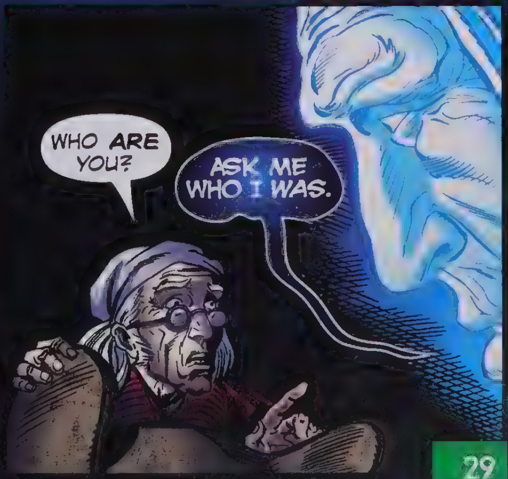

HUMBUG!
HE HAPPENED TO LOOK AT AN OLD DISUSED BELL THAT WAS ONCE USED TO CALL SERVANTS FROM OTHER ROOMS.
GDANG GDANG GDANG

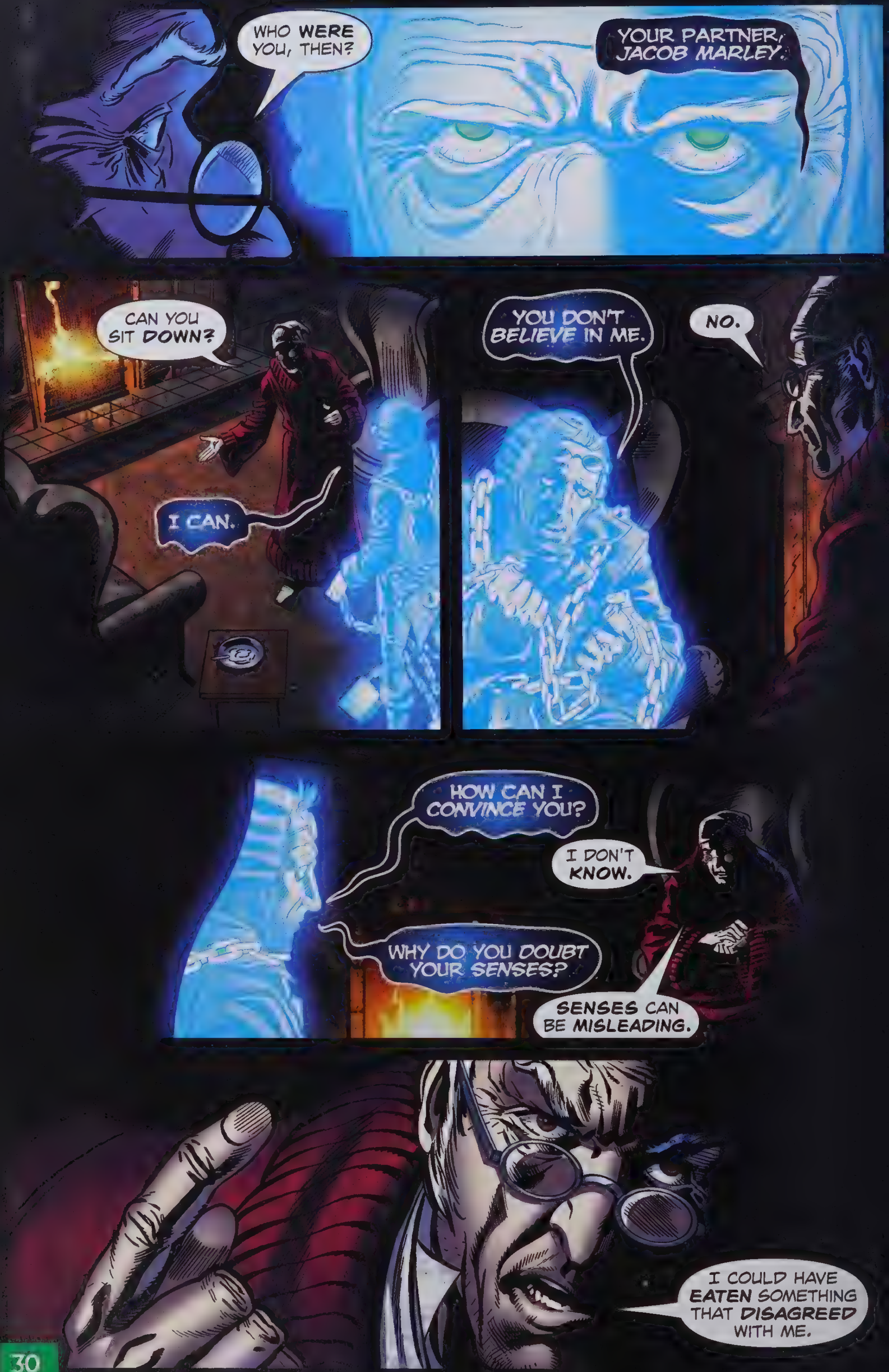

GDANG
GDANG
GDANG
GDANG
GDANG
GDANG
GDANG
GDANG
GDANG
GDANG
GDANG
GDANG
THEN, SILENCE...

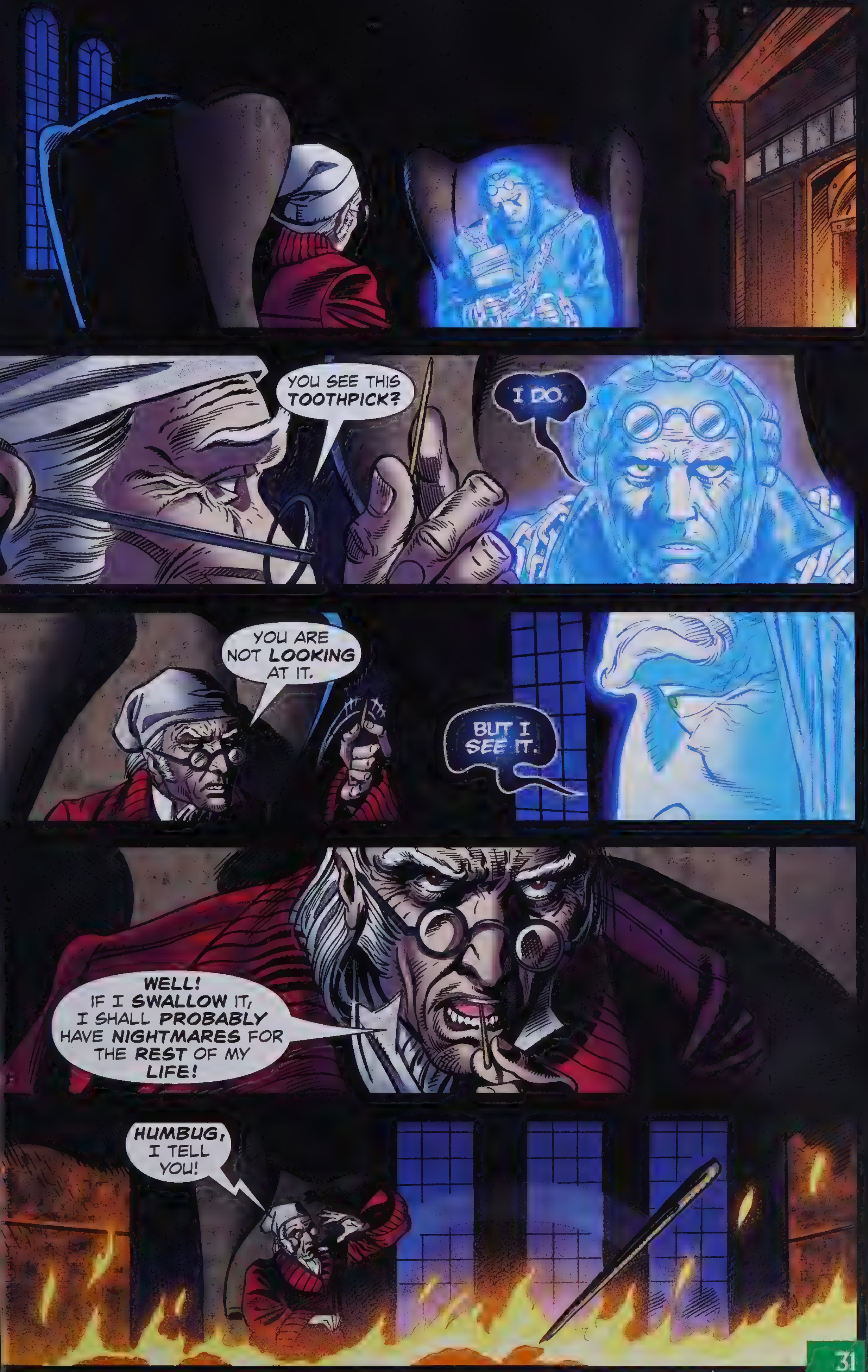

SKRRCCH...
CREEAAAKK...
CLANK
CLANK
CLANK
HUMBUG!
CLANK
CLANK
CLANK
CLANK
CLANK
CLANK
I KNOW HIM...

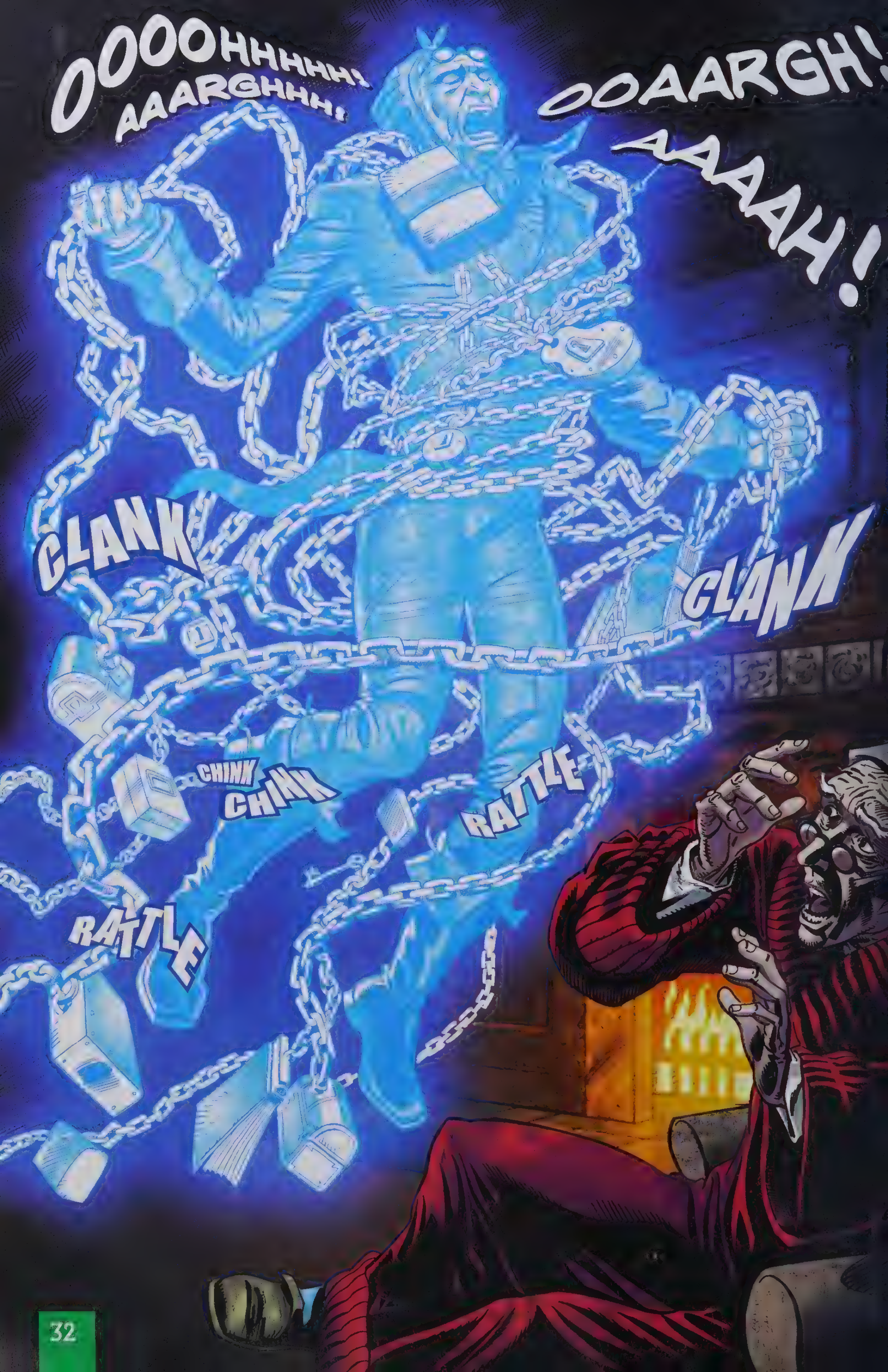

...MARLEY'S GHOST!

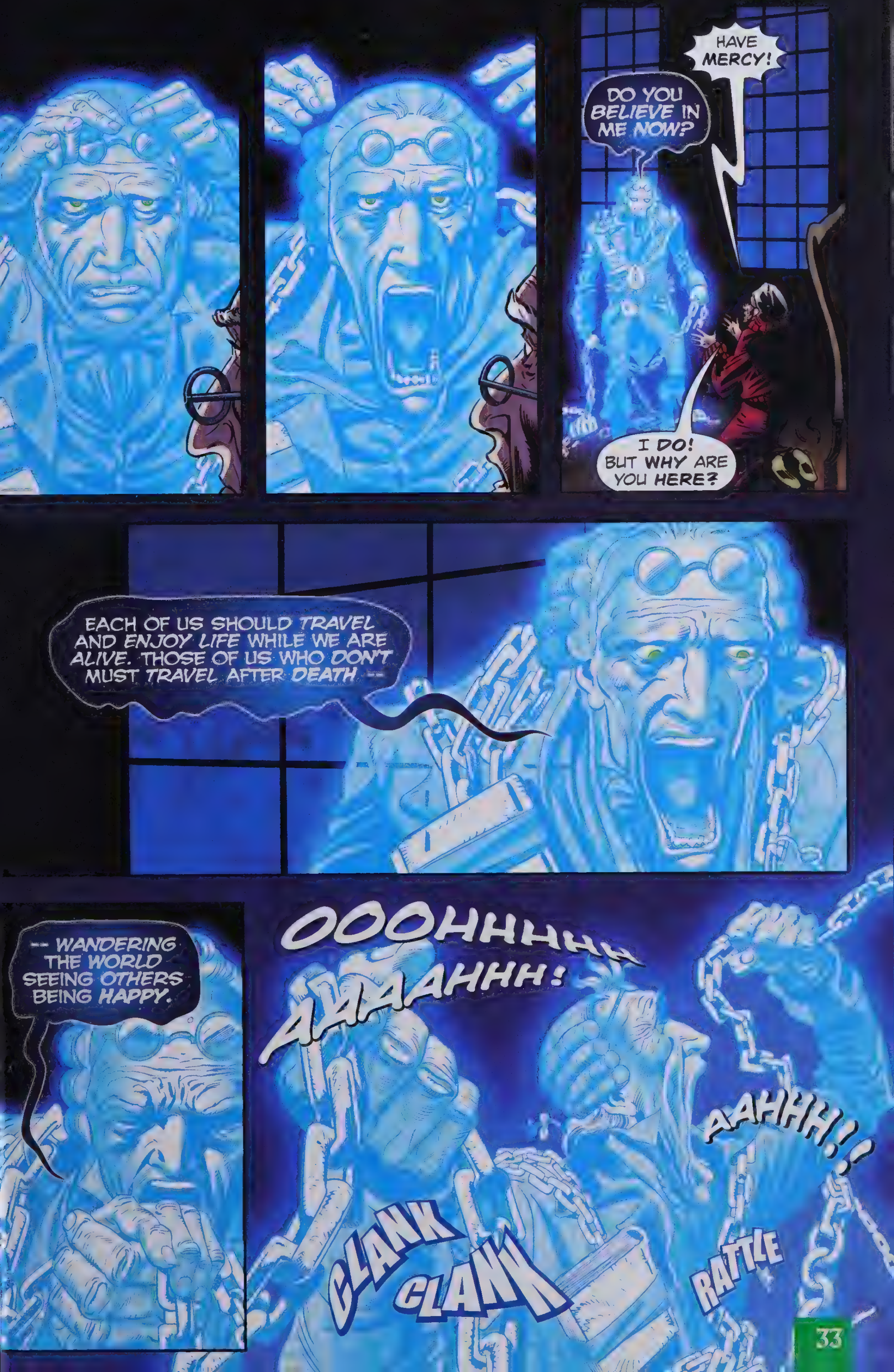

WHAT DO YOU WANT?
A LOT!

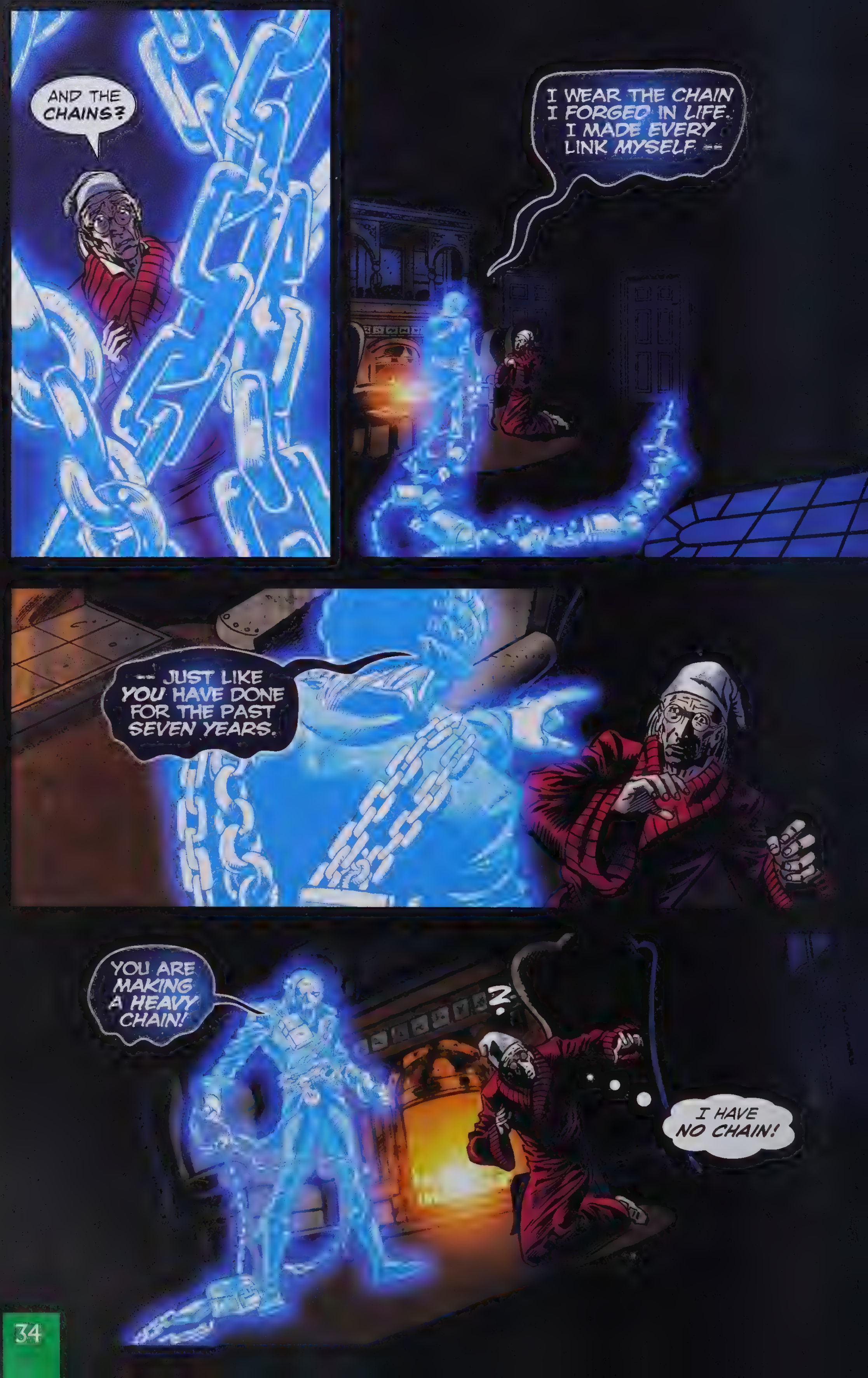

WHO ARE YOU?
ASK ME WHO I WAS.

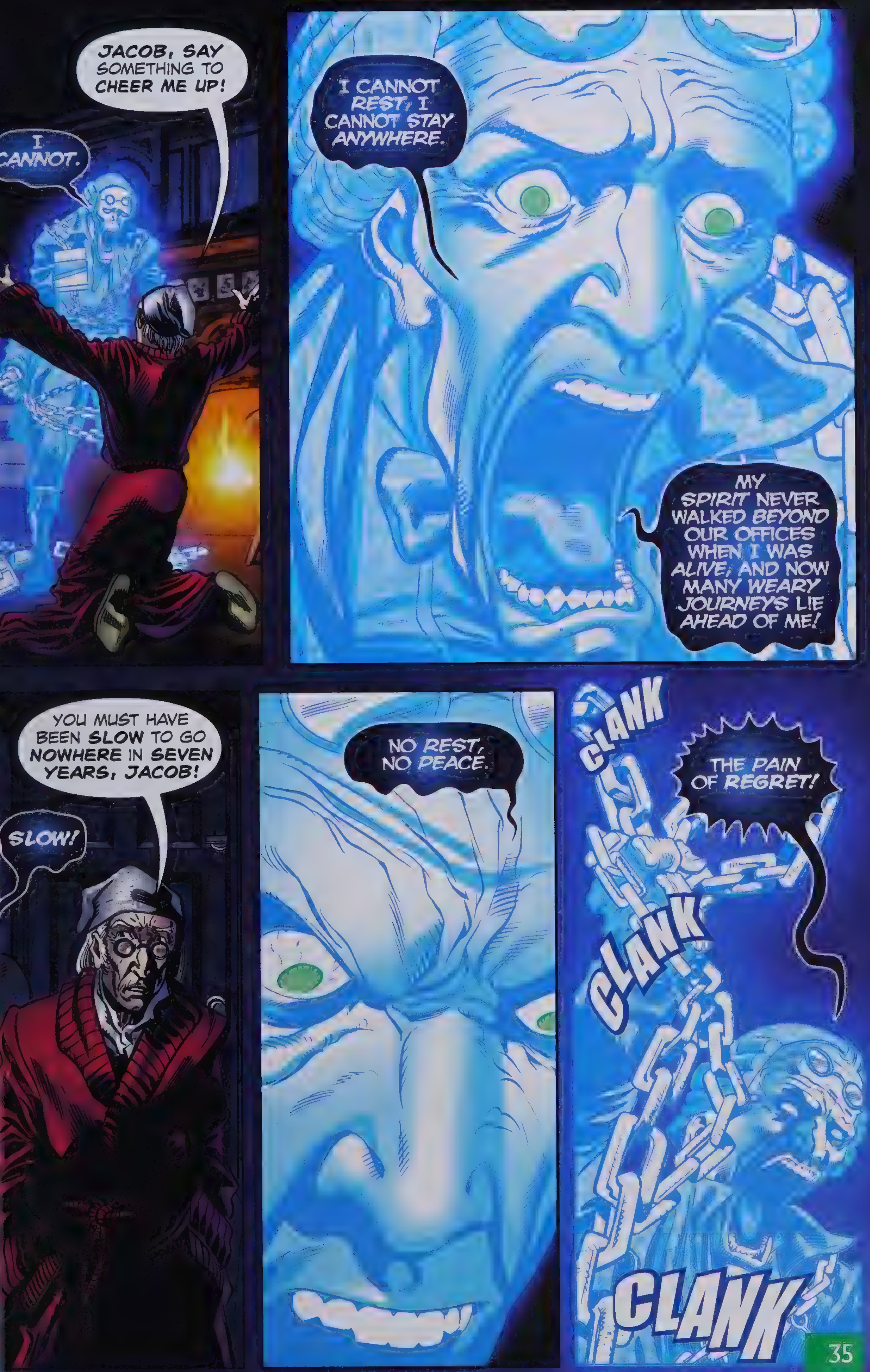

WHO WERE YOU, THEN?
YOUR PARTNER, JACOB MARLEY.
CAN YOU SIT DOWN?
I CAN.
YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN ME.
NO.
HOW CAN I CONVINCE YOU?
I DON'T KNOW.
WHY DO YOU DOUBT YOUR SENSES?
SENSES CAN BE MISLEADING.
I COULD HAVE EATEN SOMETHING THAT DISAGREED WITH ME.

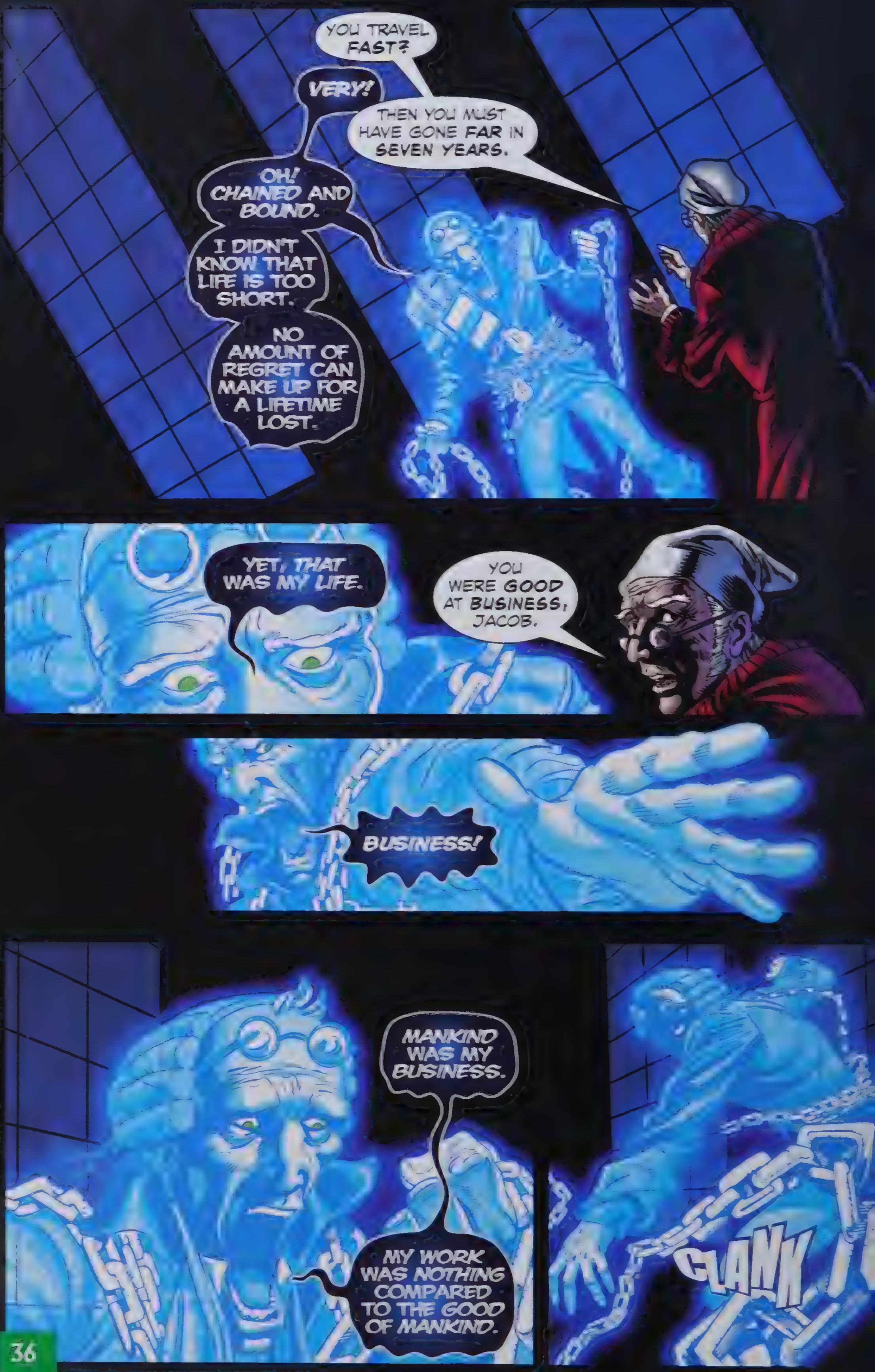

YOU SEE THIS TOOTHPICK?
I DO.
YOU ARE NOT LOOKING AT IT.
BUT I SEE IT.
WELL! IF I SWALLOW IT, I SHALL PROBABLY HAVE NIGHTMARES FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!
HUMBUG, I TELL YOU!

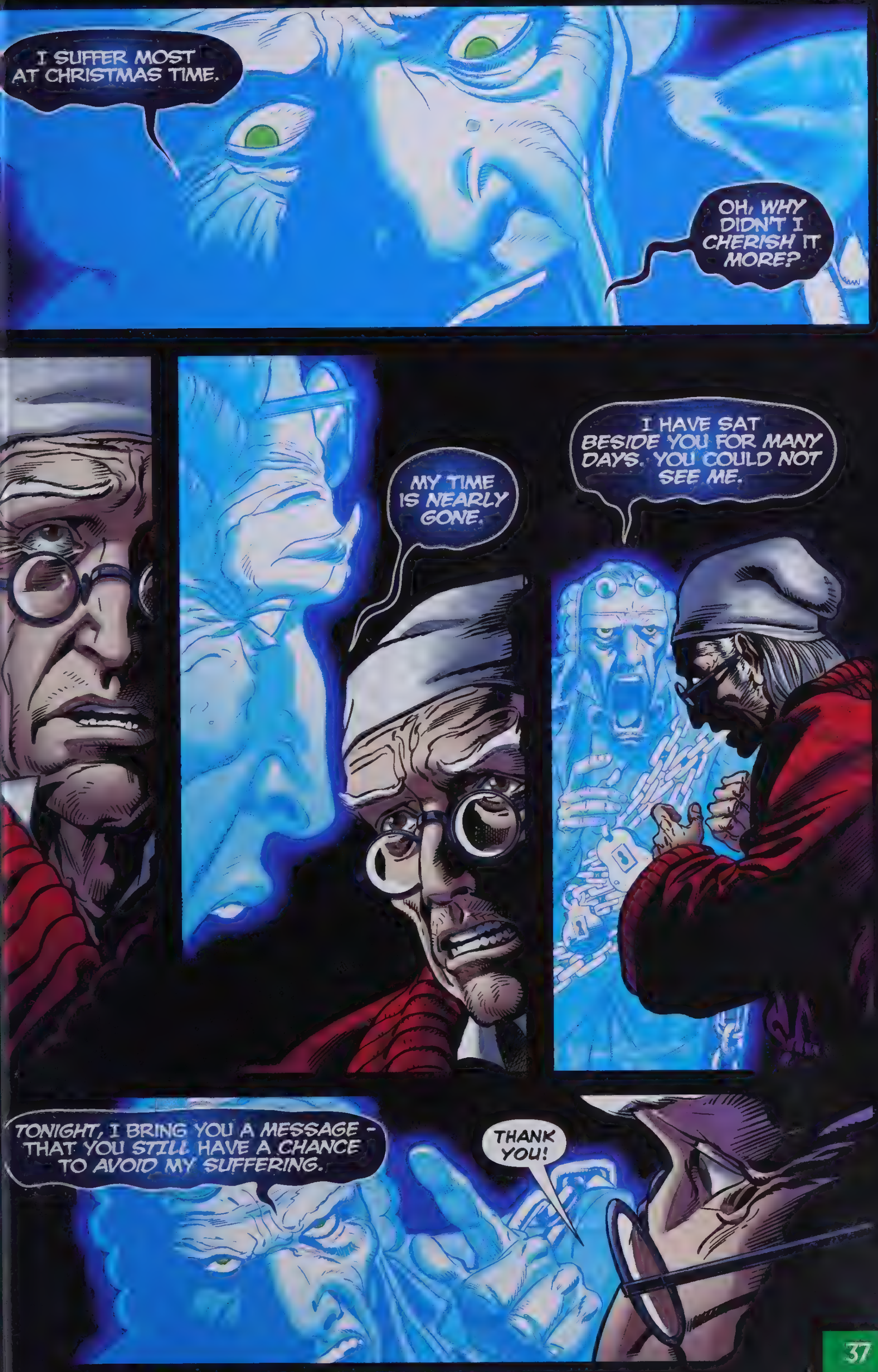

OOOOHHHHH! AAARGHHH!
OOAARGH! AAAAAH!
CLANK
CLANK
CHINK CHINK
RATTLE
RATTLE

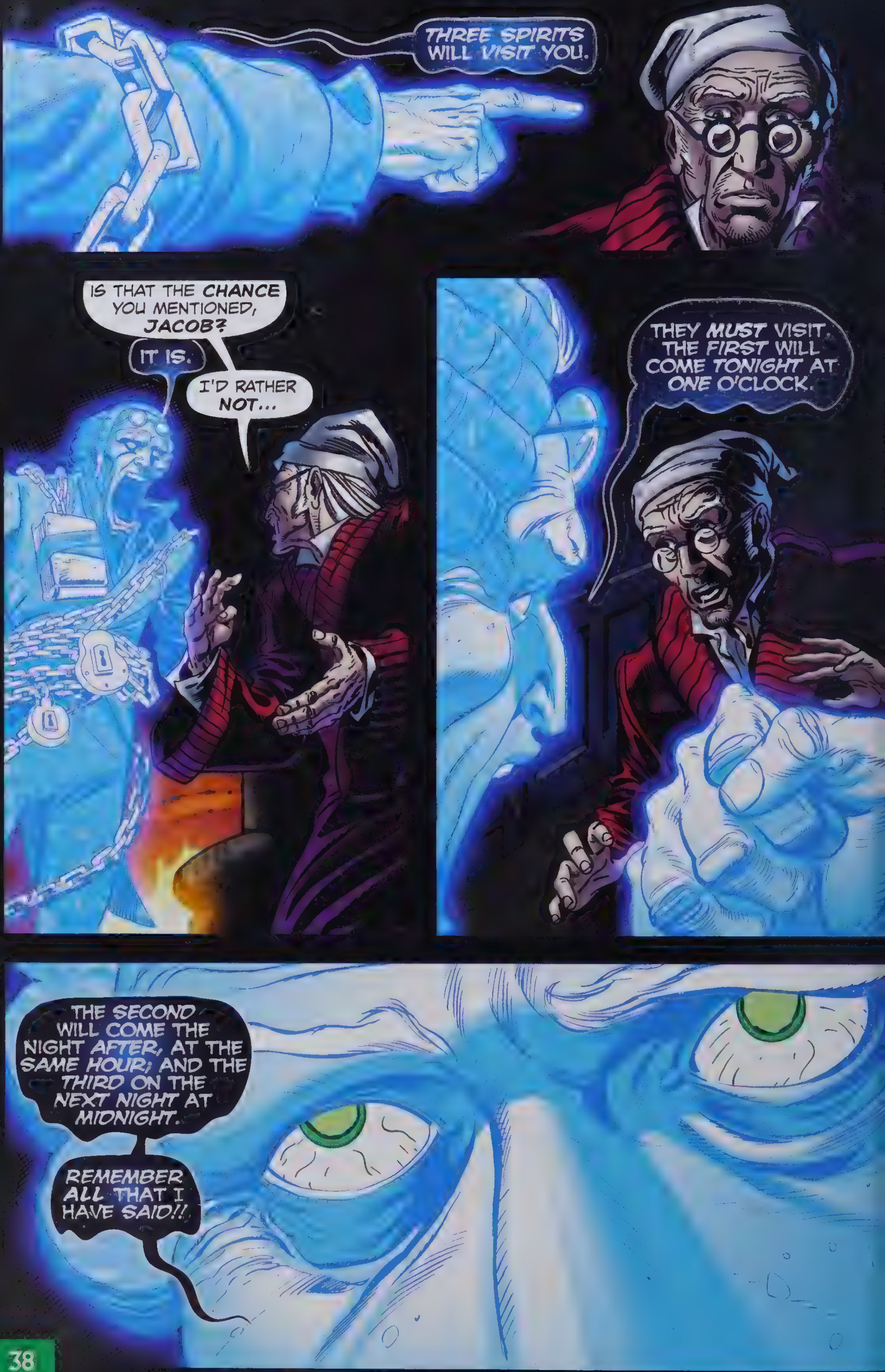

DO YOU BELIEVE IN ME NOW?
HAVE MERCY!
I DO! BUT WHY ARE YOU HERE?
EACH OF US SHOULD TRAVEL AND ENJOY LIFE WHILE WE ARE ALIVE. THOSE OF US WHO DON'T MUST TRAVEL AFTER DEATH --
-- WANDERING THE WORLD SEEING OTHERS BEING HAPPY.
OOOHHHHH AAAAHHH!
AAHHH!!
CLANK
CLANK
RATTLE

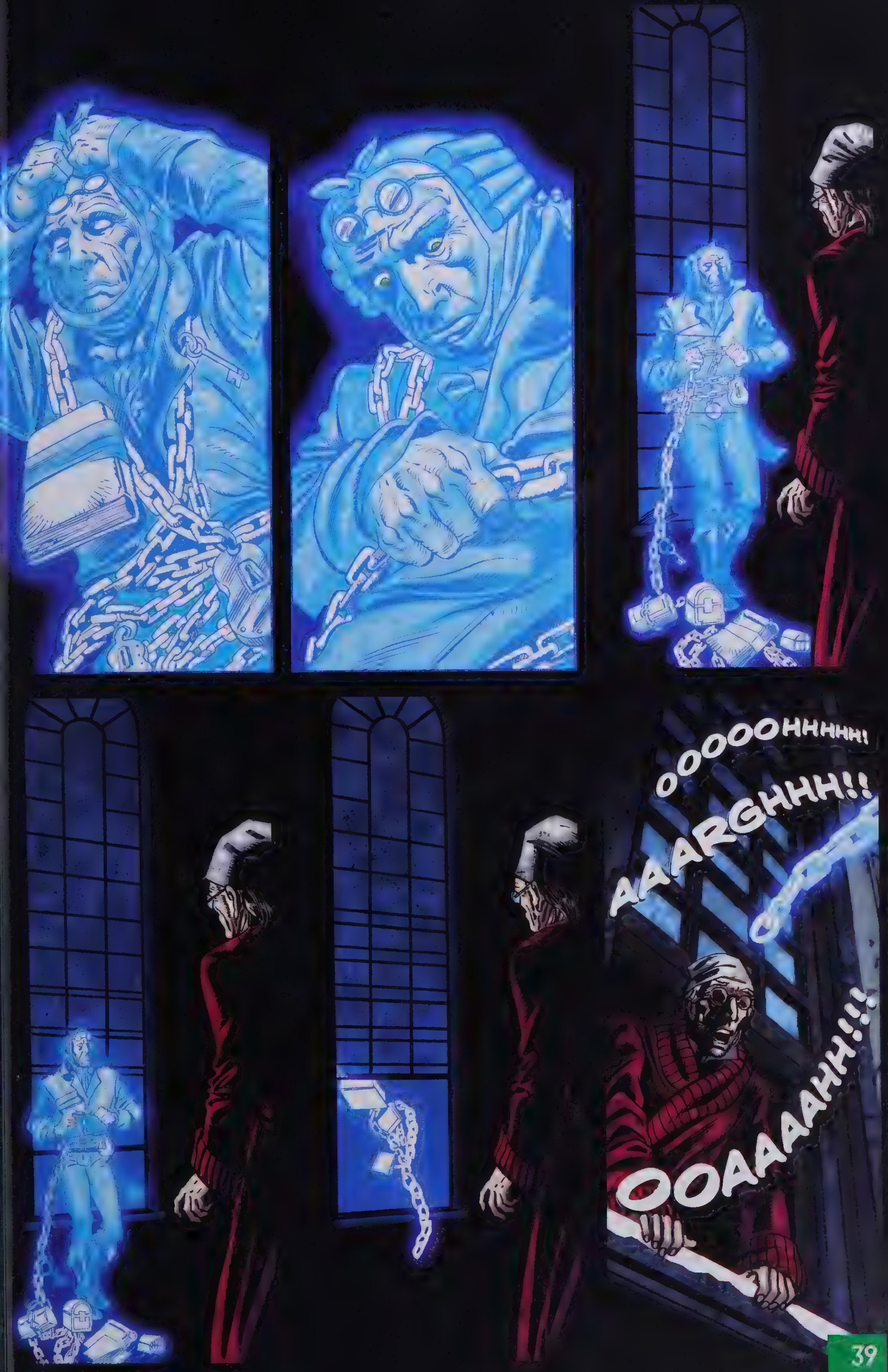

AND THE CHAINS?
I WEAR THE CHAIN I FORGED IN LIFE. I MADE EVERY LINK *MYSELF* --
-- JUST LIKE *YOU* HAVE DONE FOR THE PAST SEVEN YEARS.
YOU ARE *MAKING* A *HEAVY* CHAIN!
?
I HAVE NO CHAIN!

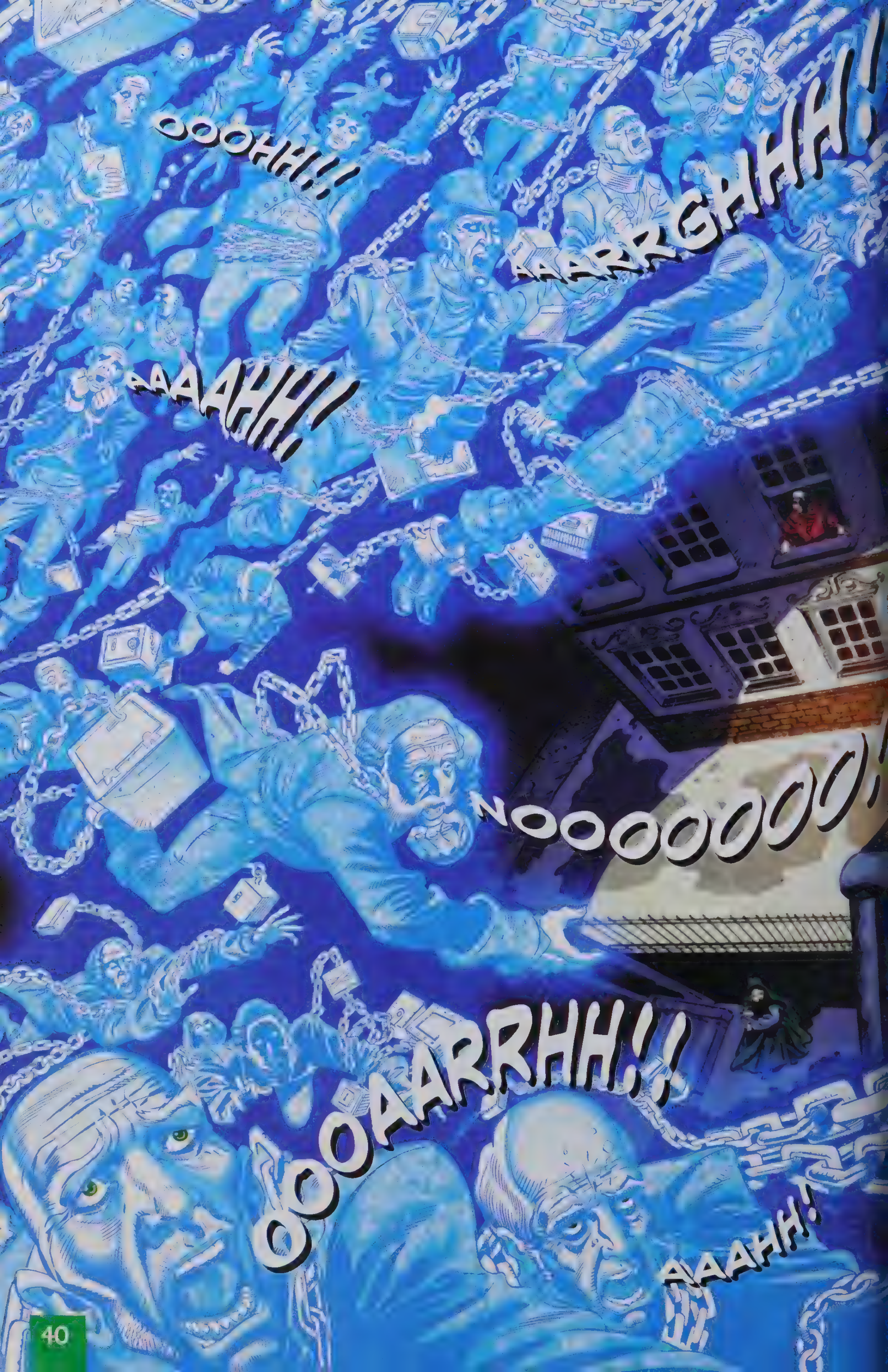

JACOB, SAY SOMETHING TO CHEER ME UP!
I CANNOT.
I CANNOT REST, I CANNOT STAY ANYWHERE.
MY SPIRIT NEVER WALKED BEYOND OUR OFFICES WHEN I WAS ALIVE, AND NOW MANY WEARY JOURNEYS LIE AHEAD OF ME!
YOU MUST HAVE BEEN SLOW TO GO NOWHERE IN SEVEN YEARS, JACOB!
SLOW!
NO REST, NO PEACE.
CLANK
THE PAIN OF REGRET!
CLANK
CLANK

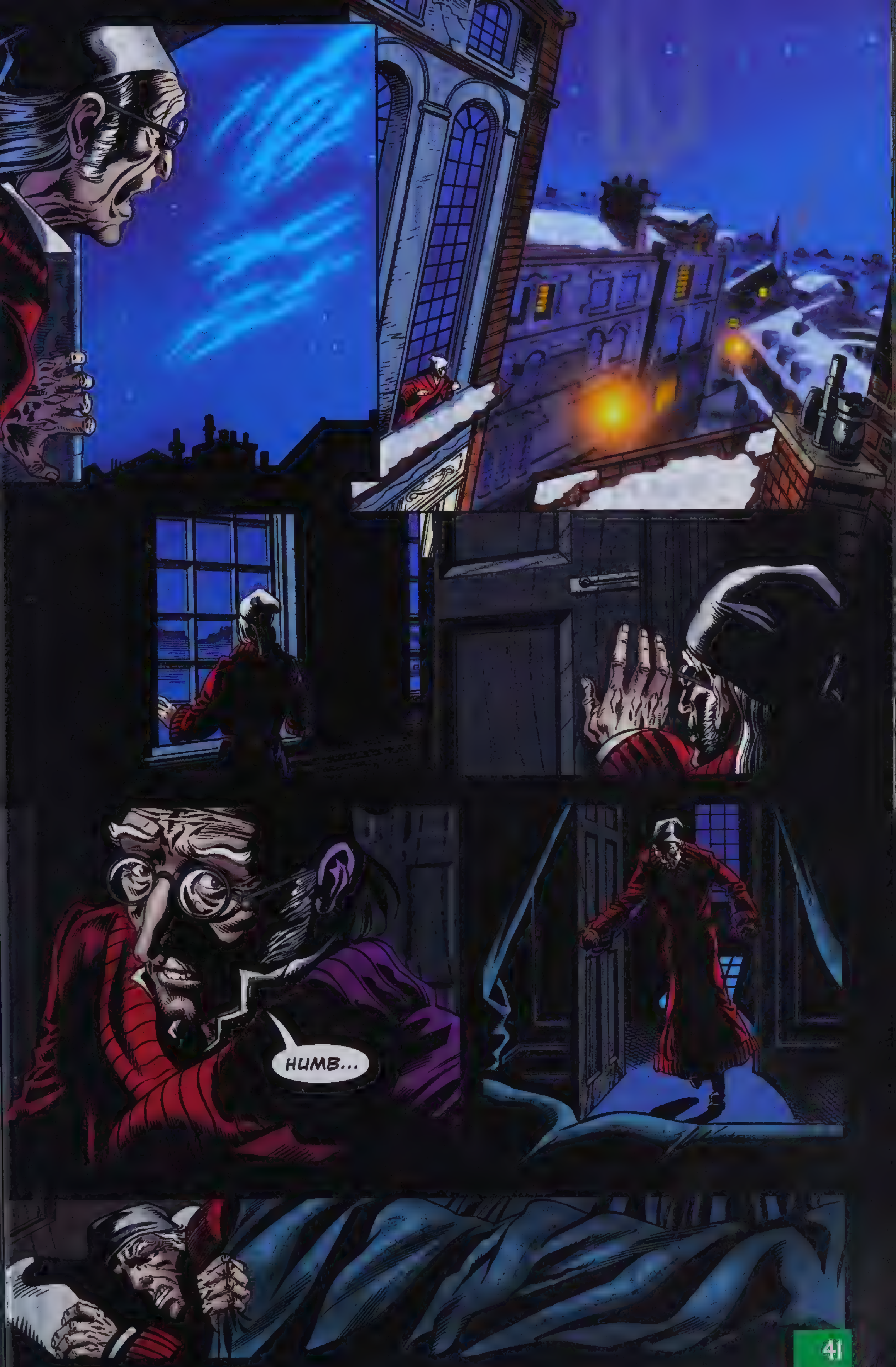

YOU TRAVEL FAST?
VERY!
THEN YOU MUST HAVE GONE FAR IN SEVEN YEARS.
OH! CHAINED AND BOUND.
I DIDN'T KNOW THAT LIFE IS TOO SHORT.
NO AMOUNT OF REGRET CAN MAKE UP FOR A LIFETIME LOST.
YET, THAT WAS MY LIFE.
YOU WERE GOOD AT BUSINESS, JACOB.
BUSINESS!
MANKIND WAS MY BUSINESS.
MY WORK WAS NOTHING COMPARED TO THE GOOD OF MANKIND.
CLANK


I SUFFER MOST AT CHRISTMAS TIME.
OH, WHY DIDN'T I CHERISH IT MORE?
MY TIME IS NEARLY GONE.
I HAVE SAT BESIDE YOU FOR MANY DAYS. YOU COULD NOT SEE ME.
TONIGHT, I BRING YOU A MESSAGE - THAT YOU STILL HAVE A CHANCE TO AVOID MY SUFFERING.
THANK YOU!

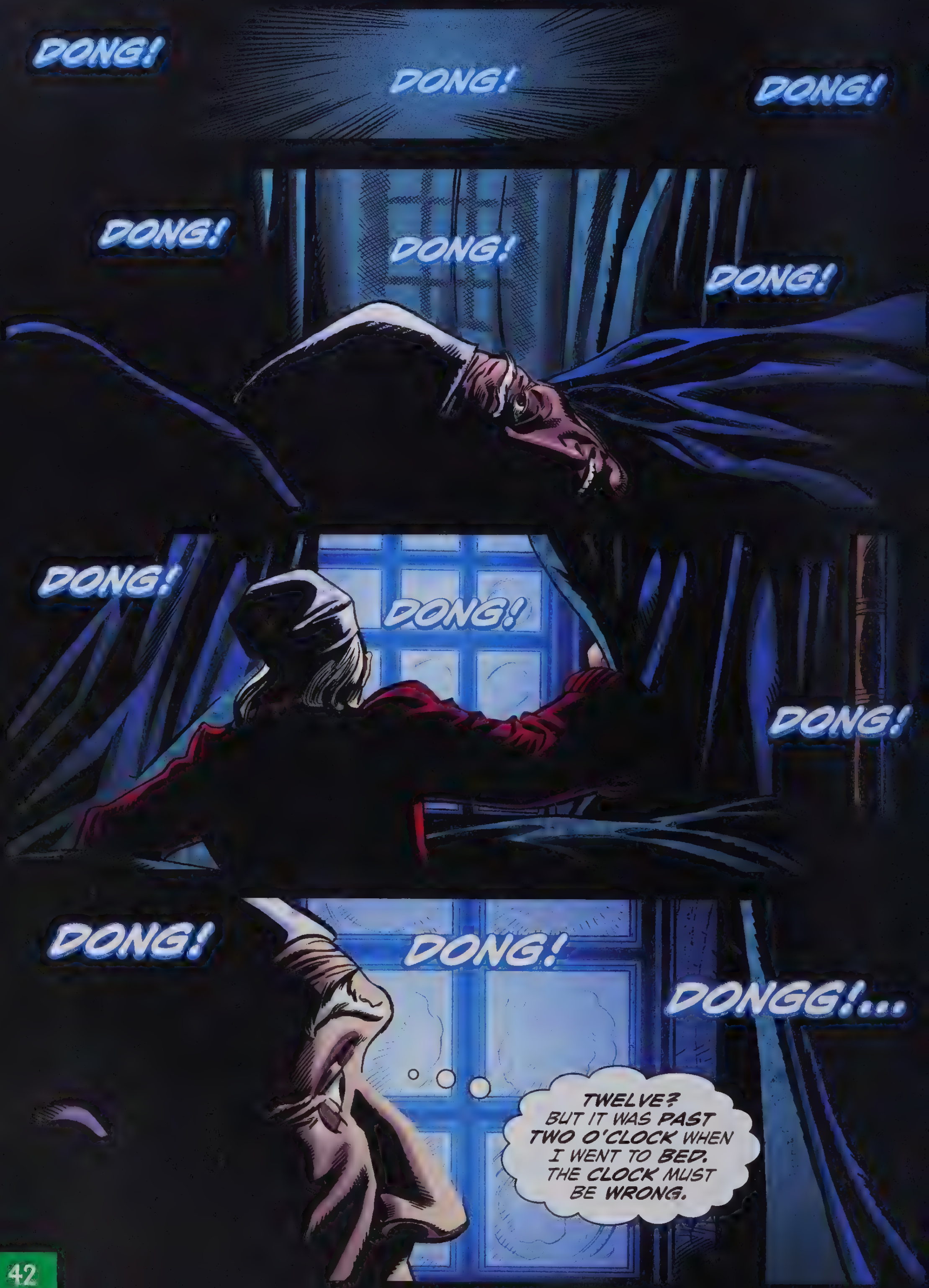

THREE SPIRITS WILL *VISIT* YOU.
IS THAT THE **CHANCE** YOU MENTIONED, **JACOB?**
IT IS.
I'D RATHER **NOT...**
THEY ***MUST*** VISIT. THE ***FIRST*** WILL COME ***TONIGHT*** AT ***ONE O'CLOCK.***
THE ***SECOND*** WILL COME THE NIGHT ***AFTER,*** AT THE ***SAME HOUR;*** AND THE ***THIRD*** ON THE ***NEXT NIGHT*** AT ***MIDNIGHT.***
REMEMBER ALL THAT I HAVE ***SAID!!***

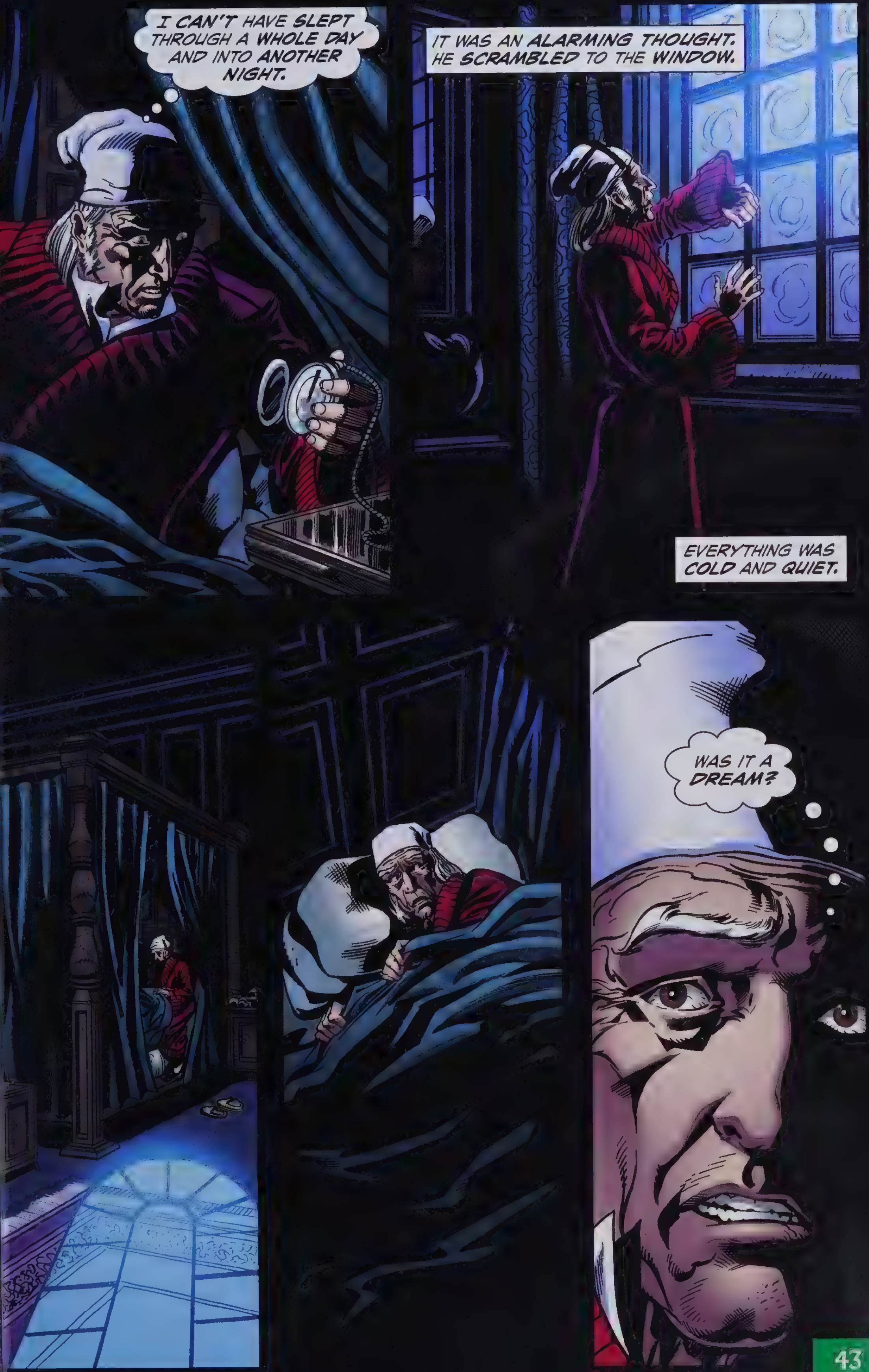

OOOOOOHHHHH!
AAARGHHH!!
OOAAAAAHH!!!

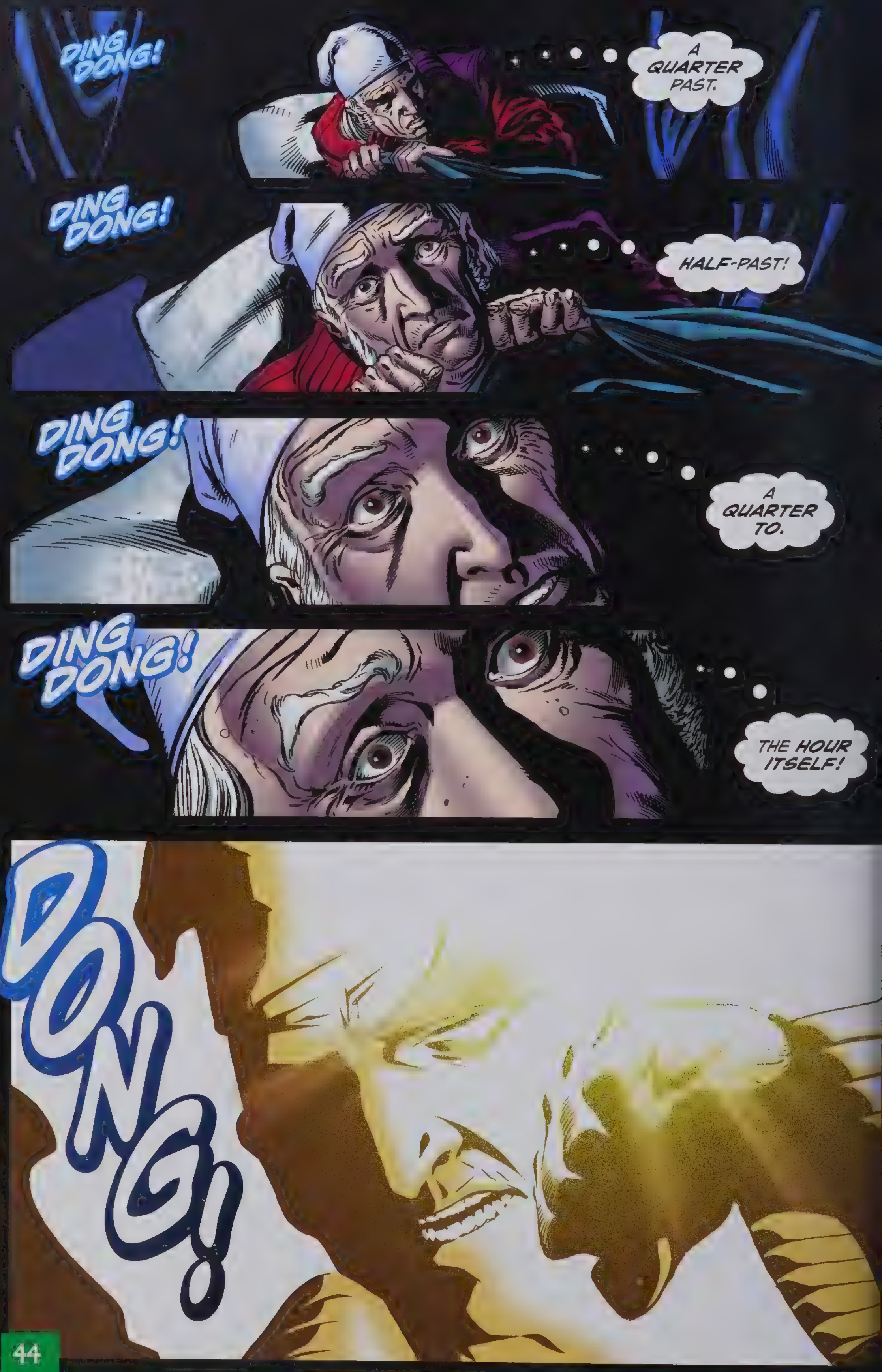

OOOHH!!
AAARRGHHH!!
AAAHH!!
NOOOOOOOO!
OOOAARRHH!!
AAAHH!

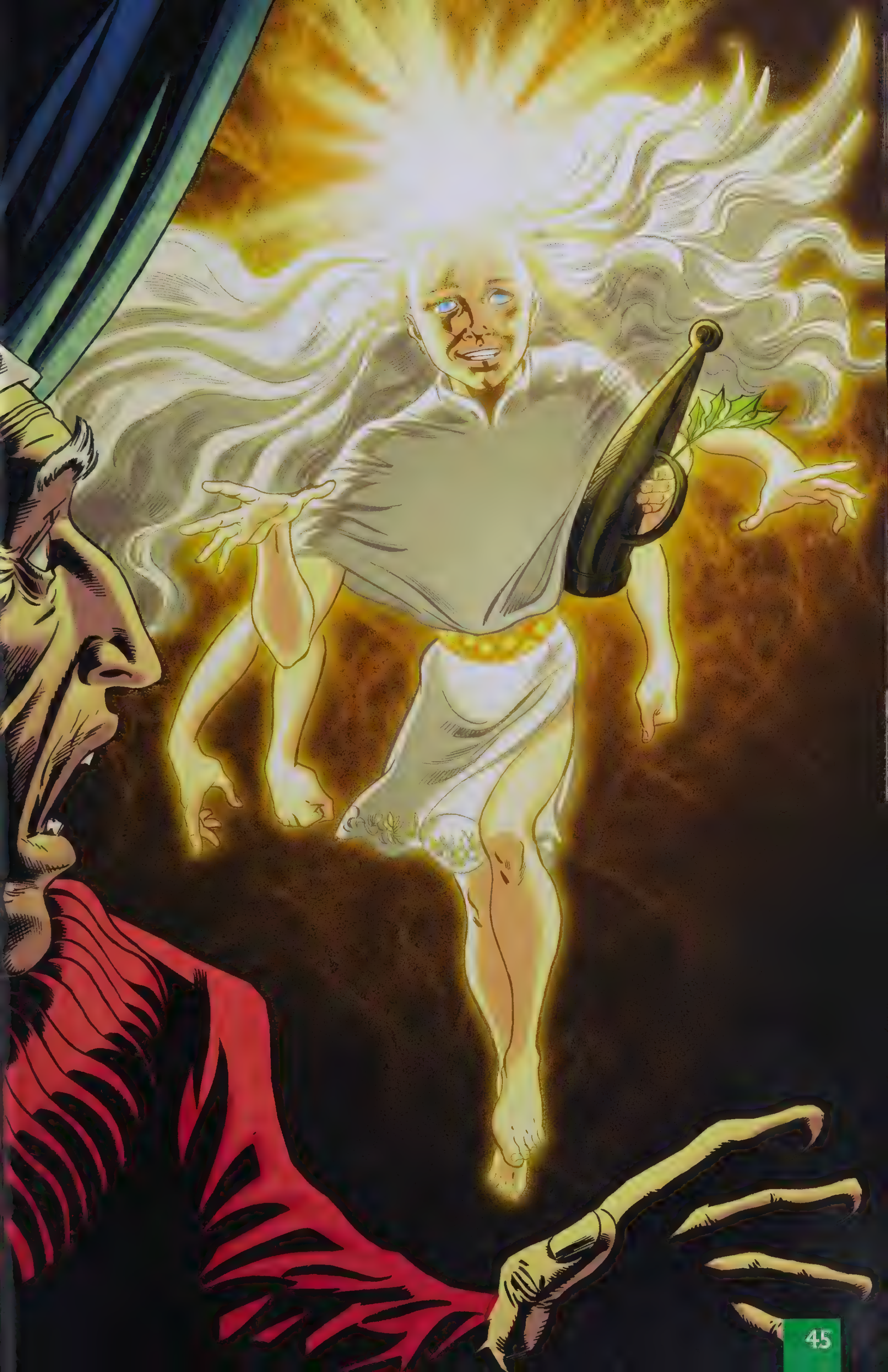

HUMB...

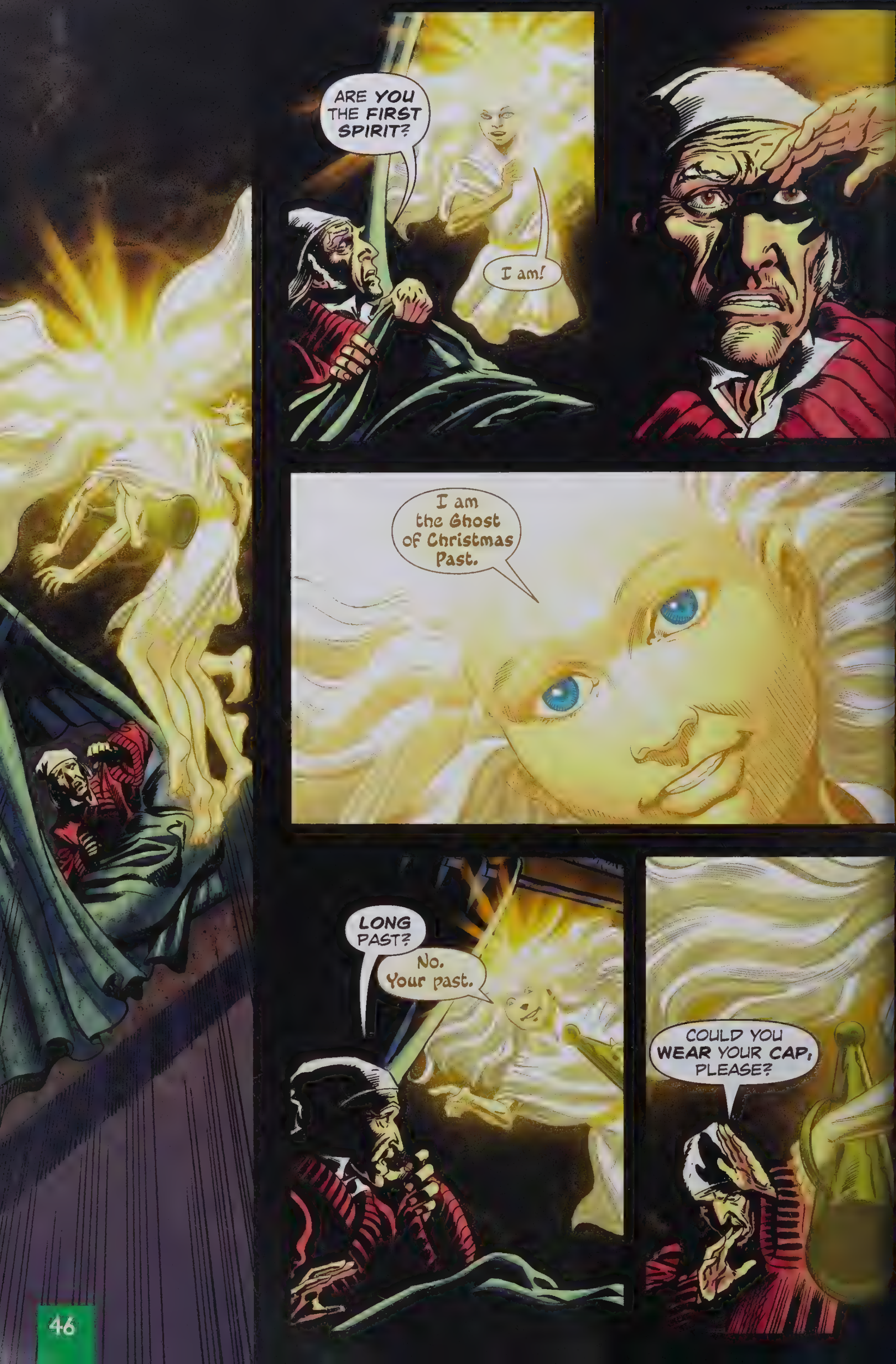
Stave Two: The First of the Three Spirits

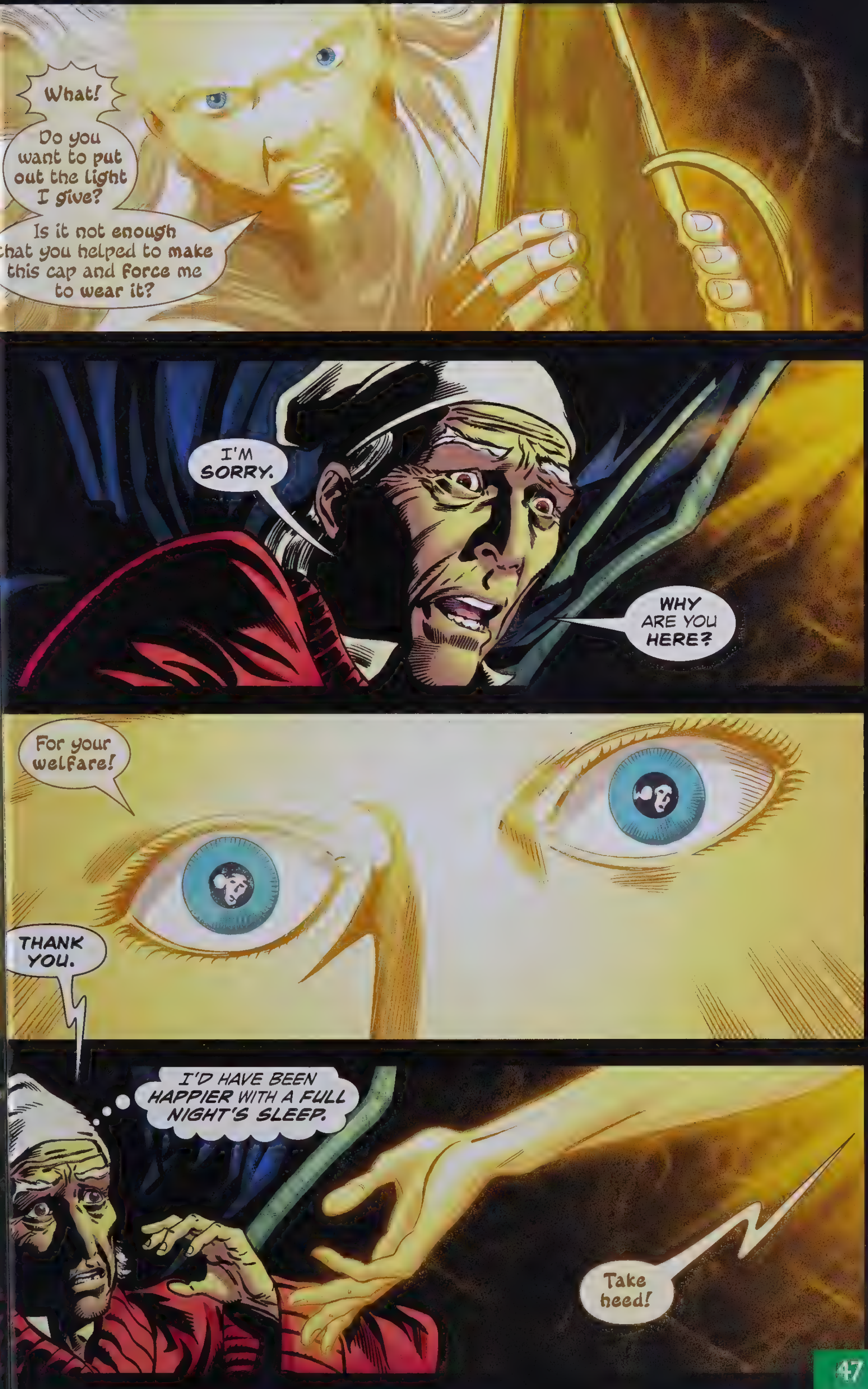

DONG!
DONG!
DONG!
DONG!
DONG!
DONG!
DONG!
DONG!
DONG!
DONG!
DONG!
DONGG!...
TWELVE? BUT IT WAS PAST TWO O'CLOCK WHEN I WENT TO BED. THE CLOCK MUST BE WRONG.

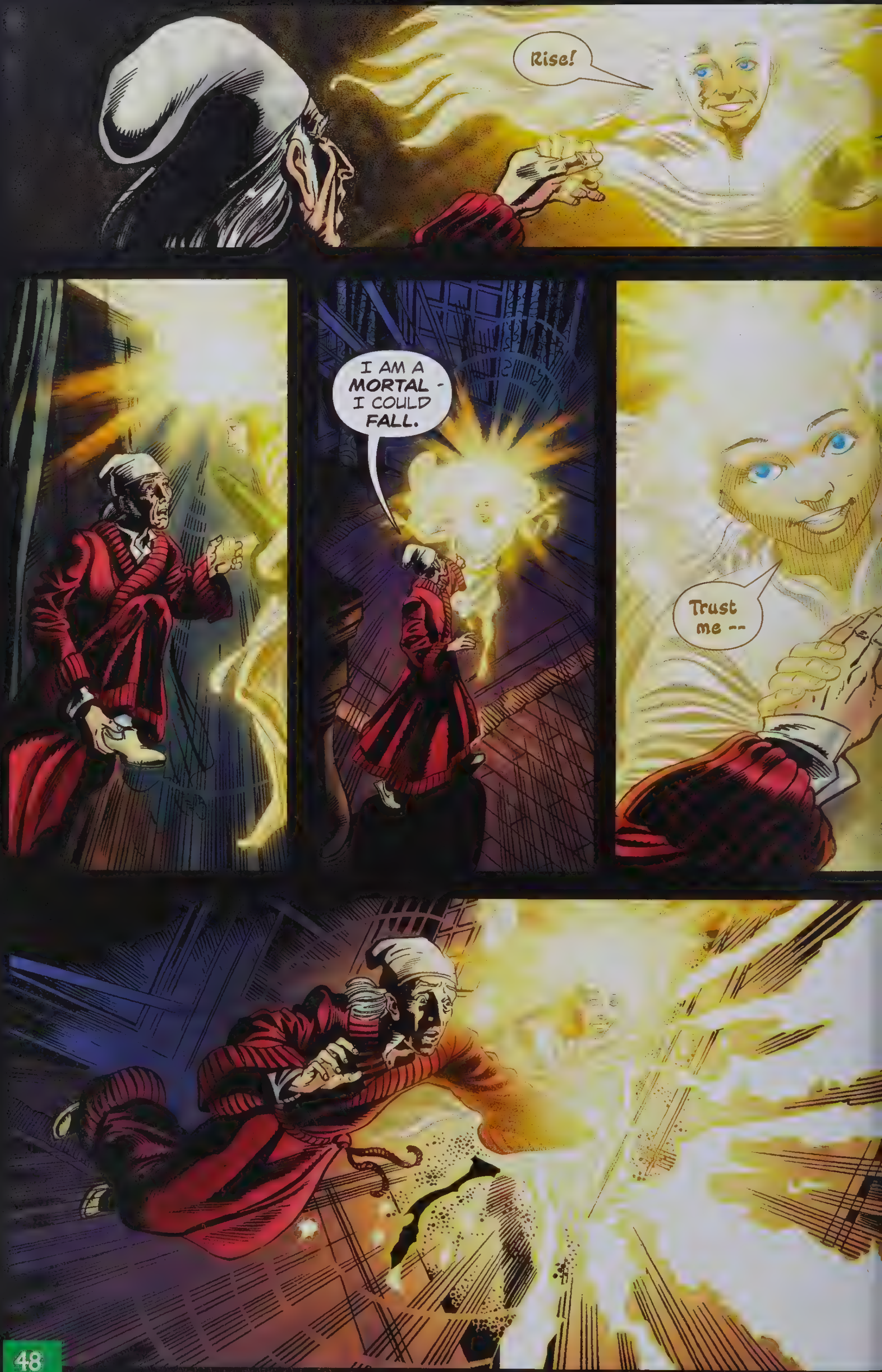

I CAN'T HAVE SLEPT THROUGH A WHOLE DAY AND INTO ANOTHER NIGHT.
IT WAS AN ALARMING THOUGHT. HE SCRAMBLED TO THE WINDOW.
EVERYTHING WAS COLD AND QUIET.
WAS IT A DREAM?

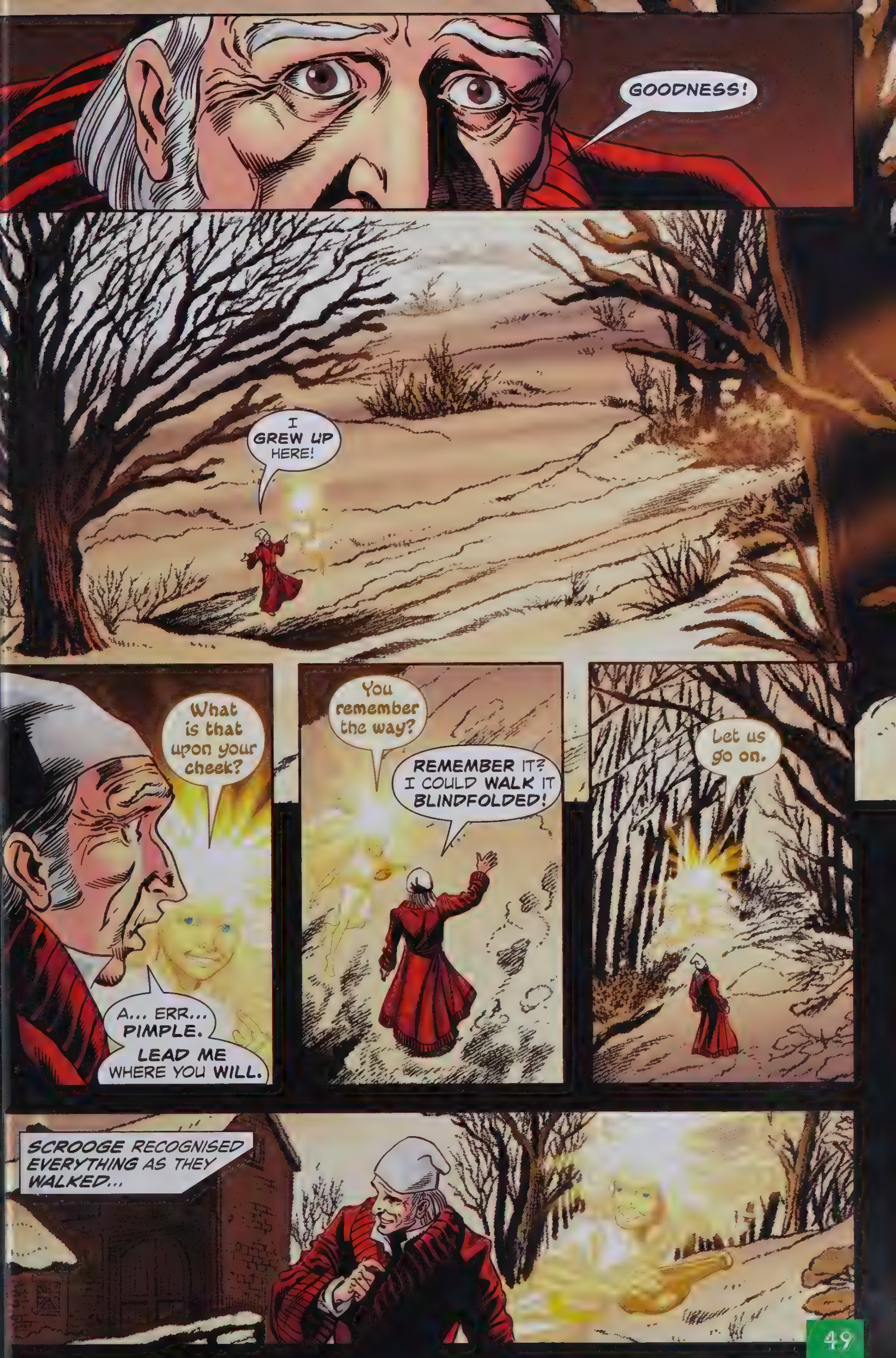

DING DONG!
A QUARTER PAST.
DING DONG!
HALF-PAST!
DING DONG!
A QUARTER TO.
DING DONG!
THE HOUR ITSELF!
DONG!

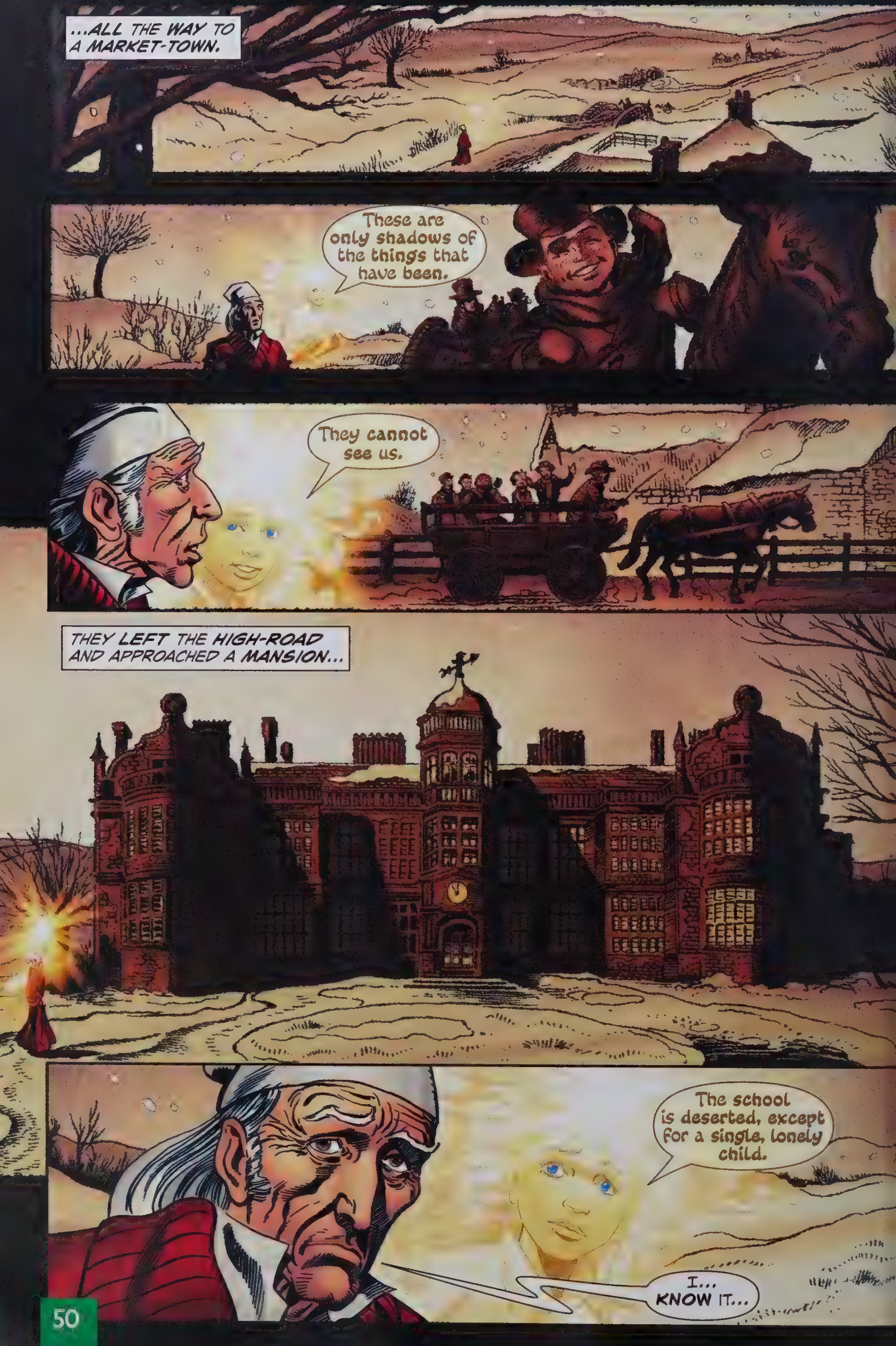


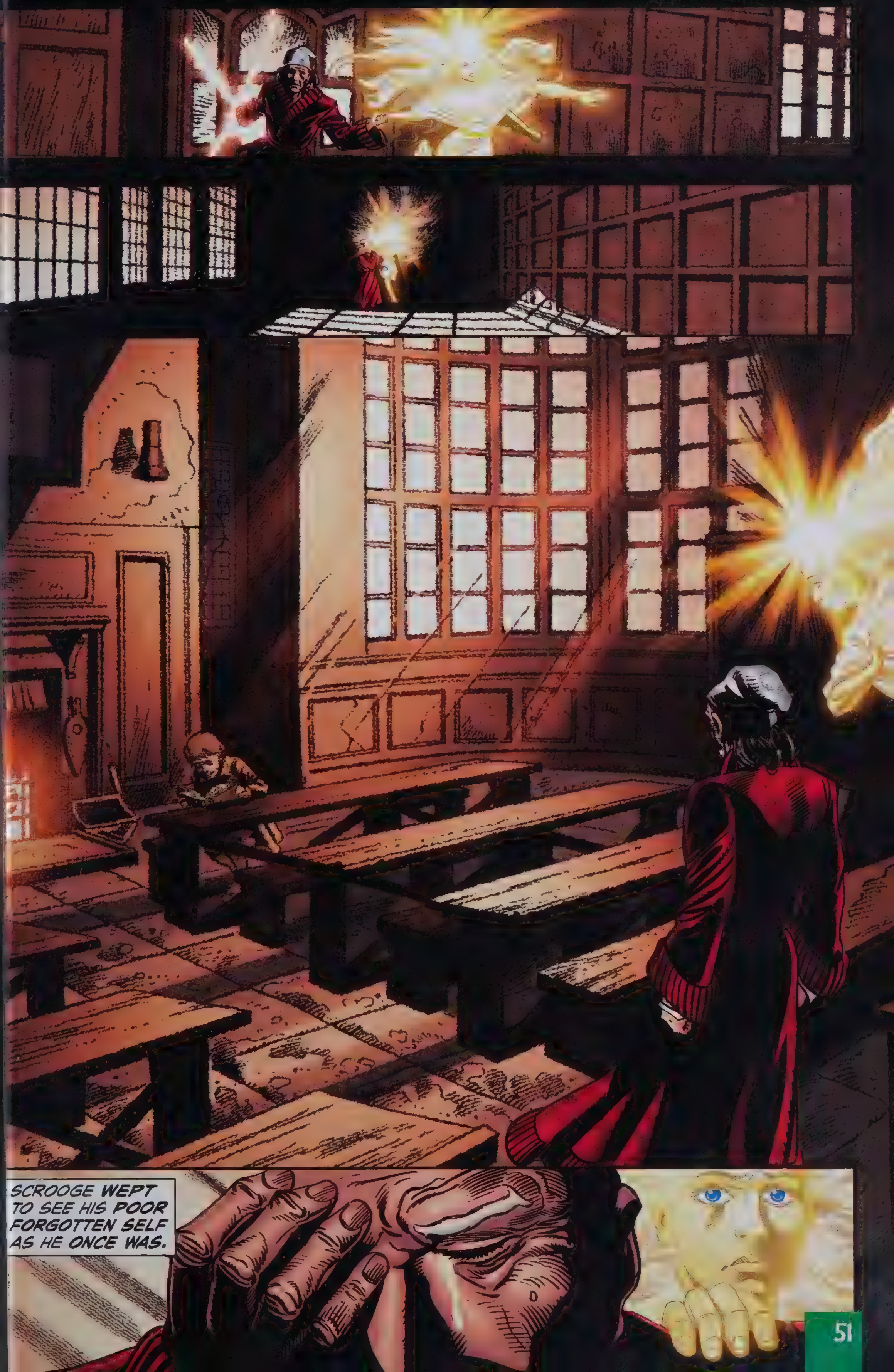

ARE YOU THE FIRST SPIRIT?
I am!
I am the Ghost of Christmas Past.
LONG PAST?
No. Your past.
COULD YOU WEAR YOUR CAP, PLEASE?

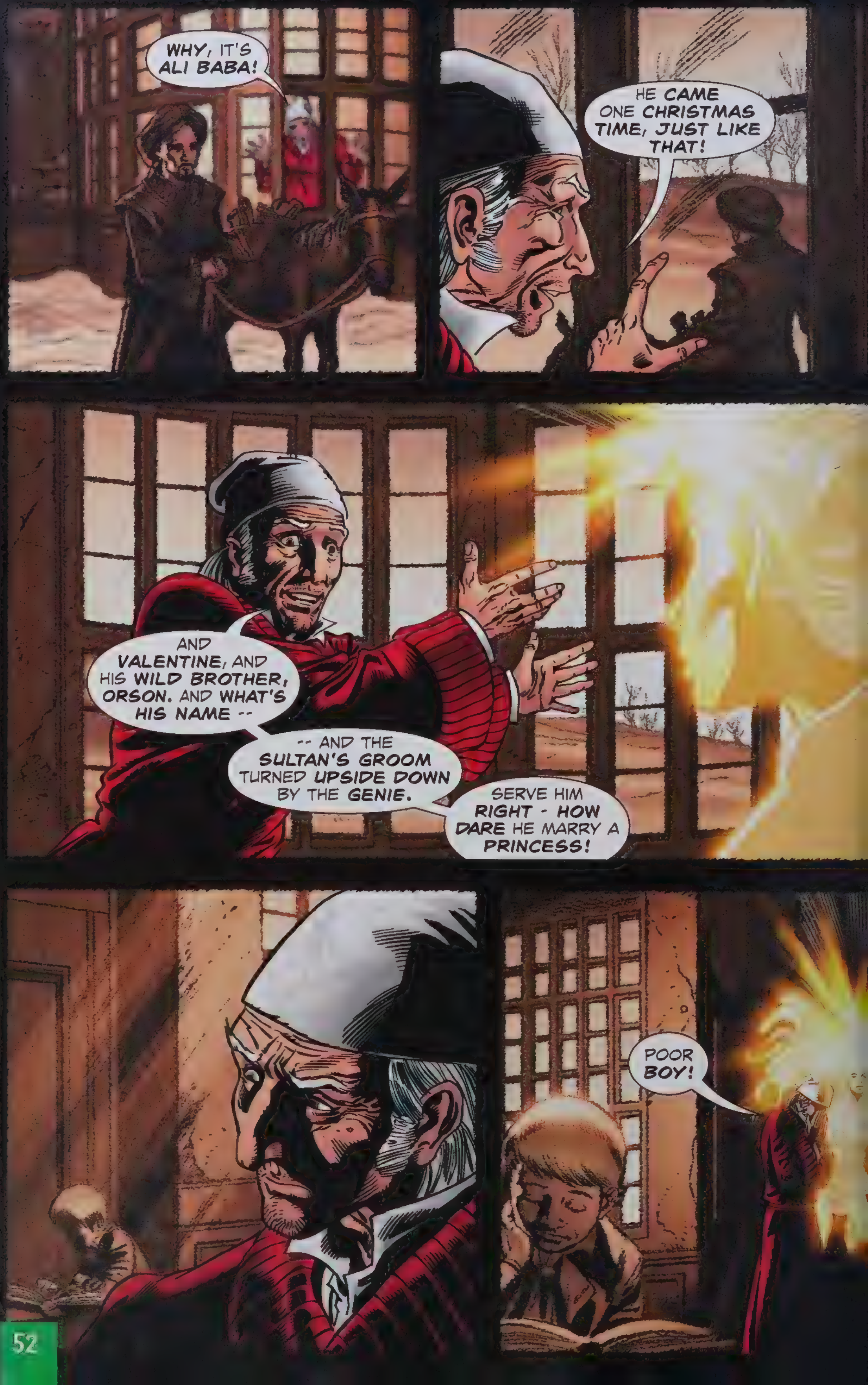

What!
Do you want to put out the light I give?
Is it not enough that you helped to make this cap and force me to wear it?
I'M SORRY.
WHY ARE YOU HERE?
For your welfare!
THANK YOU.
I'D HAVE BEEN HAPPIER WITH A FULL NIGHT'S SLEEP.
Take heed!

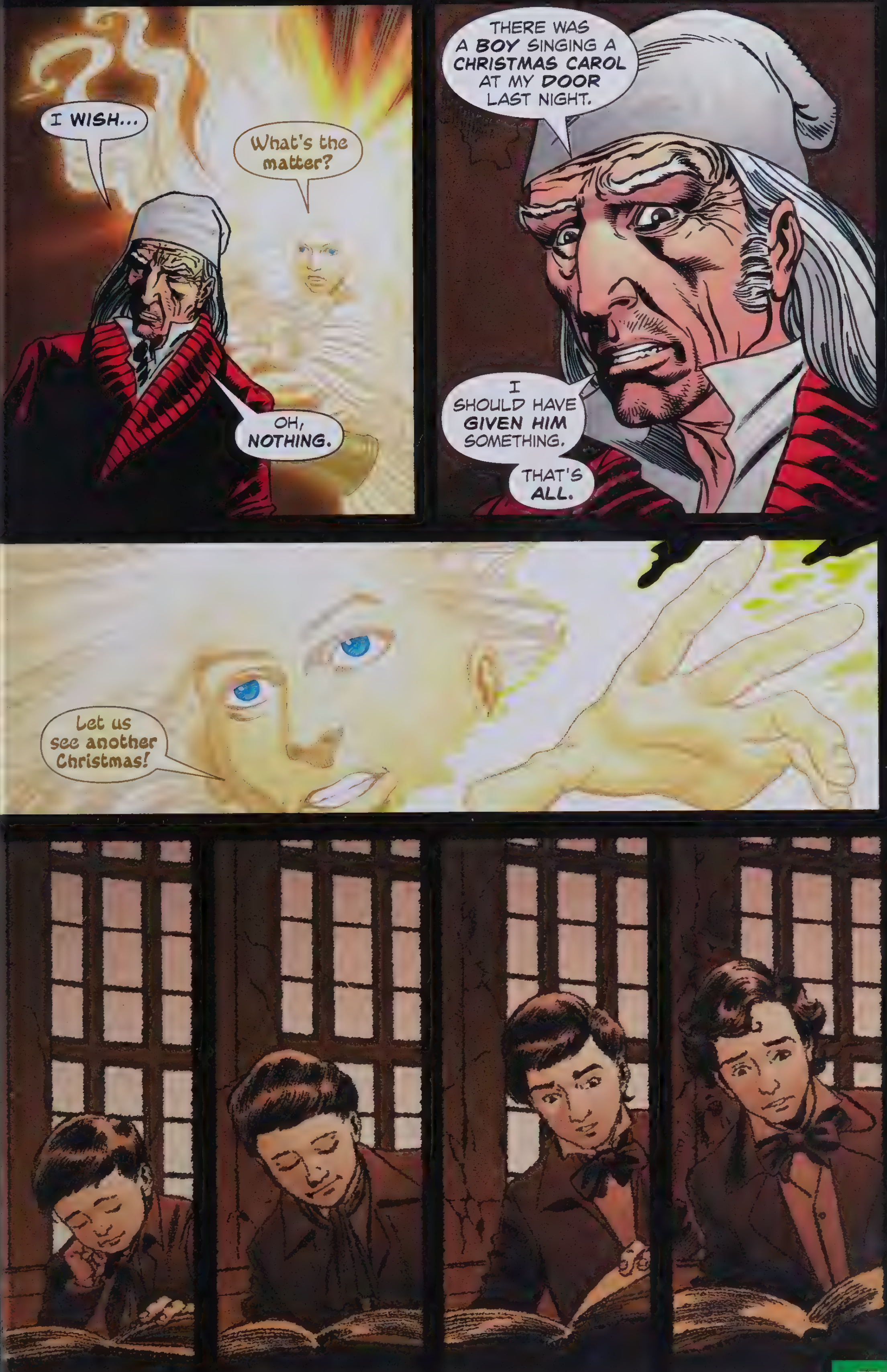

Rise!
I AM A MORTAL - I COULD FALL.
Trust me --

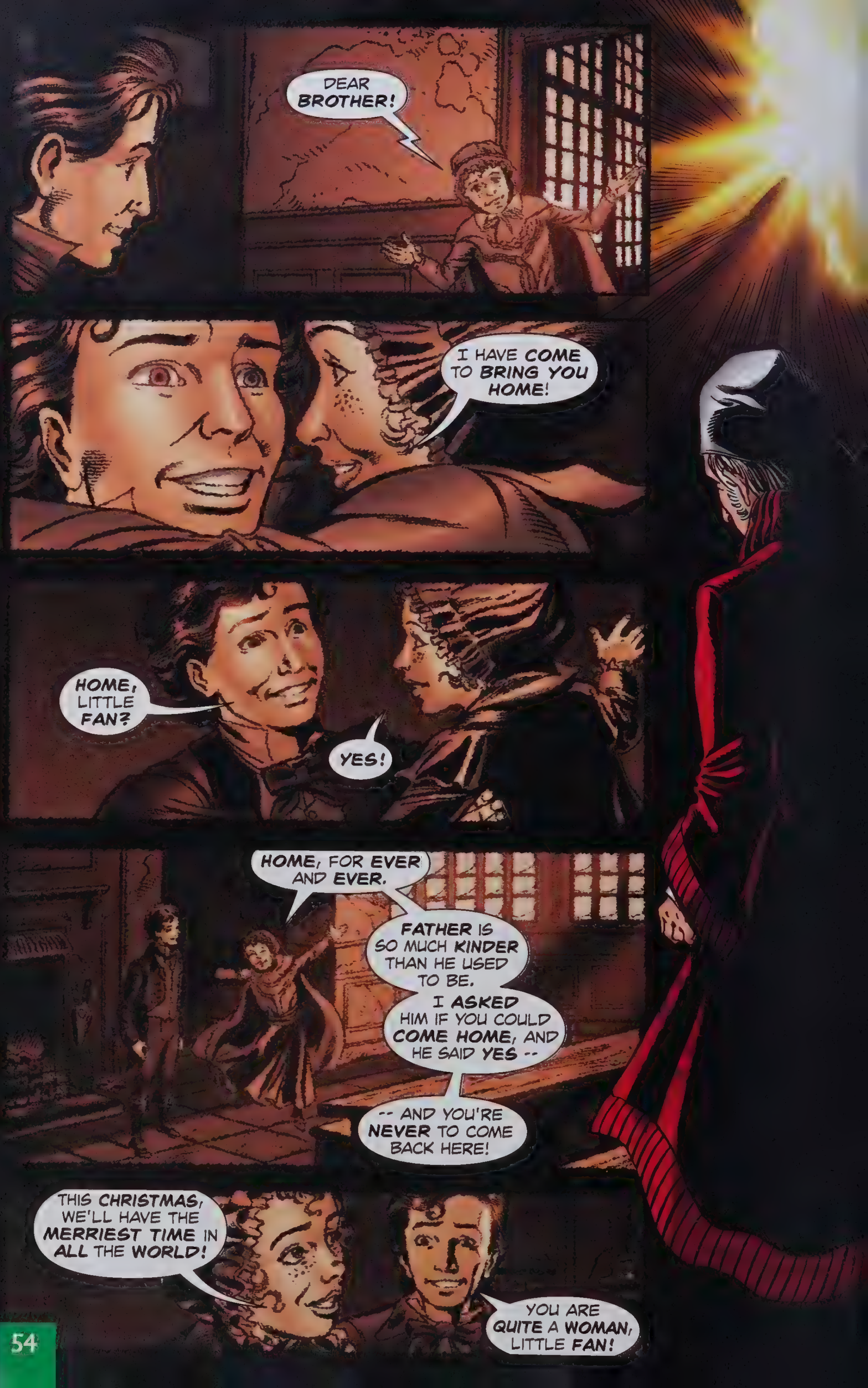

GOODNESS!
I GREW UP HERE!
What is that upon your cheek?
A... ERR... PIMPLE.
LEAD ME WHERE YOU WILL.
You remember the way?
REMEMBER IT? I COULD WALK IT BLINDFOLDED!
Let us go on.
SCROOGE RECOGNISED EVERYTHING AS THEY WALKED...

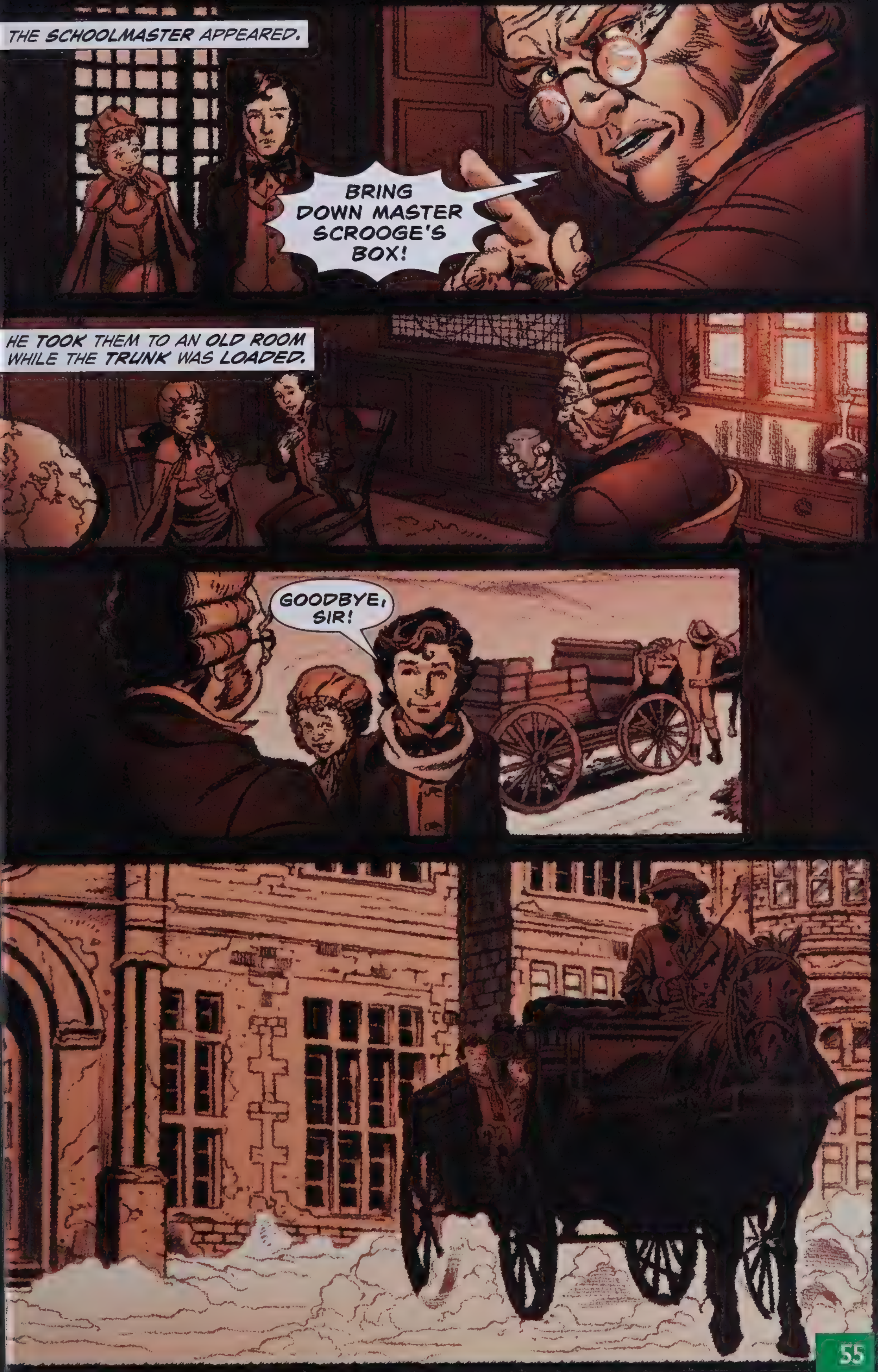

...ALL THE WAY TO A MARKET-TOWN.
These are only shadows of the things that have been.
They cannot see us.
THEY LEFT THE HIGH-ROAD AND APPROACHED A MANSION...
The school is deserted, except for a single, lonely child.
I... KNOW IT...

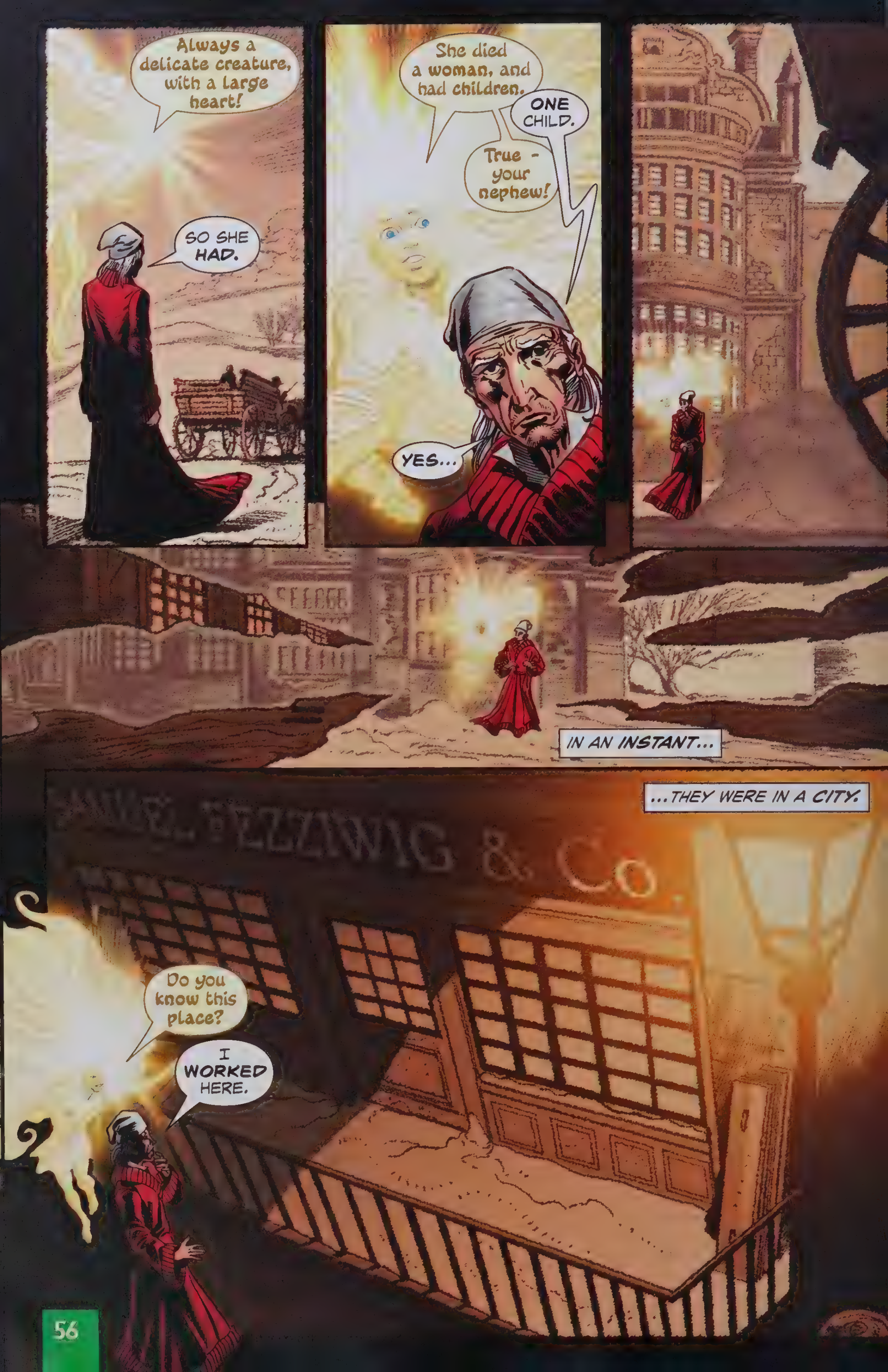

SCROOGE WEPT TO SEE HIS POOR FORGOTTEN SELF AS HE ONCE WAS.

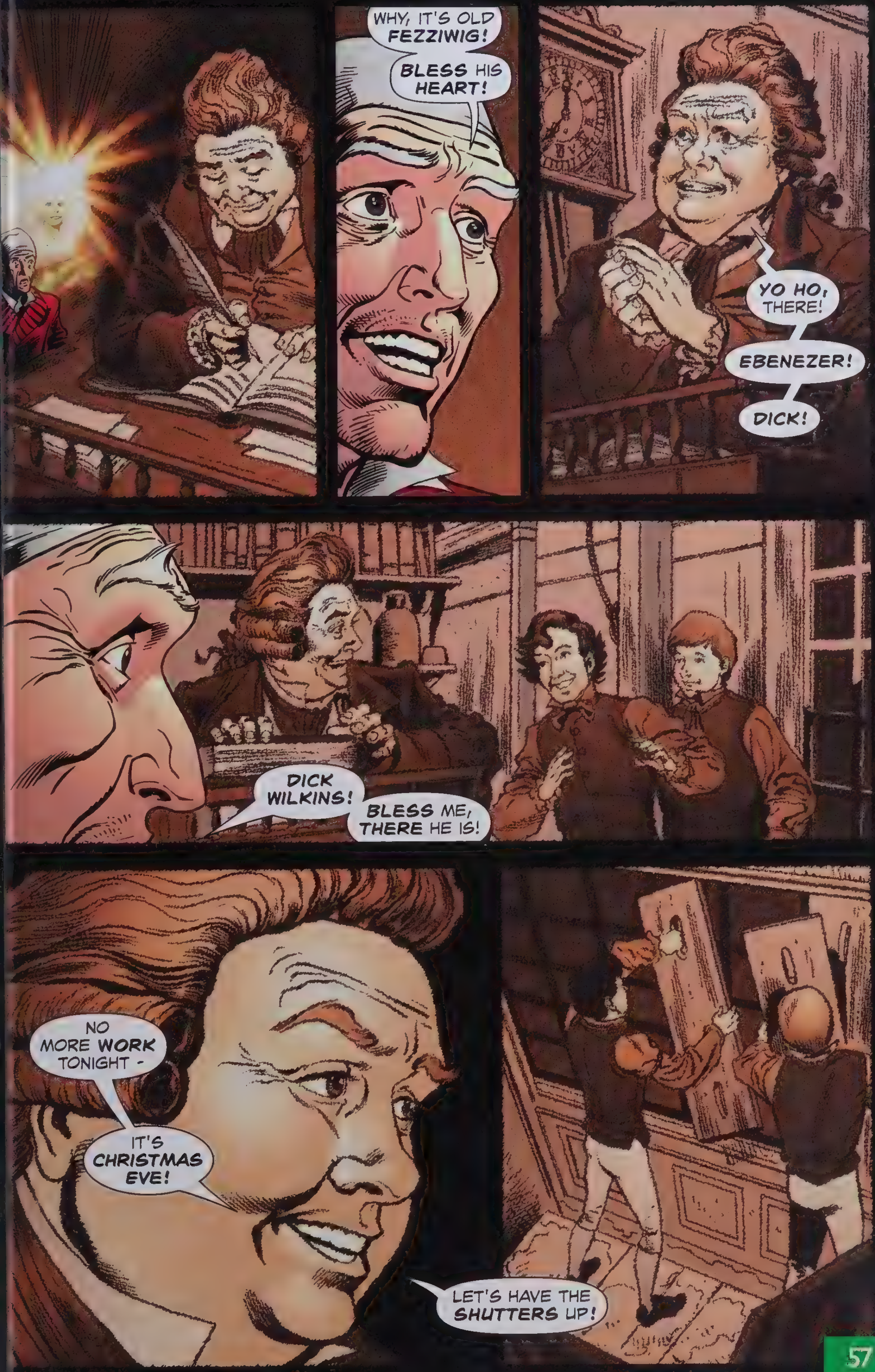

WHY, IT'S ALI BABA!
HE CAME ONE CHRISTMAS TIME, JUST LIKE THAT!
AND VALENTINE, AND HIS WILD BROTHER, ORSON. AND WHAT'S HIS NAME --
-- AND THE SULTAN'S GROOM TURNED UPSIDE DOWN BY THE GENIE.
SERVE HIM RIGHT - HOW DARE HE MARRY A PRINCESS!
POOR BOY!

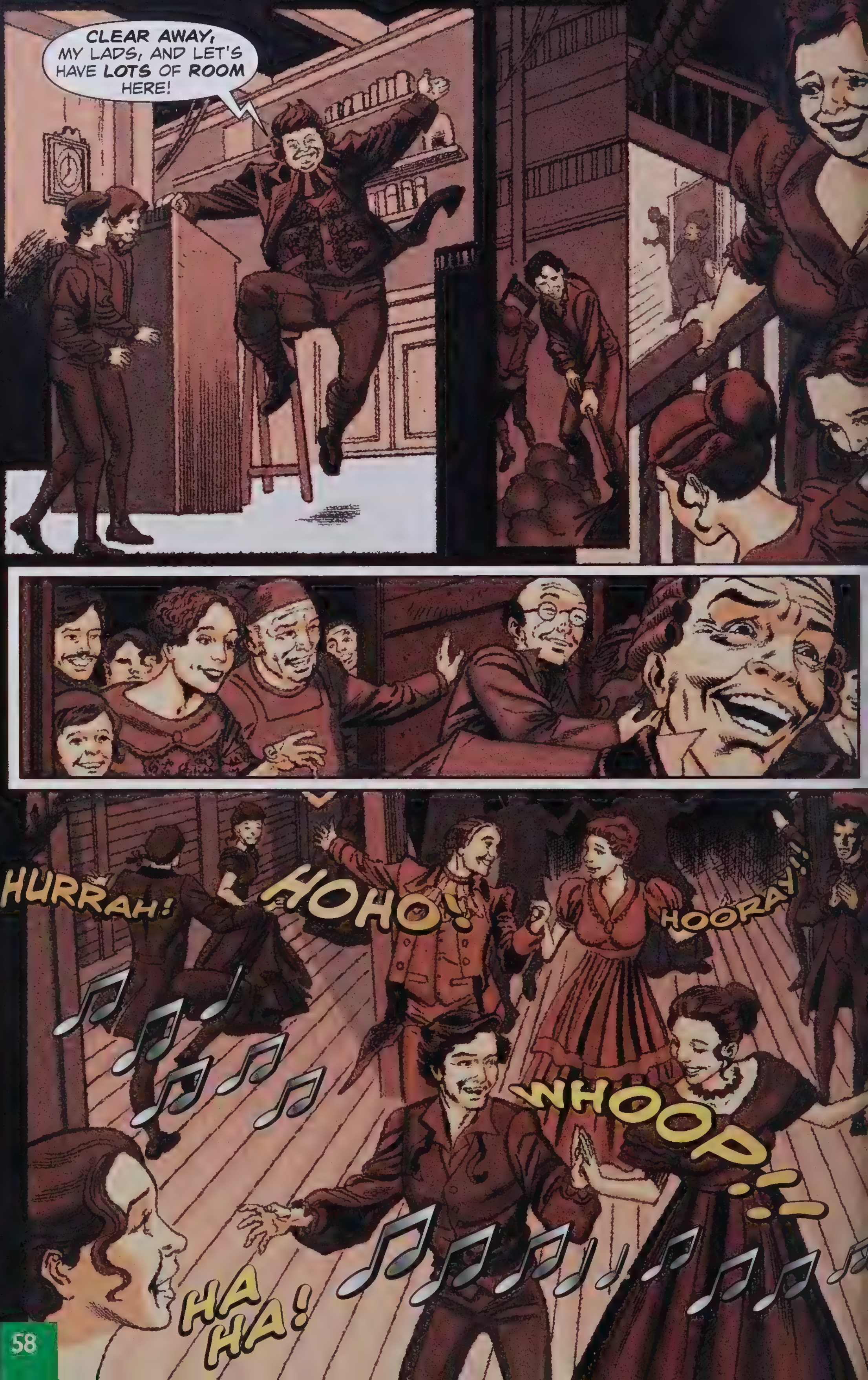

I WISH...
What's the matter?
OH, NOTHING.
THERE WAS A BOY SINGING A CHRISTMAS CAROL AT MY DOOR LAST NIGHT.
I SHOULD HAVE GIVEN HIM SOMETHING.
THAT'S ALL.
Let us see another Christmas!

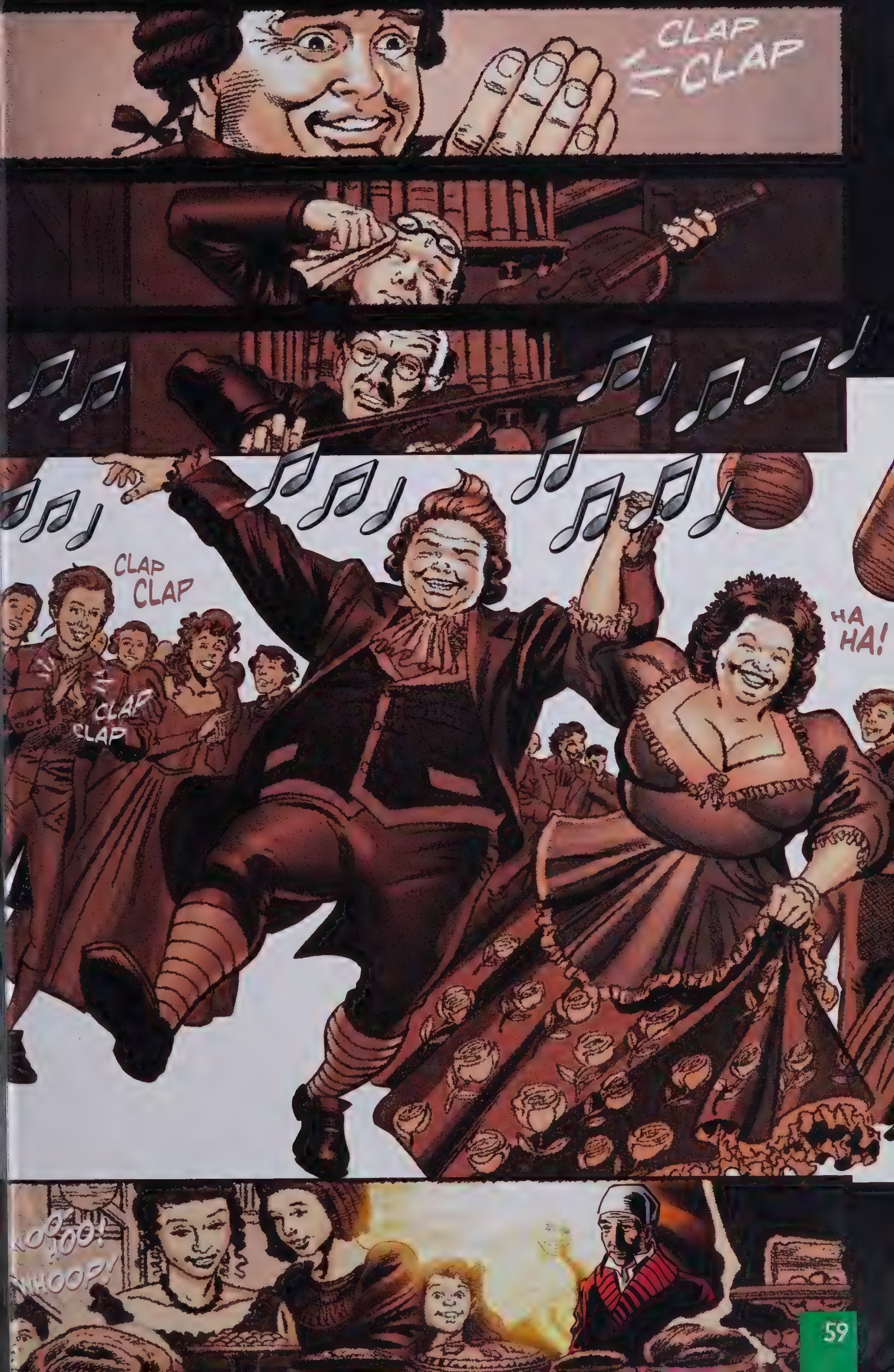

DEAR BROTHER!
I HAVE COME TO BRING YOU HOME!
HOME, LITTLE FAN?
YES!
HOME, FOR EVER AND EVER.
FATHER IS SO MUCH KINDER THAN HE USED TO BE.
I ASKED HIM IF YOU COULD COME HOME, AND HE SAID YES --
-- AND YOU'RE NEVER TO COME BACK HERE!
THIS CHRISTMAS, WE'LL HAVE THE MERRIEST TIME IN ALL THE WORLD!
YOU ARE QUITE A WOMAN, LITTLE FAN!

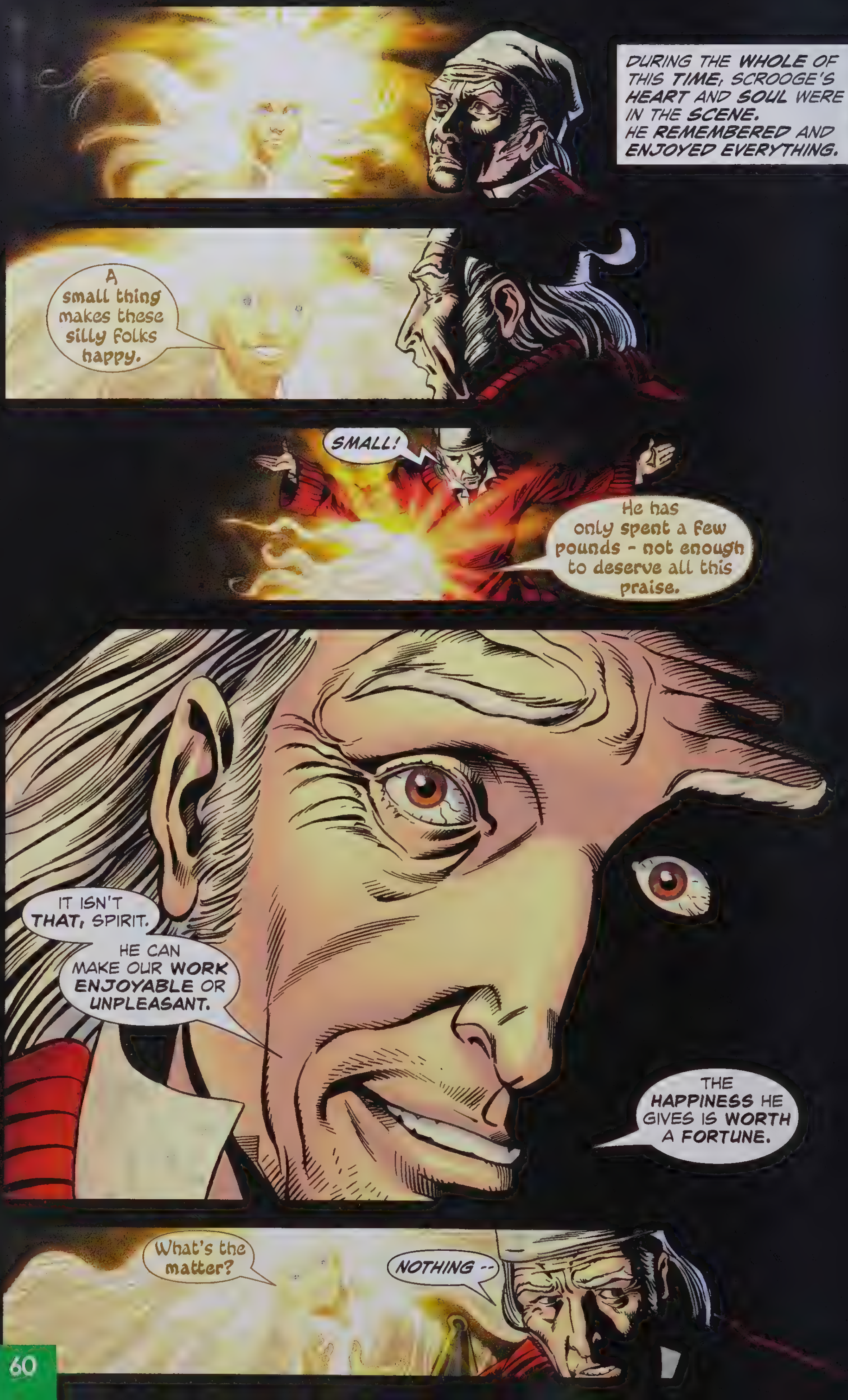

THE SCHOOLMASTER APPEARED.
BRING DOWN MASTER SCROOGE'S BOX!
HE TOOK THEM TO AN OLD ROOM WHILE THE TRUNK WAS LOADED.
GOODBYE, SIR!

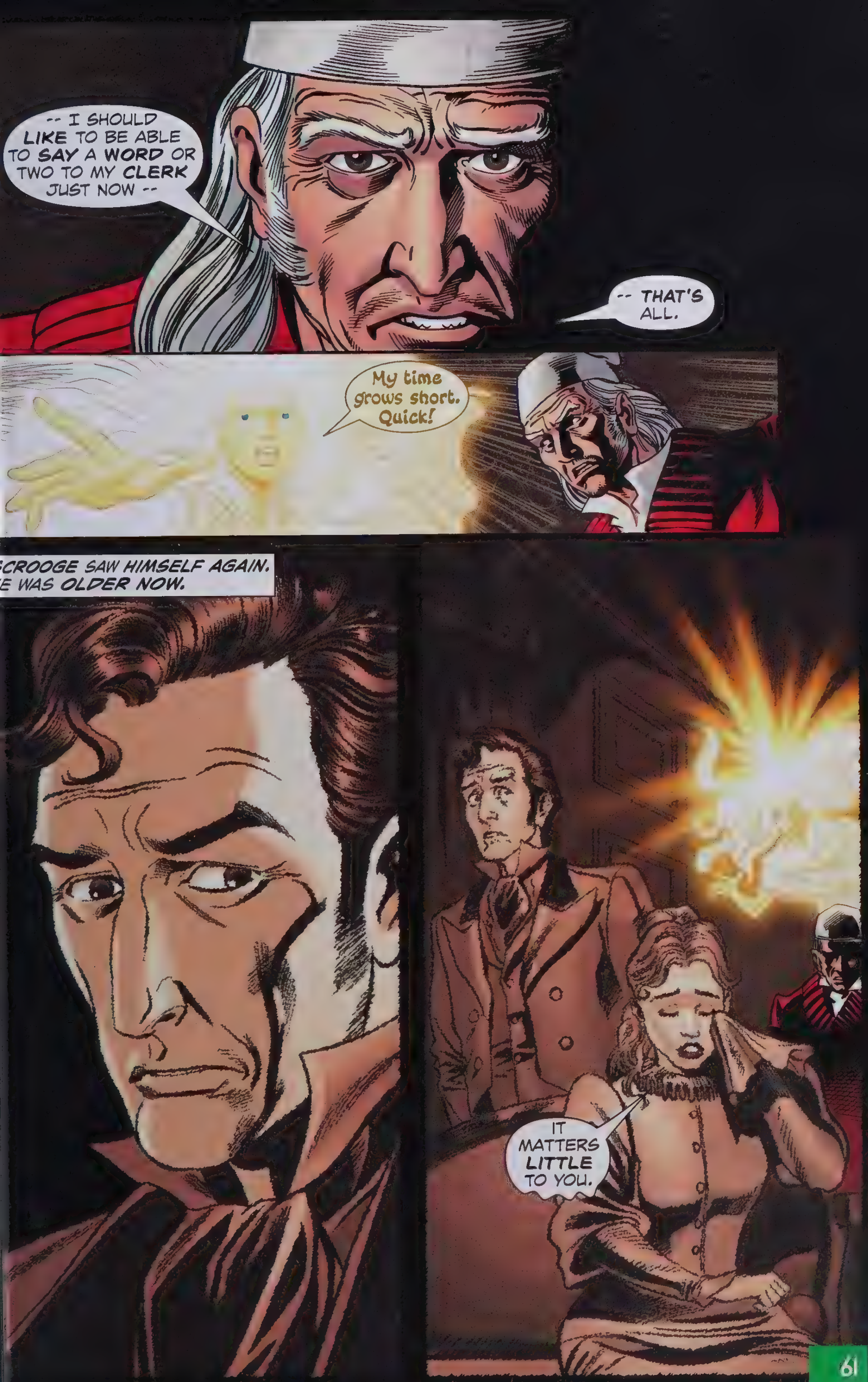

Always a delicate creature, with a large heart!
SO SHE HAD.
She died a woman, and had children.
ONE CHILD.
True - your nephew!
YES...
IN AN INSTANT...
...THEY WERE IN A CITY.
FEZZIWIG & Co
Do you know this place?
I WORKED HERE.

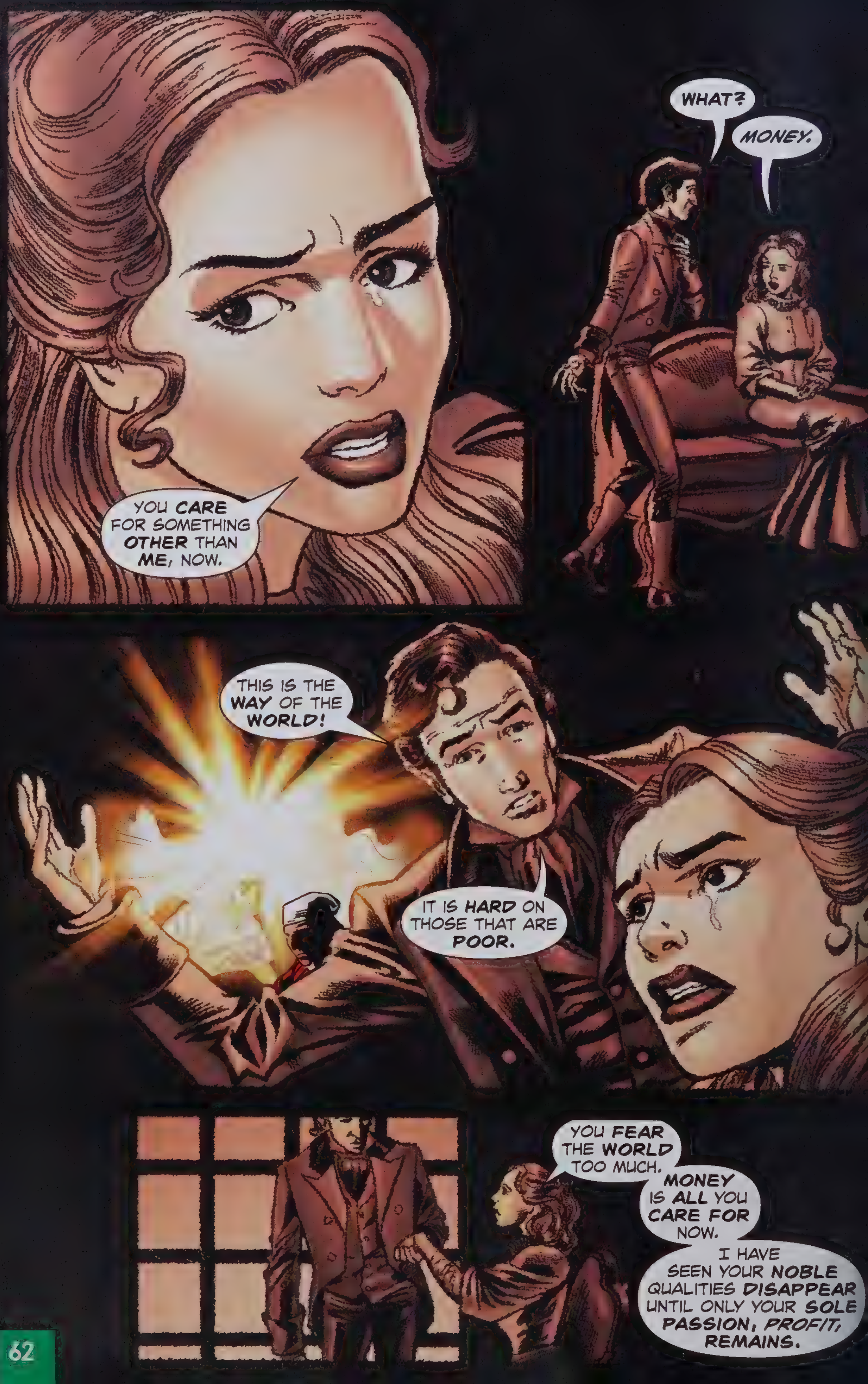

WHY, IT'S OLD FEZZIWIG!
BLESS HIS HEART!
YO HO, THERE!
EBENEZER!
DICK!
DICK WILKINS!
BLESS ME, THERE HE IS!
NO MORE WORK TONIGHT -
IT'S CHRISTMAS EVE!
LET'S HAVE THE SHUTTERS UP!

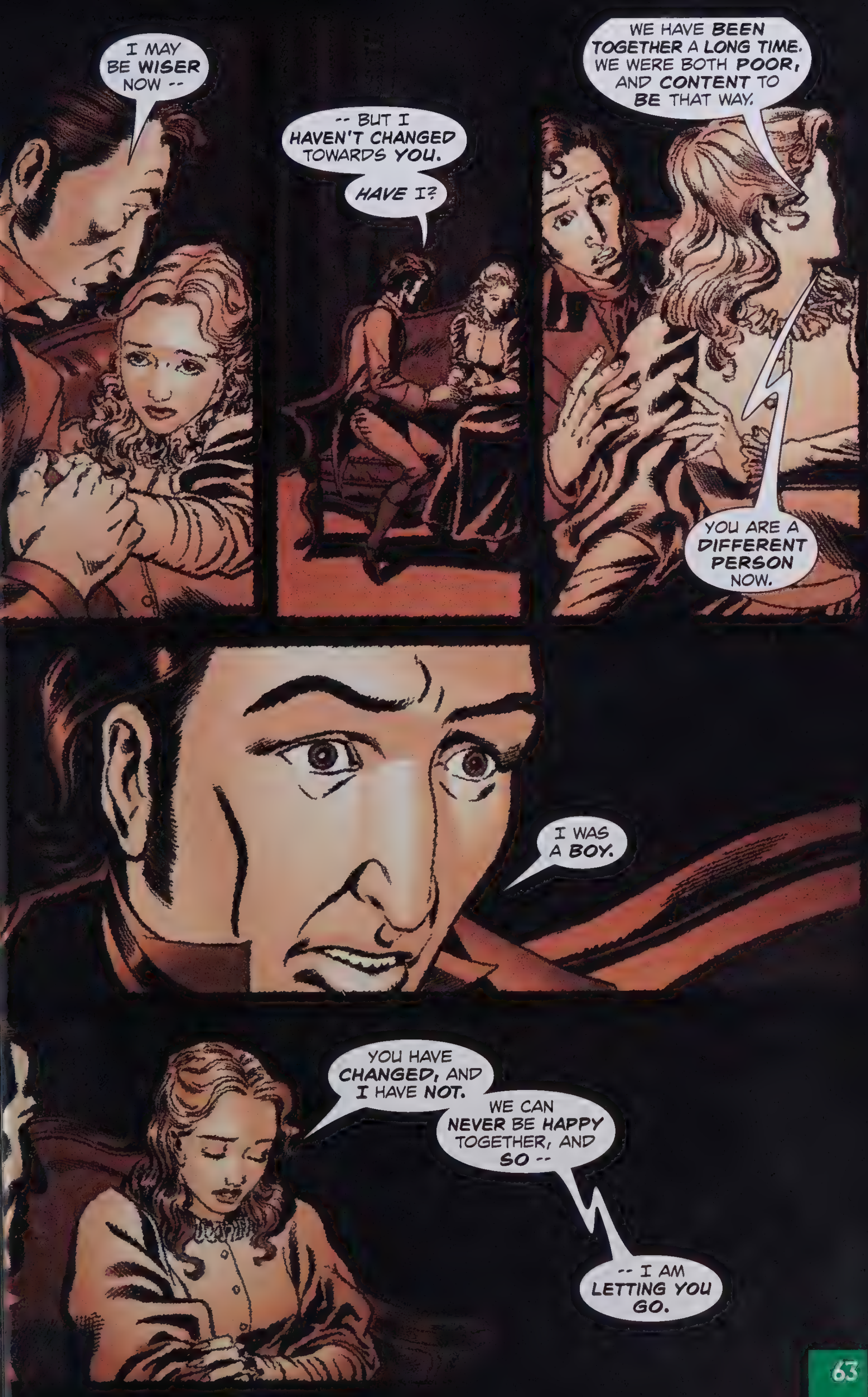

CLEAR AWAY, MY LADS, AND LET'S HAVE LOTS OF ROOM HERE!
HURRAH!
HOHO!
HOORAY!!
WHOOP!!
HA HA!

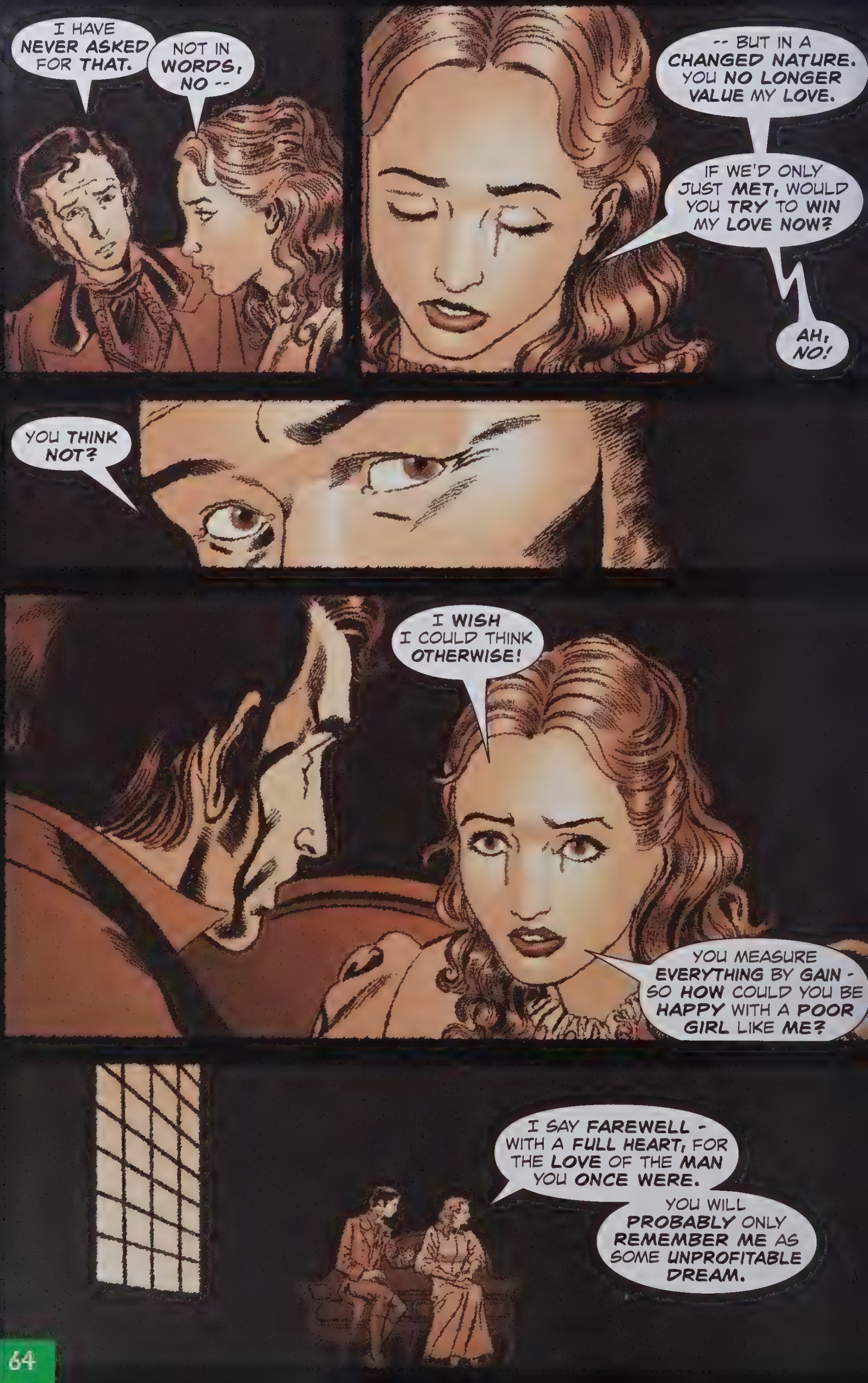

CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
CLAP
HA
HA!
OO-HOO!
WHOOP!

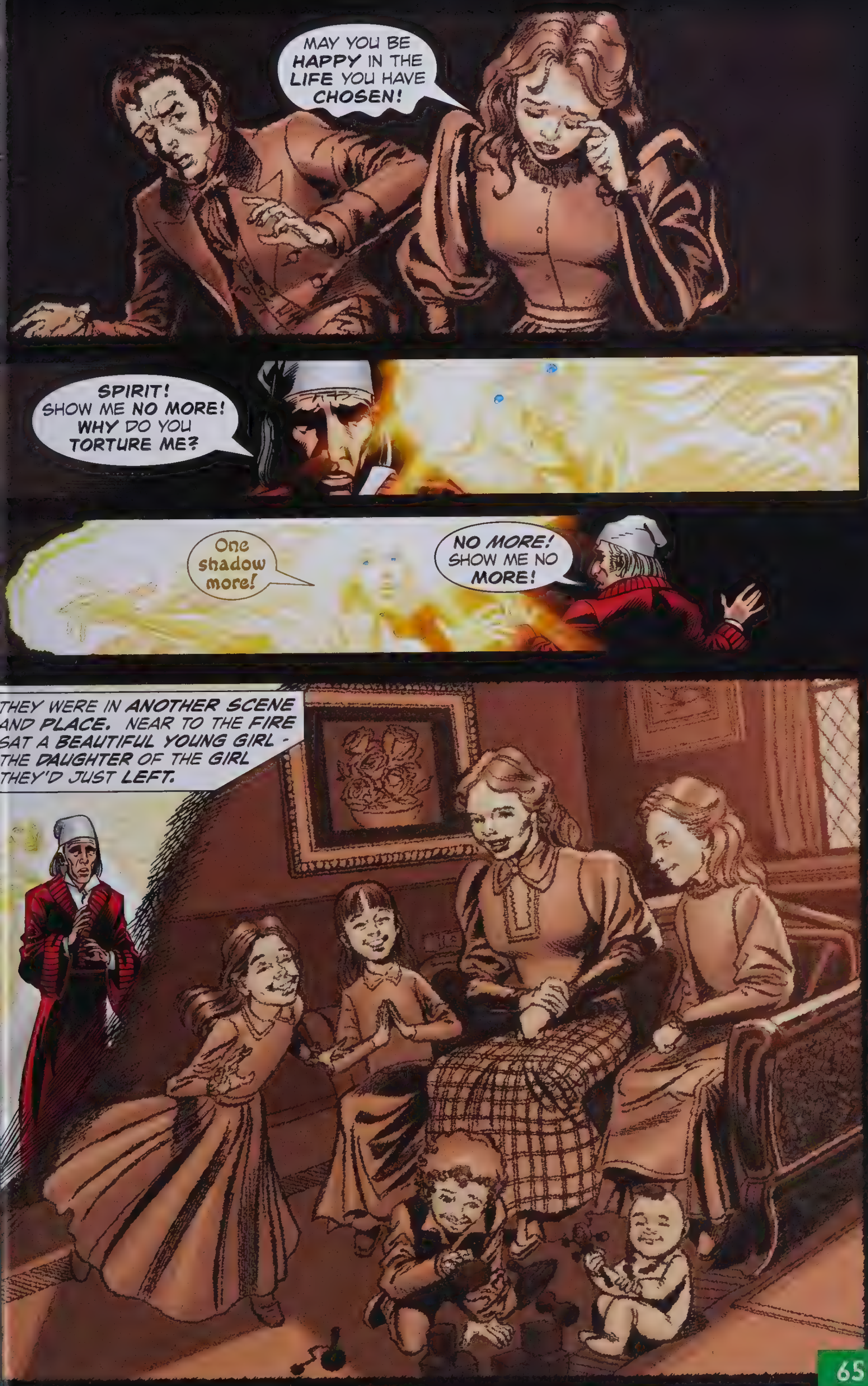

DURING THE WHOLE OF THIS TIME, SCROOGE'S HEART AND SOUL WERE IN THE SCENE. HE REMEMBERED AND ENJOYED EVERYTHING.
A small thing makes these silly folks happy.
SMALL!
He has only spent a few pounds - not enough to deserve all this praise.
IT ISN'T THAT, SPIRIT.
HE CAN MAKE OUR WORK ENJOYABLE OR UNPLEASANT.
THE HAPPINESS HE GIVES IS WORTH A FORTUNE.
What's the matter?
NOTHING --

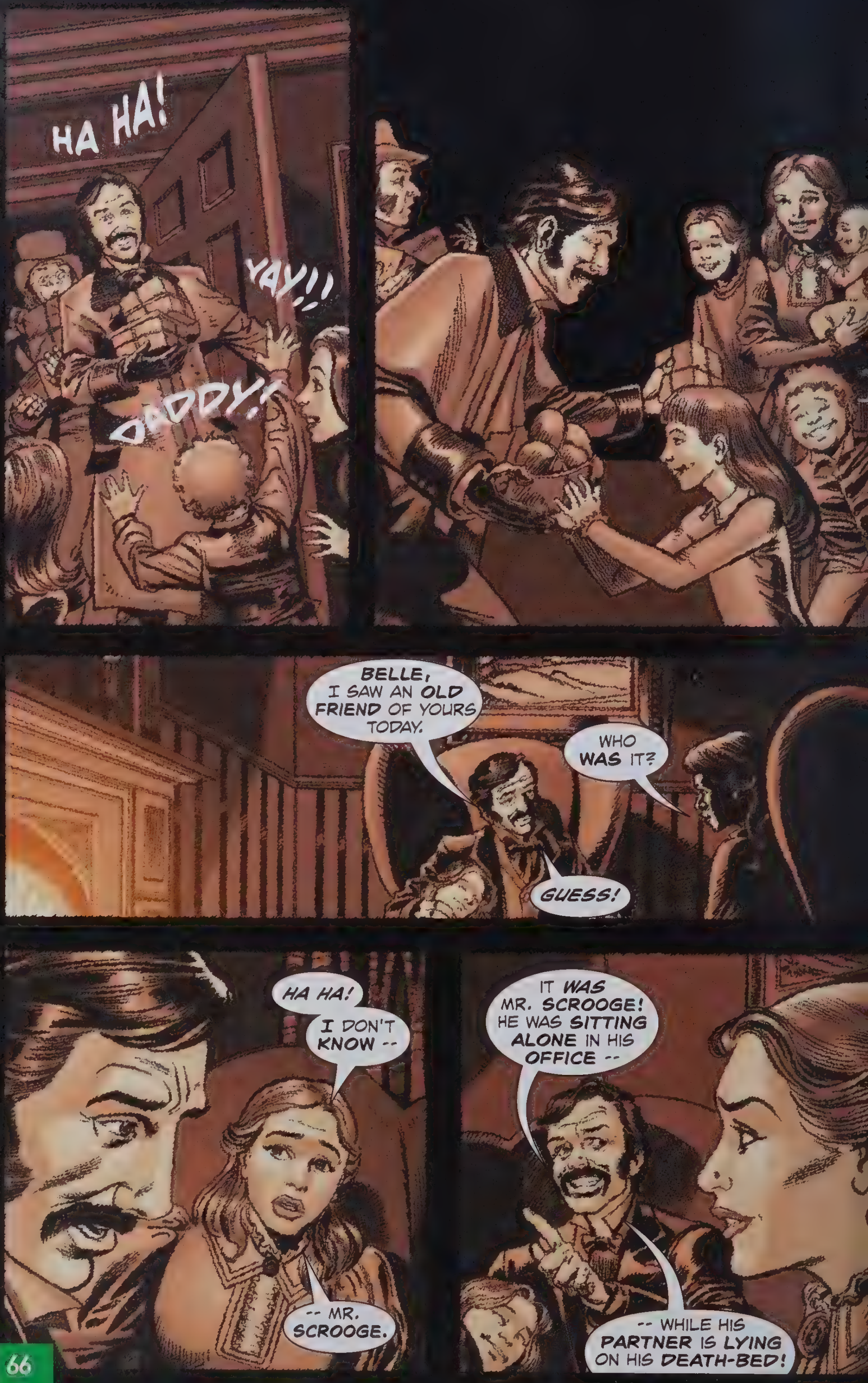

-- I SHOULD LIKE TO BE ABLE TO SAY A WORD OR TWO TO MY CLERK JUST NOW --
-- THAT'S ALL.
My time grows short. Quick!
CROOGE SAW HIMSELF AGAIN.
E WAS OLDER NOW.
IT MATTERS LITTLE TO YOU.

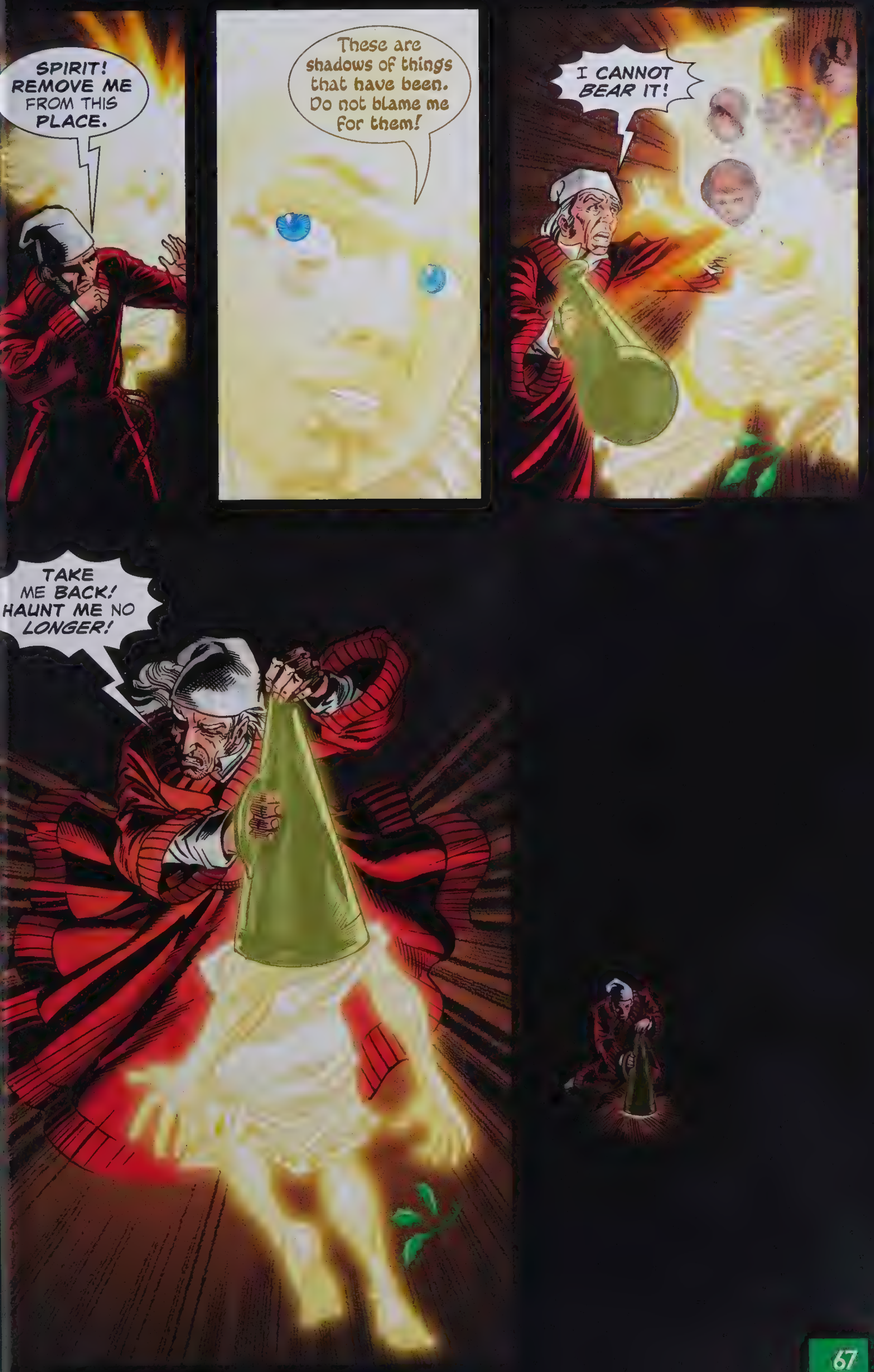

YOU **CARE** FOR SOMETHING **OTHER** THAN **ME**, NOW.
WHAT?
MONEY.
THIS IS THE **WAY** OF THE **WORLD!**
IT IS **HARD** ON THOSE THAT ARE **POOR.**
YOU **FEAR** THE **WORLD** TOO MUCH.
MONEY IS **ALL** YOU **CARE FOR** NOW.
I HAVE SEEN YOUR **NOBLE** QUALITIES **DISAPPEAR** UNTIL ONLY YOUR **SOLE PASSION**, *PROFIT*, **REMAINS.**

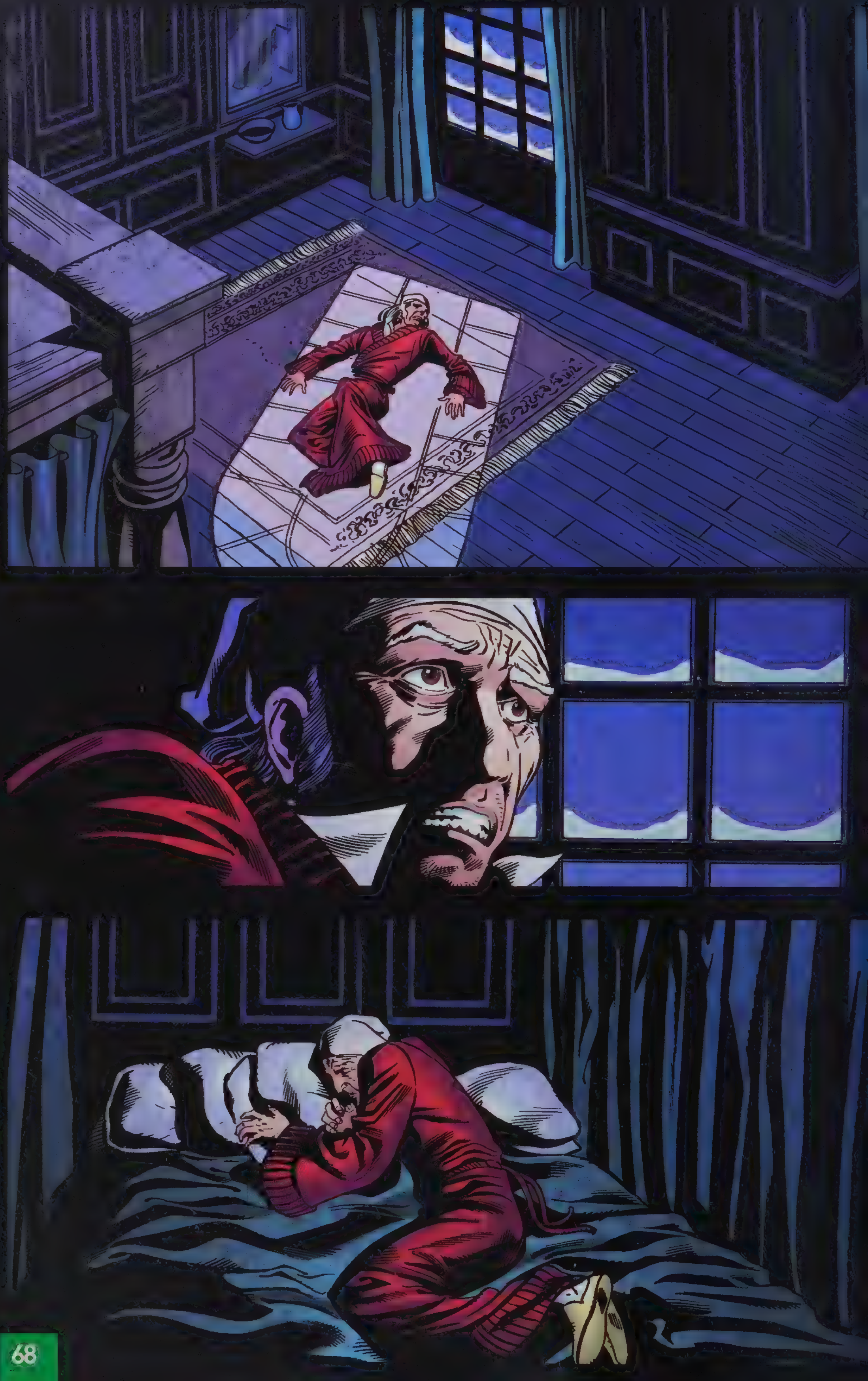

I MAY BE **WISER** NOW --
-- BUT I **HAVEN'T CHANGED** TOWARDS **YOU.**
HAVE I?
WE HAVE **BEEN TOGETHER** A **LONG TIME.** WE WERE BOTH **POOR,** AND **CONTENT** TO **BE** THAT WAY.
YOU ARE A **DIFFERENT PERSON** NOW.
I WAS A **BOY.**
YOU HAVE **CHANGED,** AND **I** HAVE **NOT.**
WE CAN **NEVER** BE **HAPPY** TOGETHER, AND **SO** --
-- I AM **LETTING YOU GO.**


I HAVE NEVER ASKED FOR THAT.
NOT IN WORDS, NO --
-- BUT IN A CHANGED NATURE. YOU NO LONGER VALUE MY LOVE.
IF WE'D ONLY JUST MET, WOULD YOU TRY TO WIN MY LOVE NOW?
AH, NO!
YOU THINK NOT?
I WISH I COULD THINK OTHERWISE!
YOU MEASURE EVERYTHING BY GAIN - SO HOW COULD YOU BE HAPPY WITH A POOR GIRL LIKE ME?
I SAY FAREWELL - WITH A FULL HEART, FOR THE LOVE OF THE MAN YOU ONCE WERE.
YOU WILL PROBABLY ONLY REMEMBER ME AS SOME UNPROFITABLE DREAM.

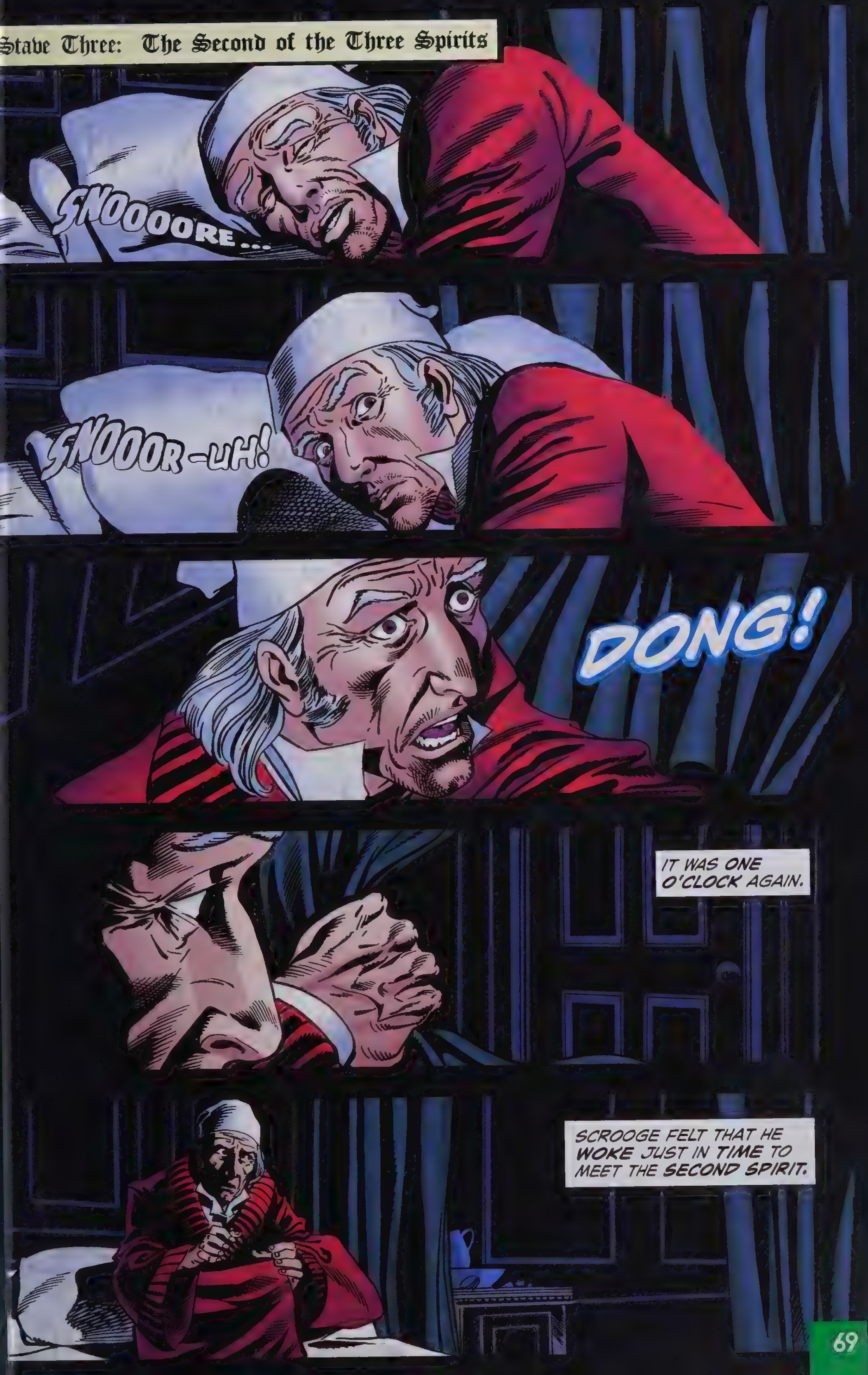

MAY YOU BE HAPPY IN THE LIFE YOU HAVE CHOSEN!
SPIRIT! SHOW ME NO MORE! WHY DO YOU TORTURE ME?
One shadow more!
NO MORE! SHOW ME NO MORE!
THEY WERE IN ANOTHER SCENE AND PLACE. NEAR TO THE FIRE SAT A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL - THE DAUGHTER OF THE GIRL THEY'D JUST LEFT.

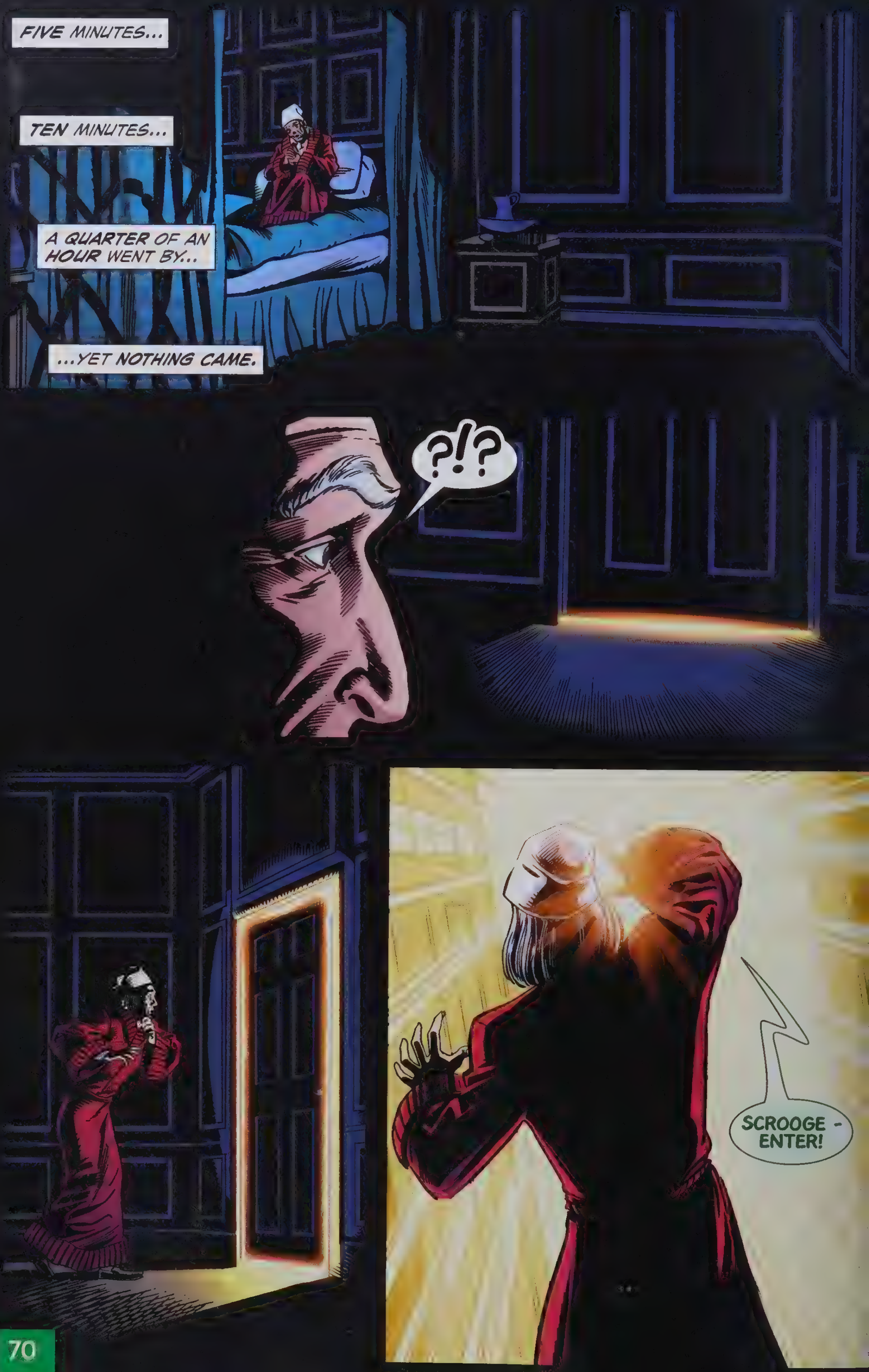

HA HA!
YAY!!
DADDY!
BELLE, I SAW AN OLD FRIEND OF YOURS TODAY.
WHO WAS IT?
GUESS!
HA HA!
I DON'T KNOW --
-- MR. SCROOGE.
IT WAS MR. SCROOGE! HE WAS SITTING ALONE IN HIS OFFICE --
-- WHILE HIS PARTNER IS LYING ON HIS DEATH-BED!

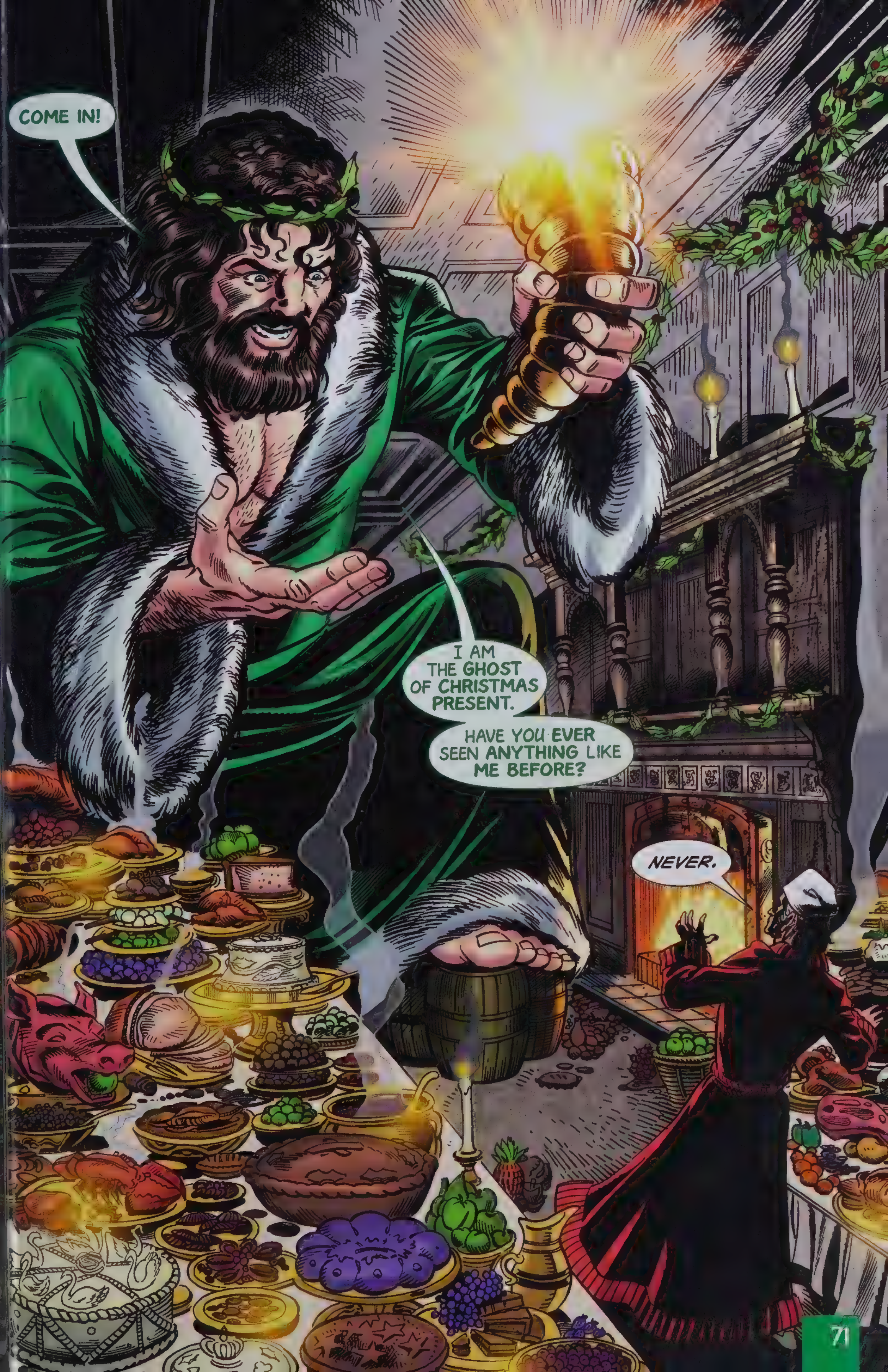

SPIRIT! REMOVE ME FROM THIS PLACE.
These are shadows of things that have been. Do not blame me for them!
I CANNOT BEAR IT!
TAKE ME BACK! HAUNT ME NO LONGER!

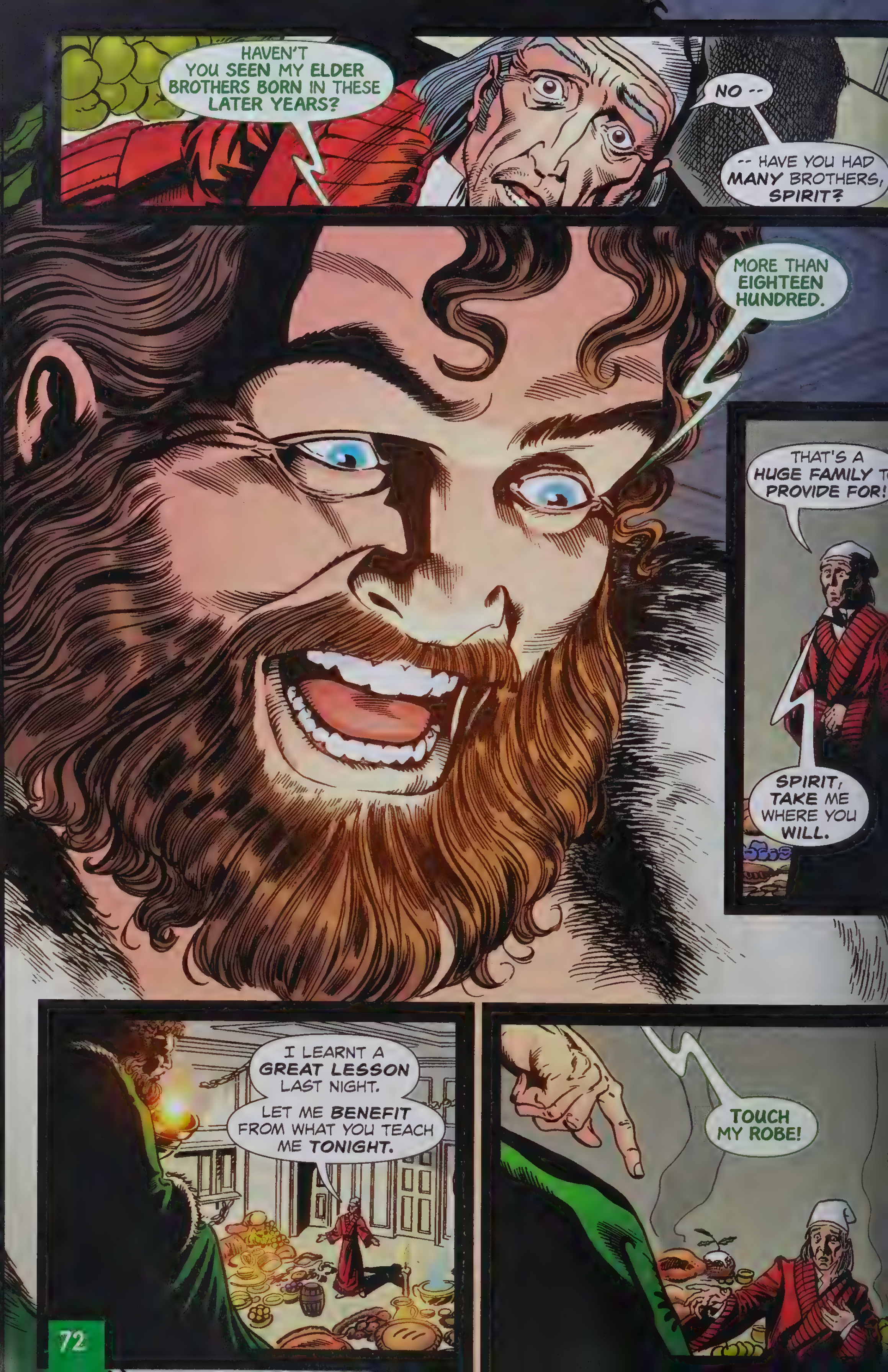


Stave Three: The Second of the Three Spirits

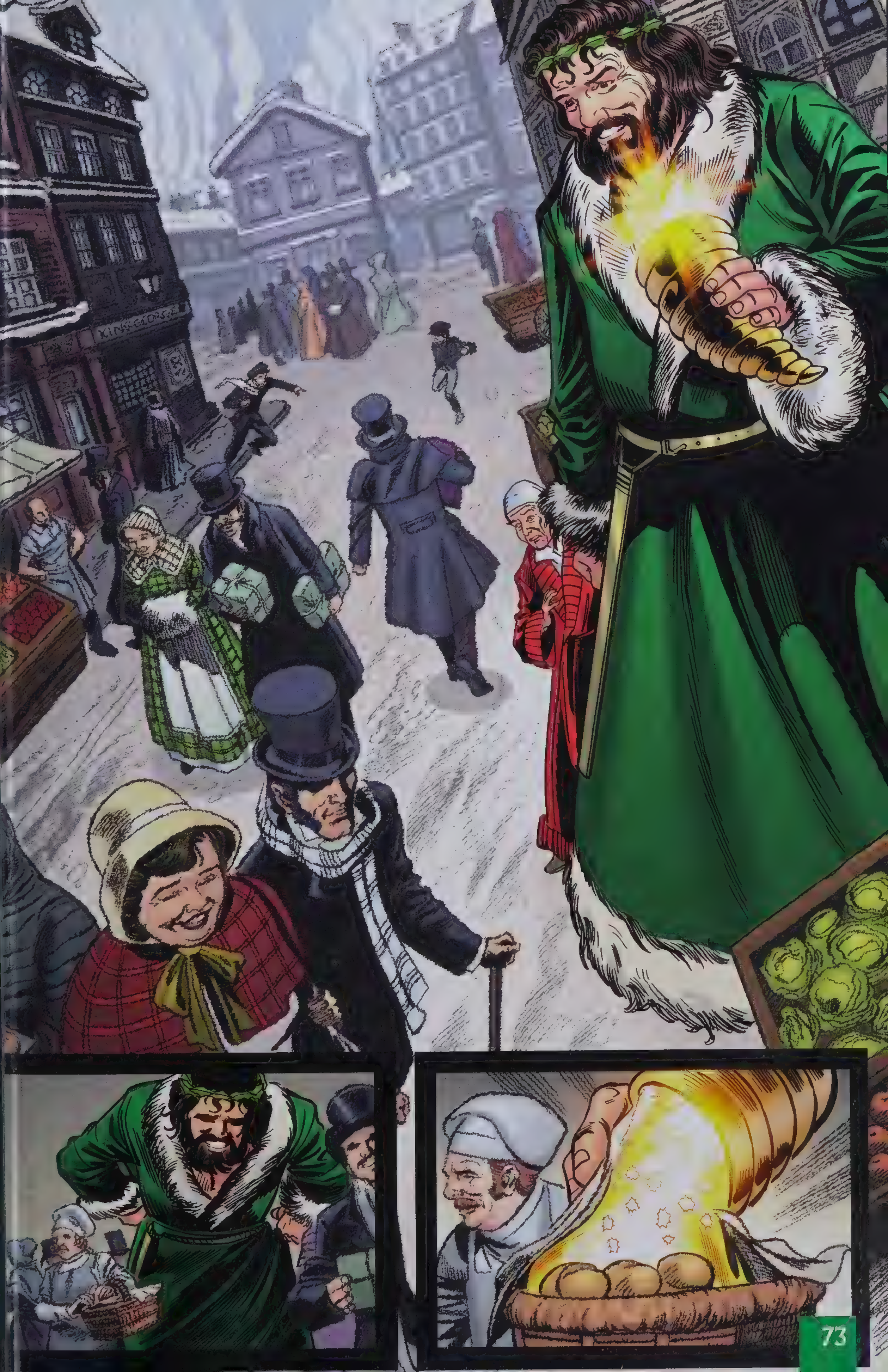

SNOOOORE...
SNOOOR-UH!
DONG!
IT WAS ONE O'CLOCK AGAIN.
SCROOGE FELT THAT HE **WOKE** JUST IN **TIME** TO MEET THE **SECOND SPIRIT.**

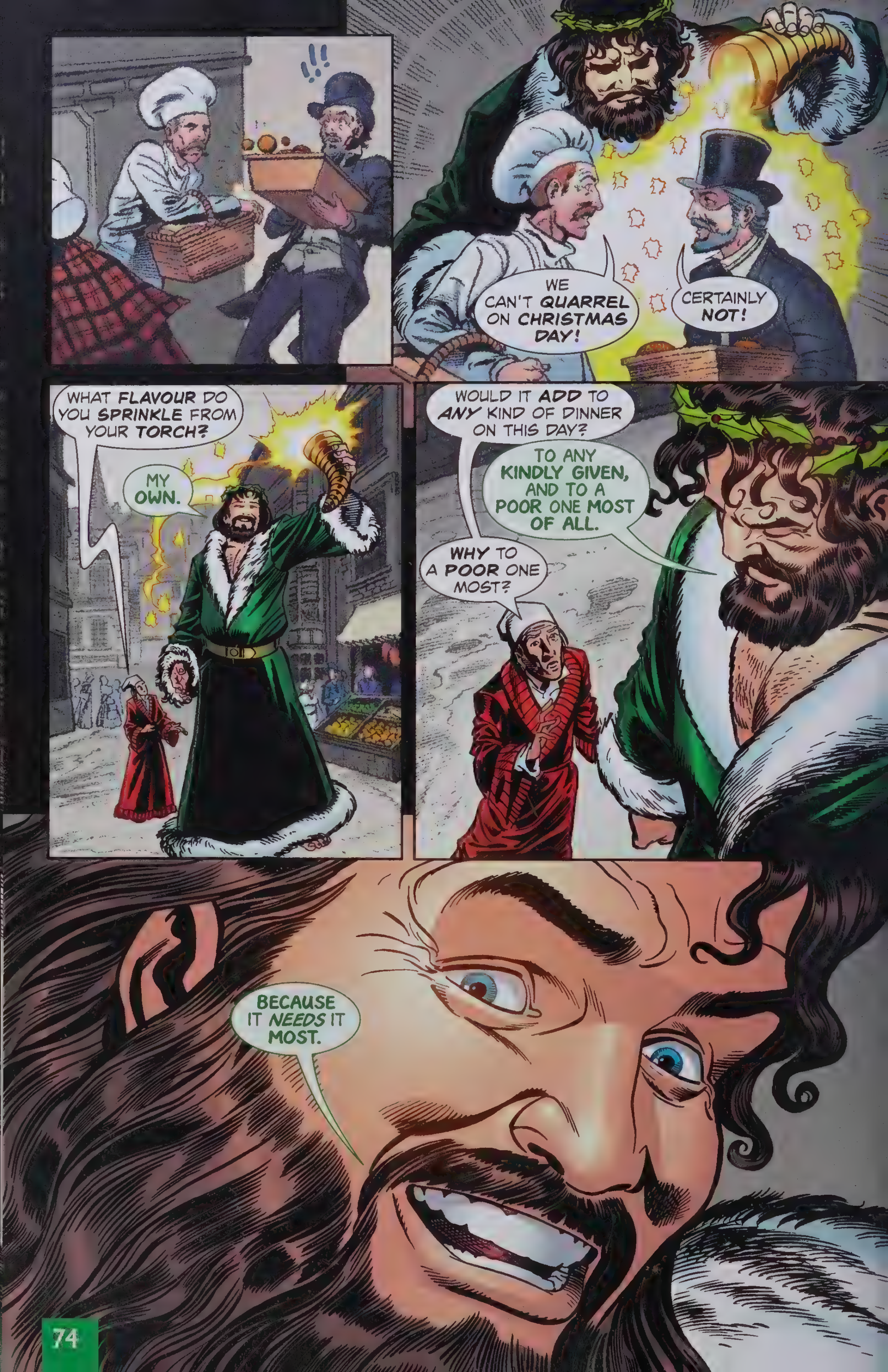

FIVE MINUTES...
TEN MINUTES...
A QUARTER OF AN HOUR WENT BY...
...YET NOTHING CAME.
?!?
SCROOGE - ENTER!

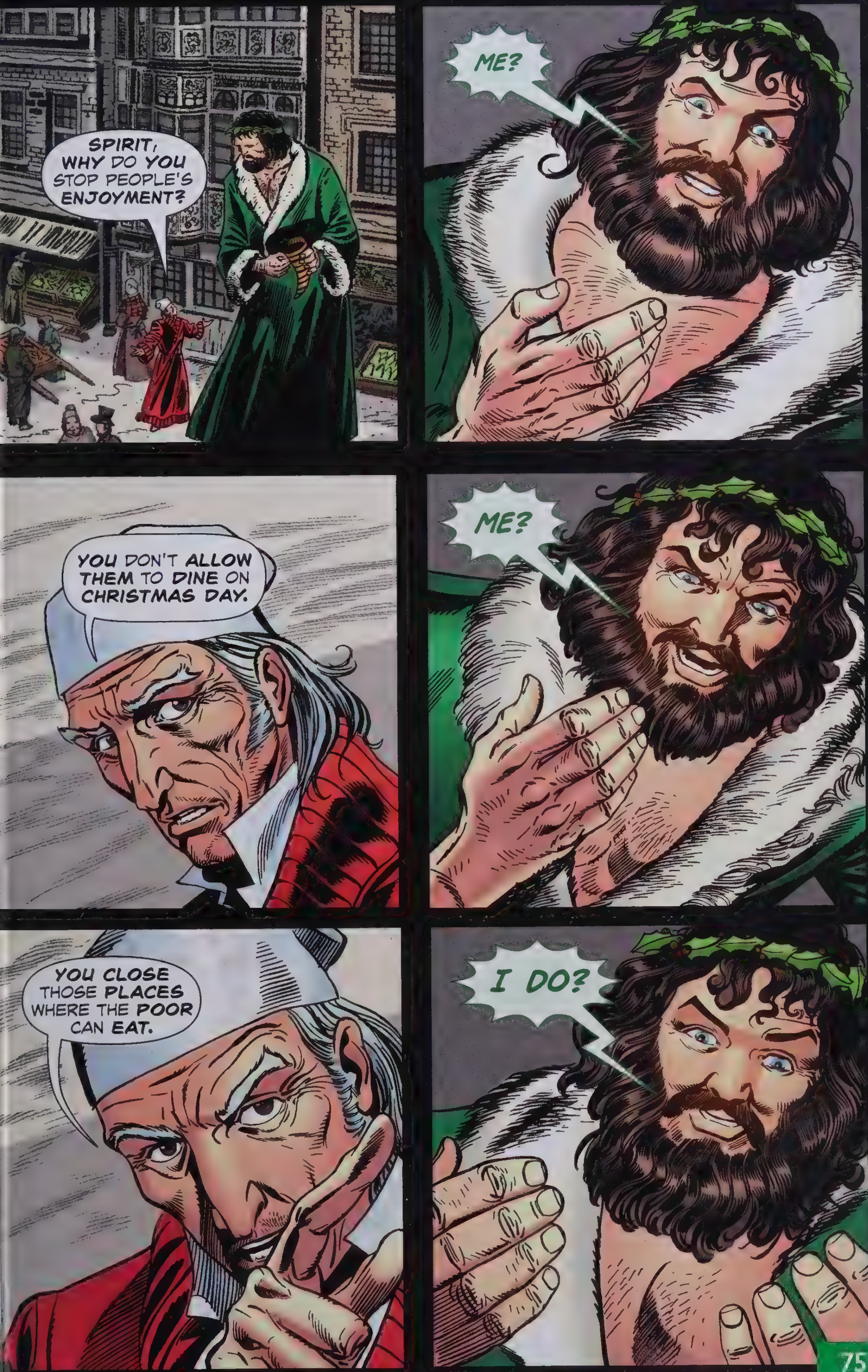

COME IN!
I AM THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT.
HAVE YOU EVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE ME BEFORE?
NEVER.

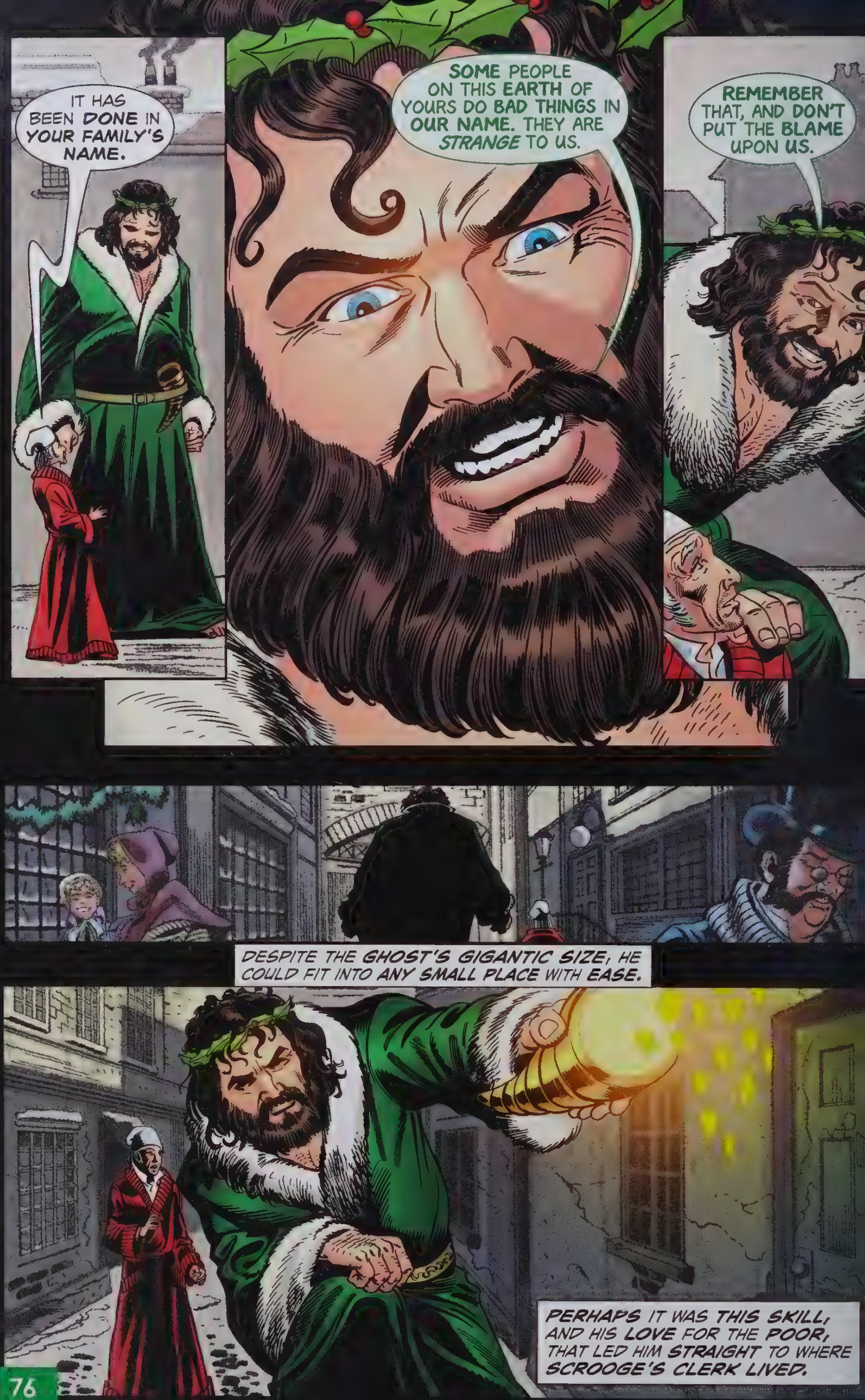


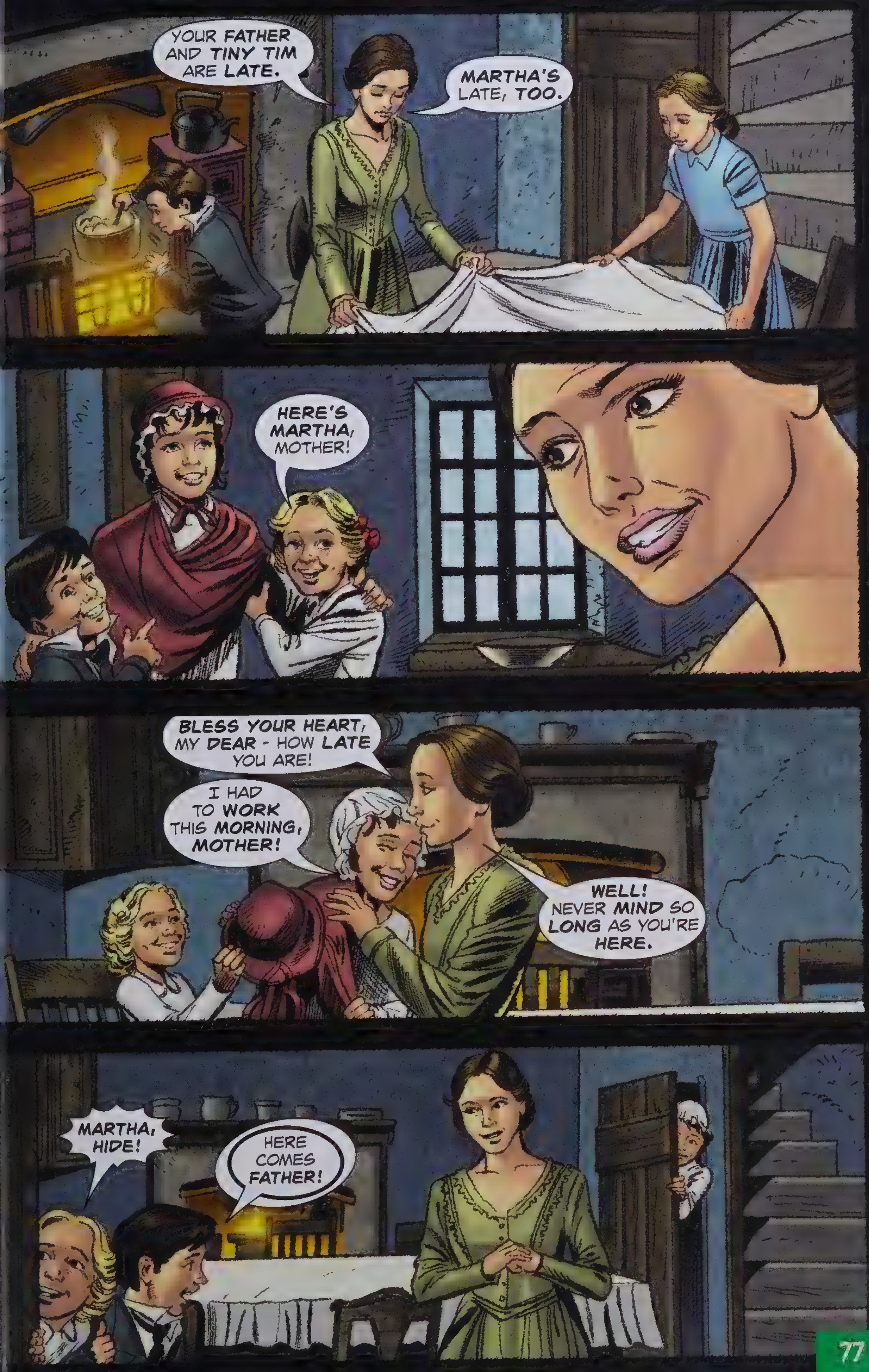
HAVEN'T YOU SEEN MY ELDER BROTHERS BORN IN THESE LATER YEARS?
NO --
-- HAVE YOU HAD MANY BROTHERS, SPIRIT?
MORE THAN EIGHTEEN HUNDRED.
THAT'S A HUGE FAMILY T PROVIDE FOR!
SPIRIT, TAKE ME WHERE YOU WILL.
I LEARNT A GREAT LESSON LAST NIGHT.
LET ME BENEFIT FROM WHAT YOU TEACH ME TONIGHT.
TOUCH MY ROBE!

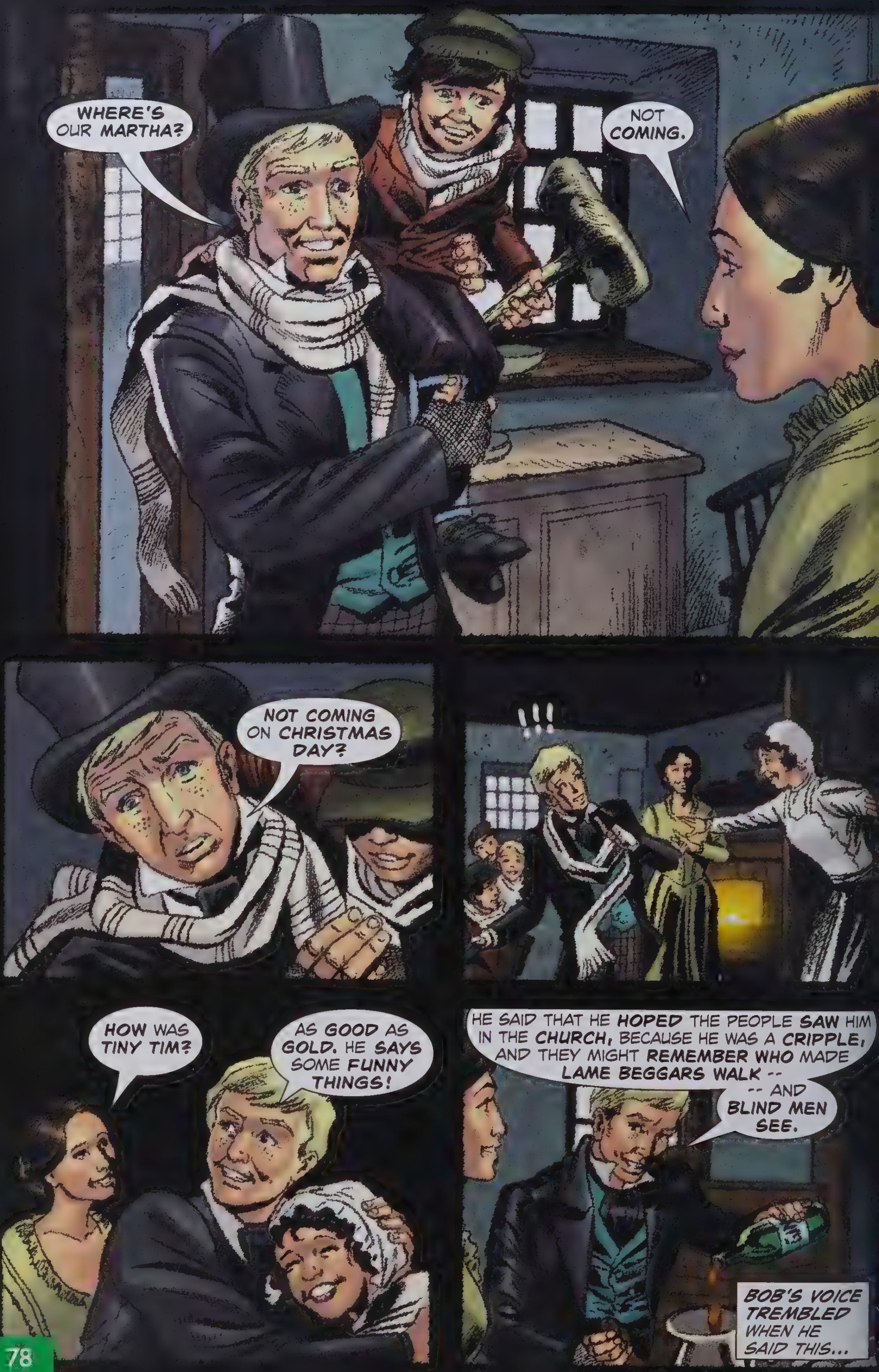

KINGSCROSS

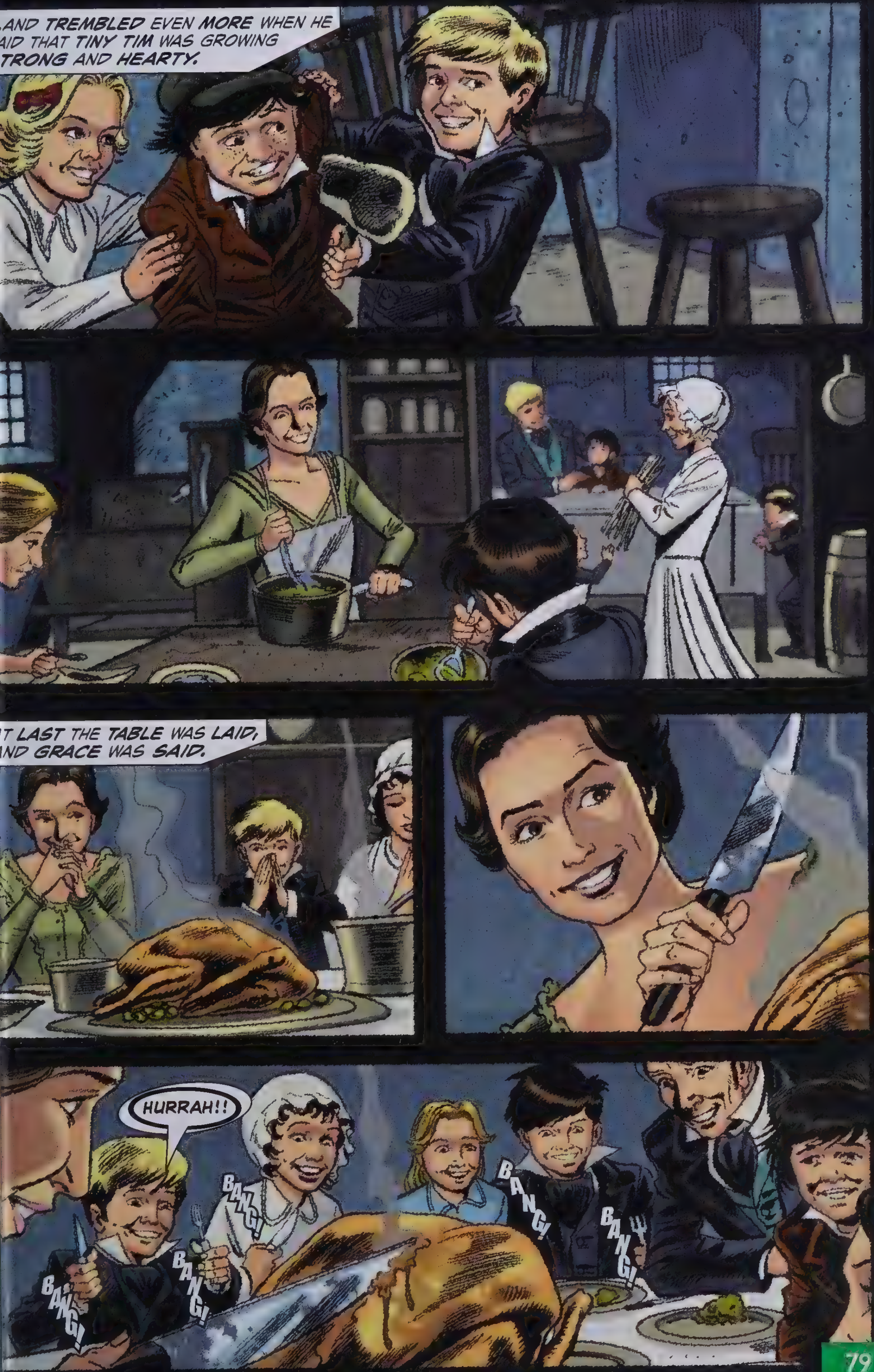

WE CAN'T QUARREL ON CHRISTMAS DAY!
CERTAINLY NOT!
WHAT FLAVOUR DO YOU SPRINKLE FROM YOUR TORCH?
MY OWN.
WOULD IT ADD TO ANY KIND OF DINNER ON THIS DAY?
TO ANY KINDLY GIVEN, AND TO A POOR ONE MOST OF ALL.
WHY TO A POOR ONE MOST?
BECAUSE IT NEEDS IT MOST.

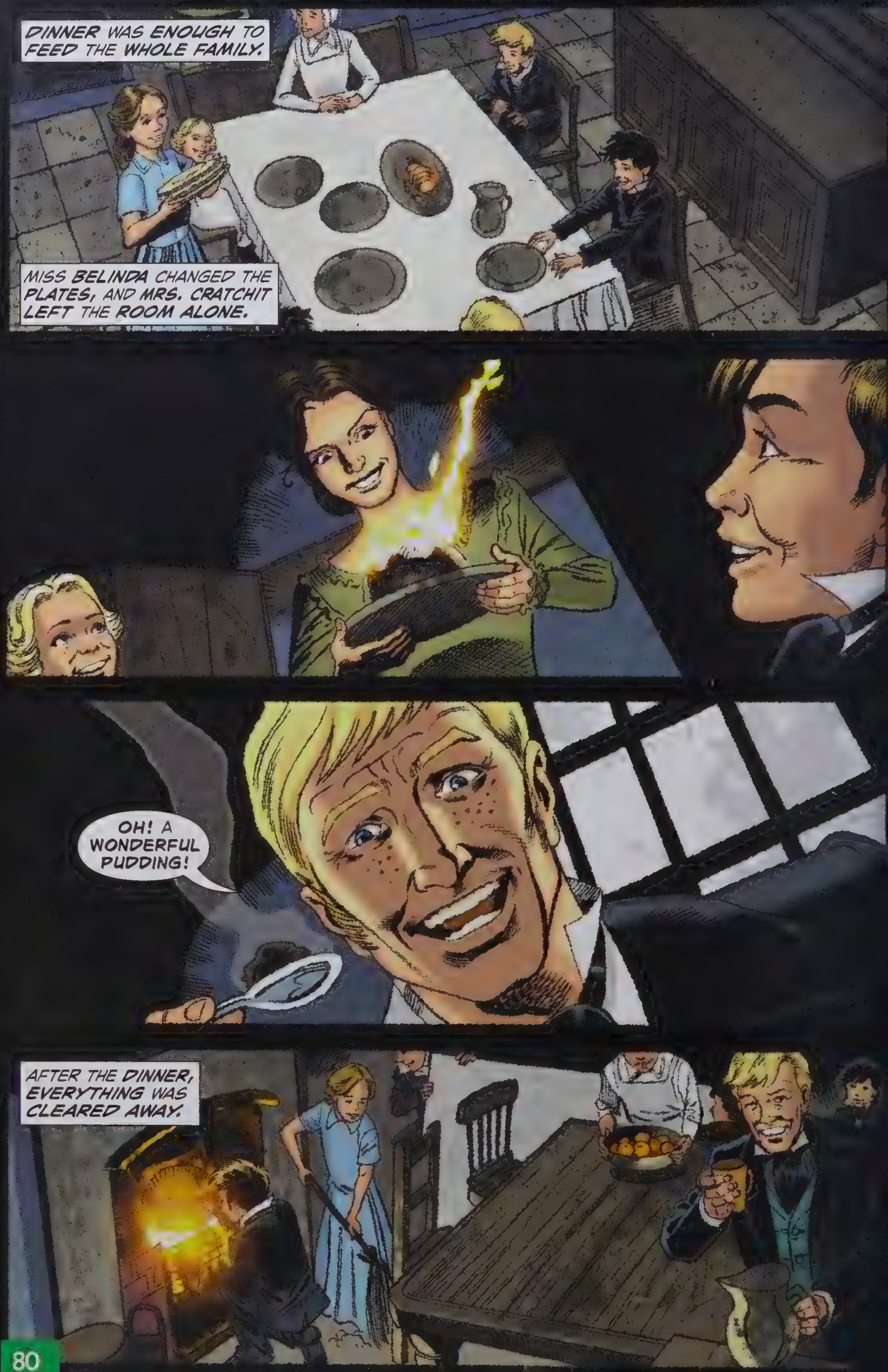

SPIRIT, WHY DO YOU STOP PEOPLE'S ENJOYMENT?
ME?
YOU DON'T ALLOW THEM TO DINE ON CHRISTMAS DAY.
ME?
YOU CLOSE THOSE PLACES WHERE THE POOR CAN EAT.
I DO?

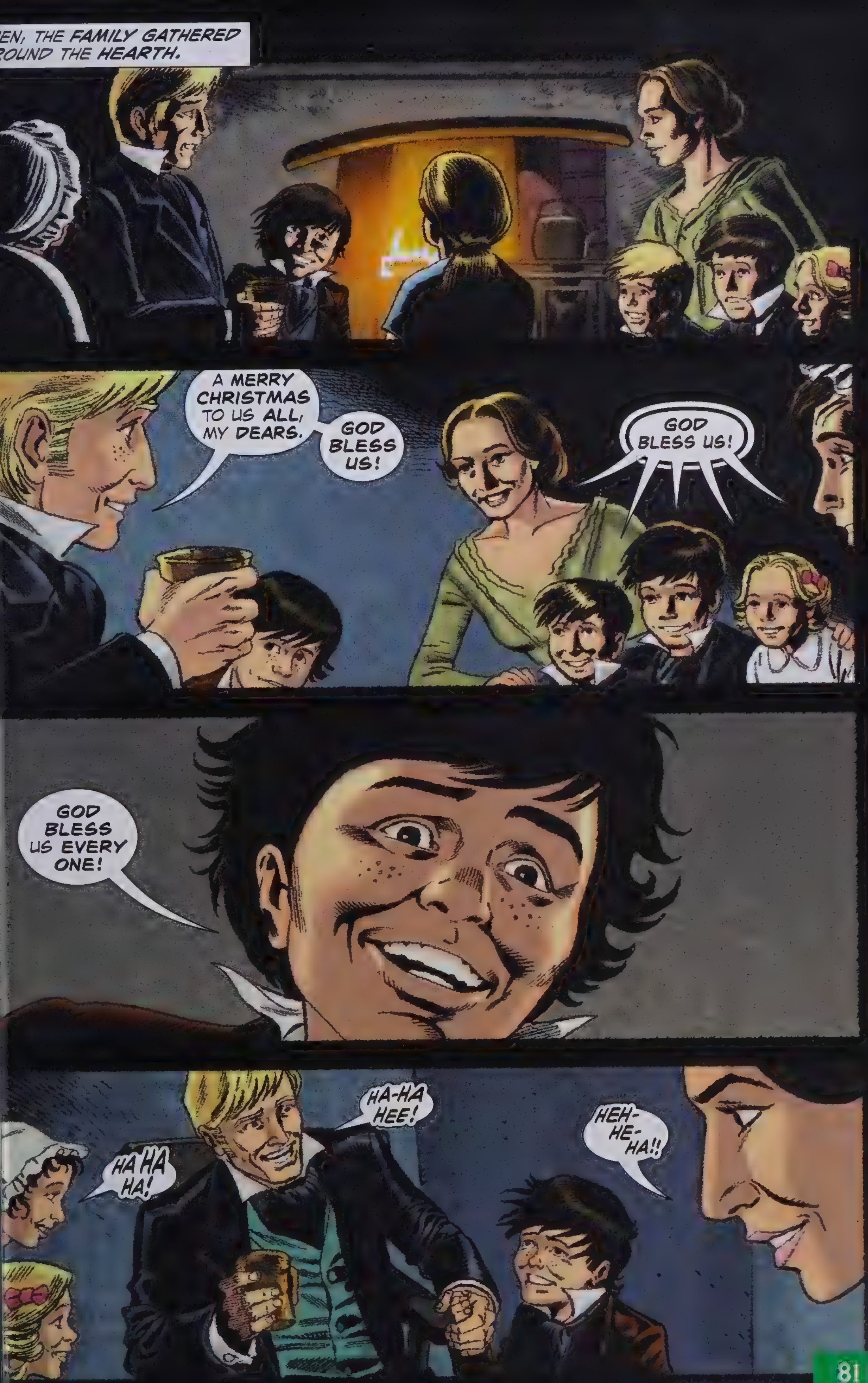

IT HAS BEEN DONE IN YOUR FAMILY'S NAME.
SOME PEOPLE ON THIS EARTH OF YOURS DO BAD THINGS IN OUR NAME. THEY ARE STRANGE TO US.
REMEMBER THAT, AND DON'T PUT THE BLAME UPON US.
DESPITE THE GHOST'S GIGANTIC SIZE, HE COULD FIT INTO ANY SMALL PLACE WITH EASE.
PERHAPS IT WAS THIS SKILL, AND HIS LOVE FOR THE POOR, THAT LED HIM STRAIGHT TO WHERE SCROOGE'S CLERK LIVED.

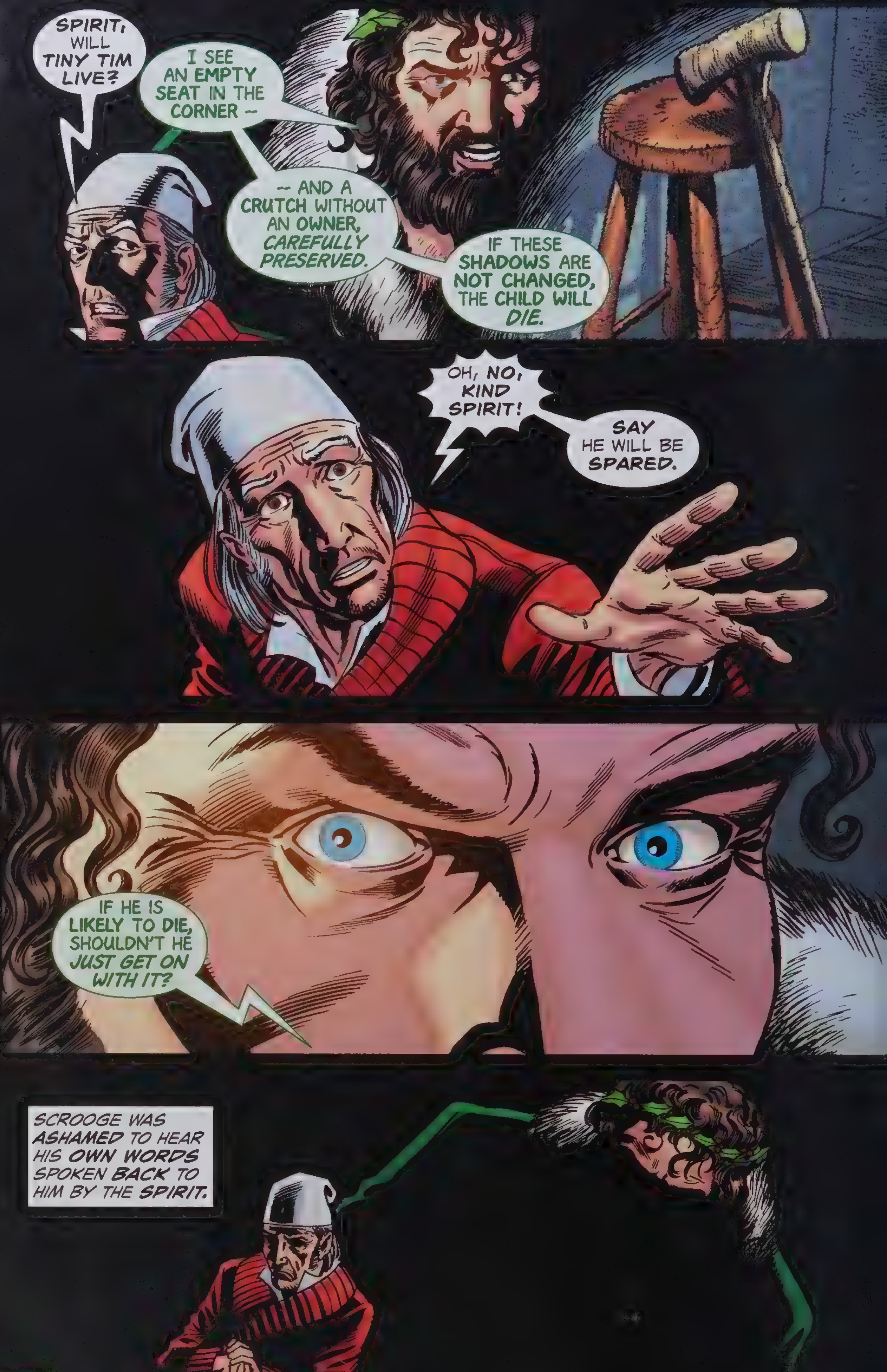

YOUR FATHER AND TINY TIM ARE LATE.
MARTHA'S LATE, TOO.
HERE'S MARTHA, MOTHER!
BLESS YOUR HEART, MY DEAR - HOW LATE YOU ARE!
I HAD TO WORK THIS MORNING, MOTHER!
WELL! NEVER MIND SO LONG AS YOU'RE HERE.
MARTHA, HIDE!
HERE COMES FATHER!

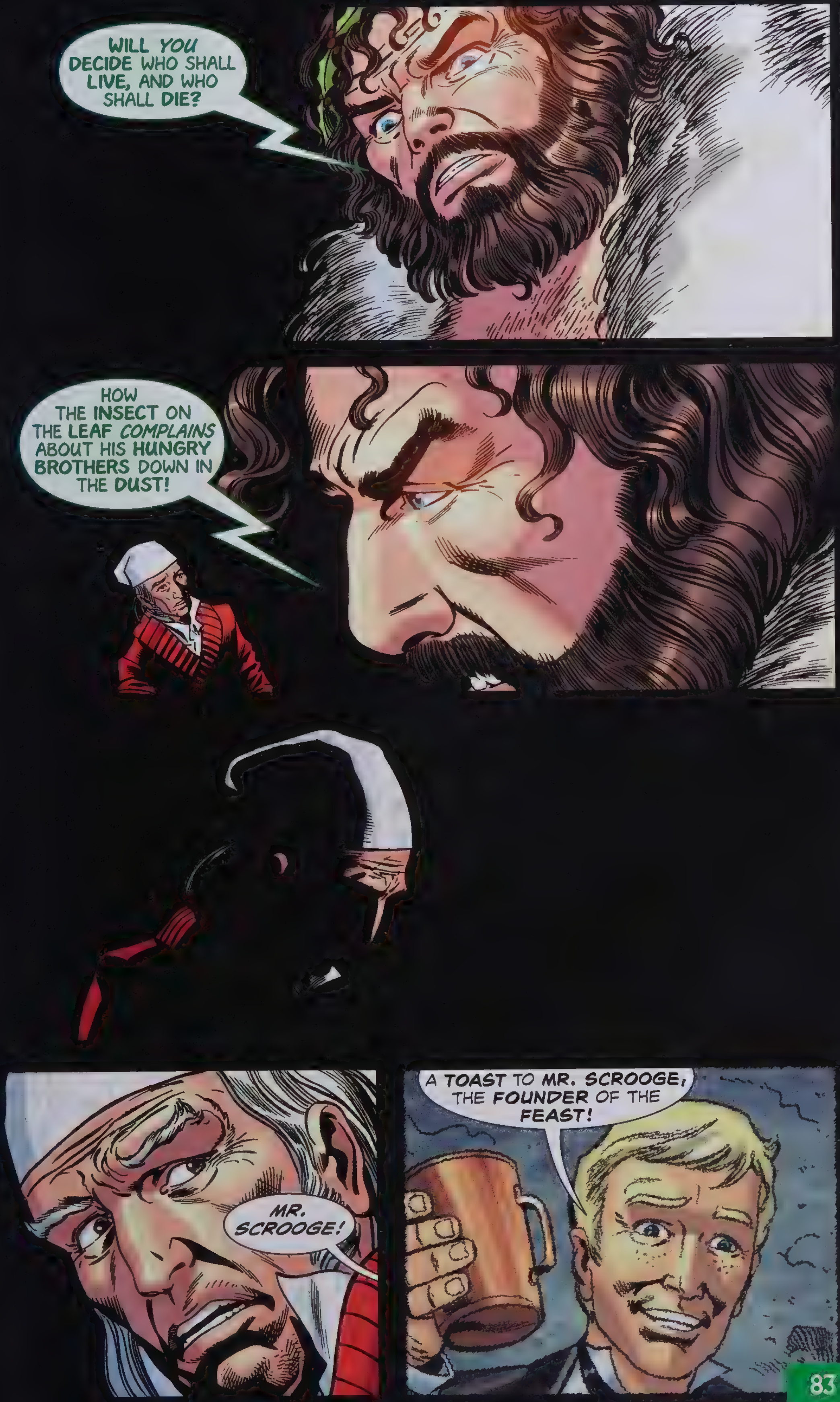

WHERE'S OUR MARTHA?
NOT COMING.
NOT COMING ON CHRISTMAS DAY?
!!!
HOW WAS TINY TIM?
AS GOOD AS GOLD. HE SAYS SOME FUNNY THINGS!
HE SAID THAT HE HOPED THE PEOPLE SAW HIM IN THE CHURCH, BECAUSE HE WAS A CRIPPLE, AND THEY MIGHT REMEMBER WHO MADE LAME BEGGARS WALK --
-- AND BLIND MEN SEE.
BOB'S VOICE TREMBLED WHEN HE SAID THIS...

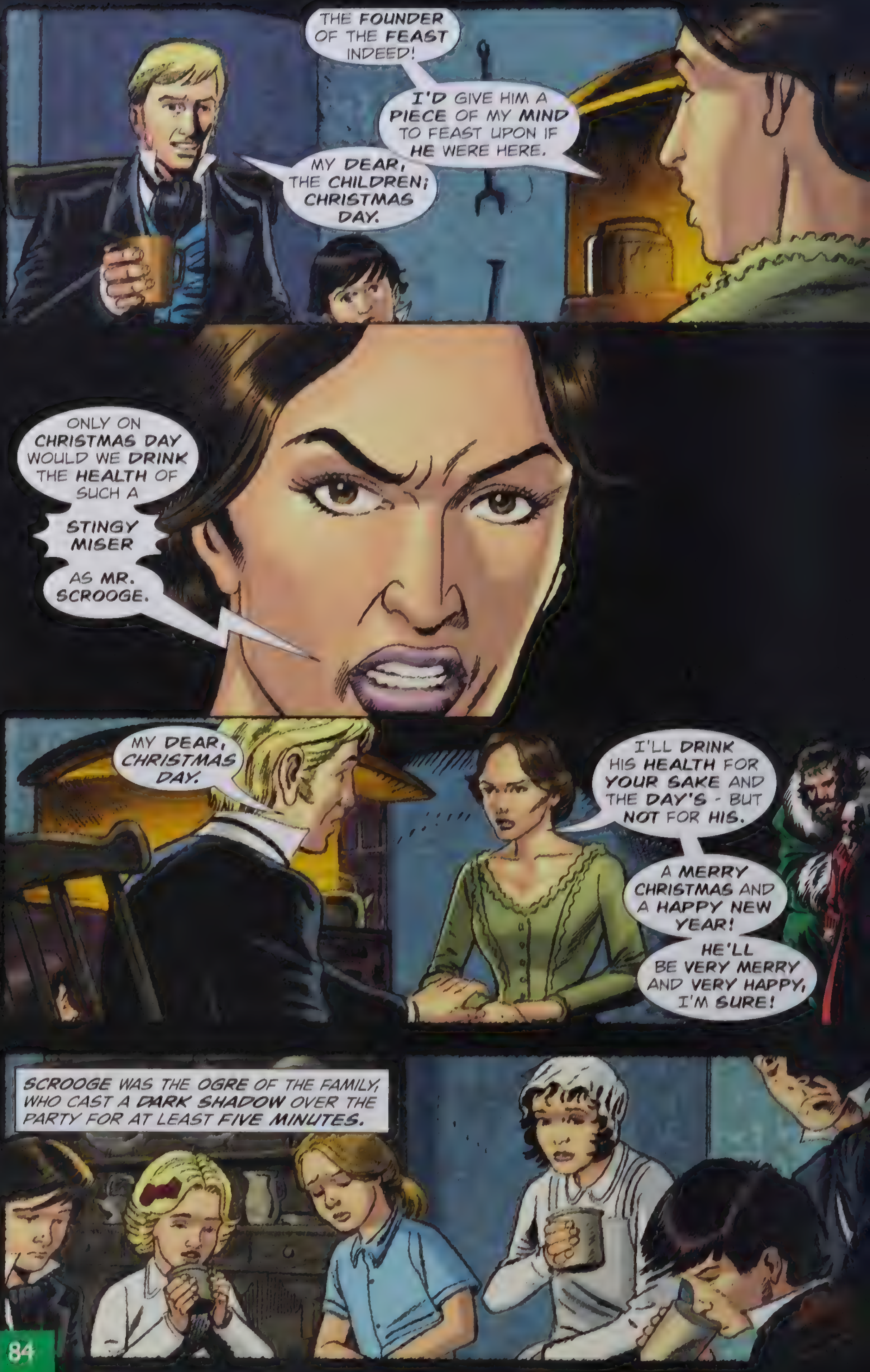

.AND TREMBLED EVEN MORE WHEN HE
AID THAT TINY TIM WAS GROWING
TRONG AND HEARTY.
T LAST THE TABLE WAS LAID,
ND GRACE WAS SAID.
HURRAH!!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

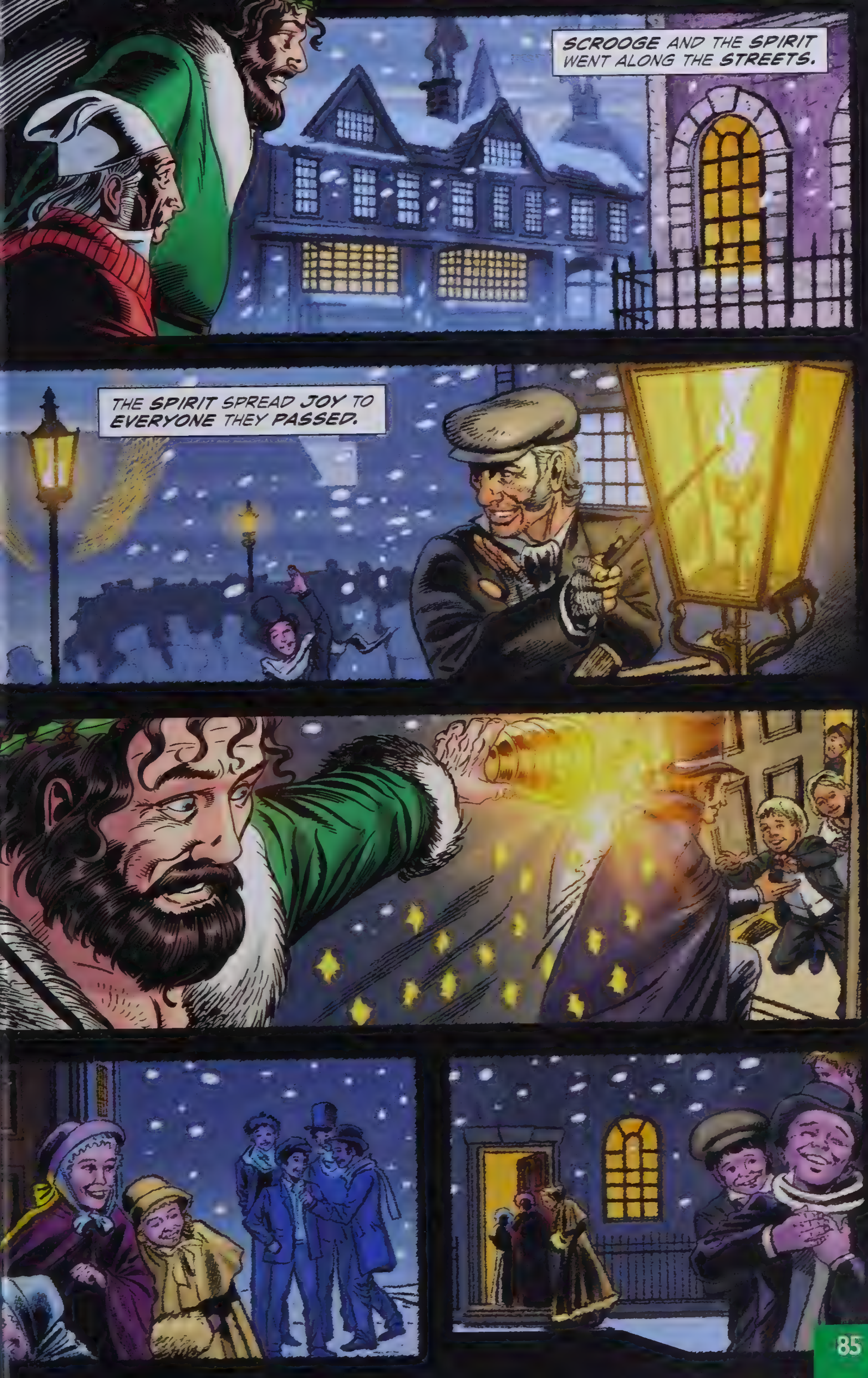

DINNER WAS ENOUGH TO FEED THE WHOLE FAMILY.
MISS BELINDA CHANGED THE PLATES, AND MRS. CRATCHIT LEFT THE ROOM ALONE.
OH! A WONDERFUL PUDDING!
AFTER THE DINNER, EVERYTHING WAS CLEARED AWAY.

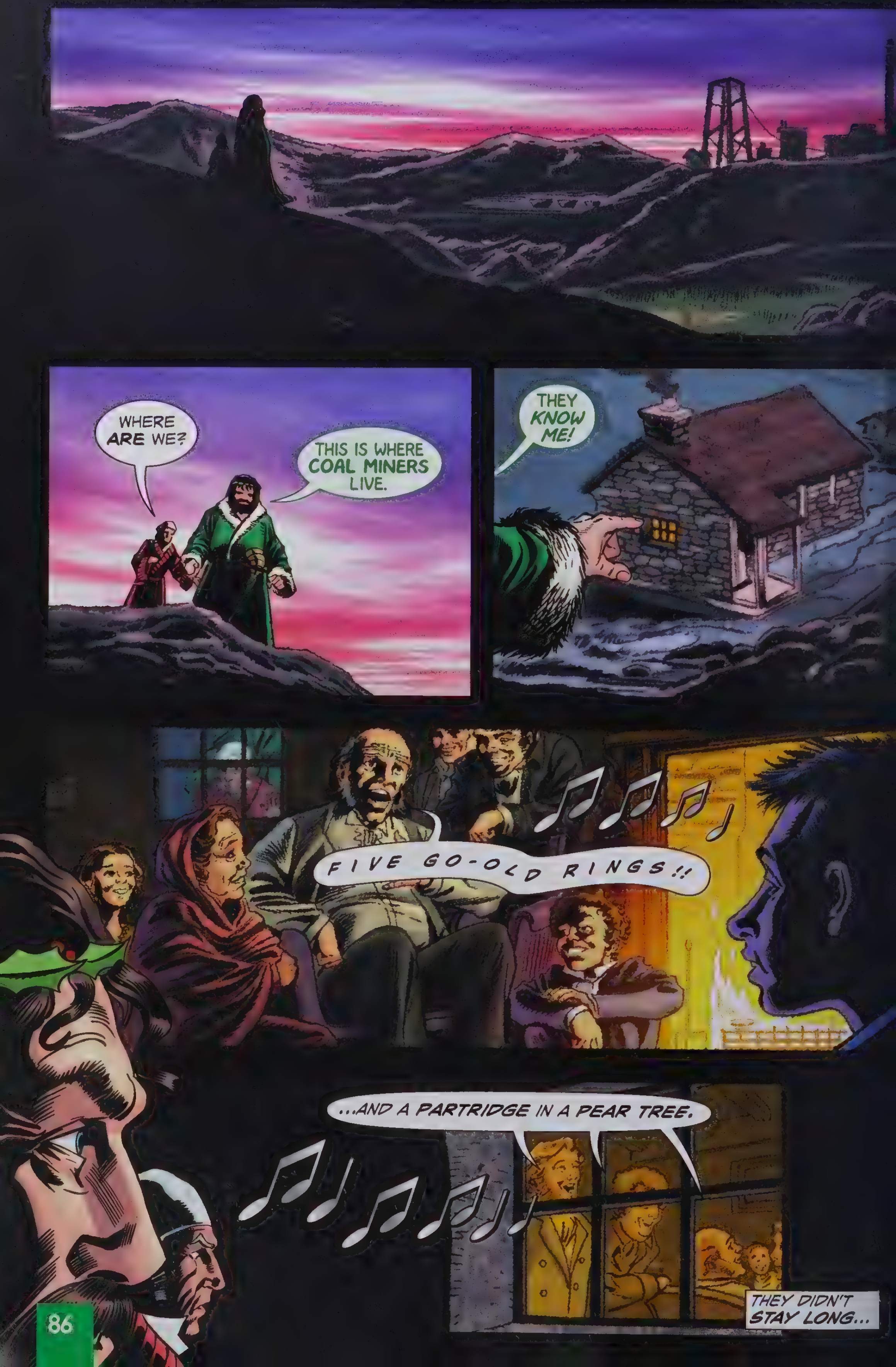

EN, THE FAMILY GATHERED
ROUND THE HEARTH.
A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO US ALL, MY DEARS.
GOD BLESS US!
GOD BLESS US!
GOD BLESS US EVERY ONE!
HA HA HA!
HA-HA HEE!
HEH-HE-HA!!

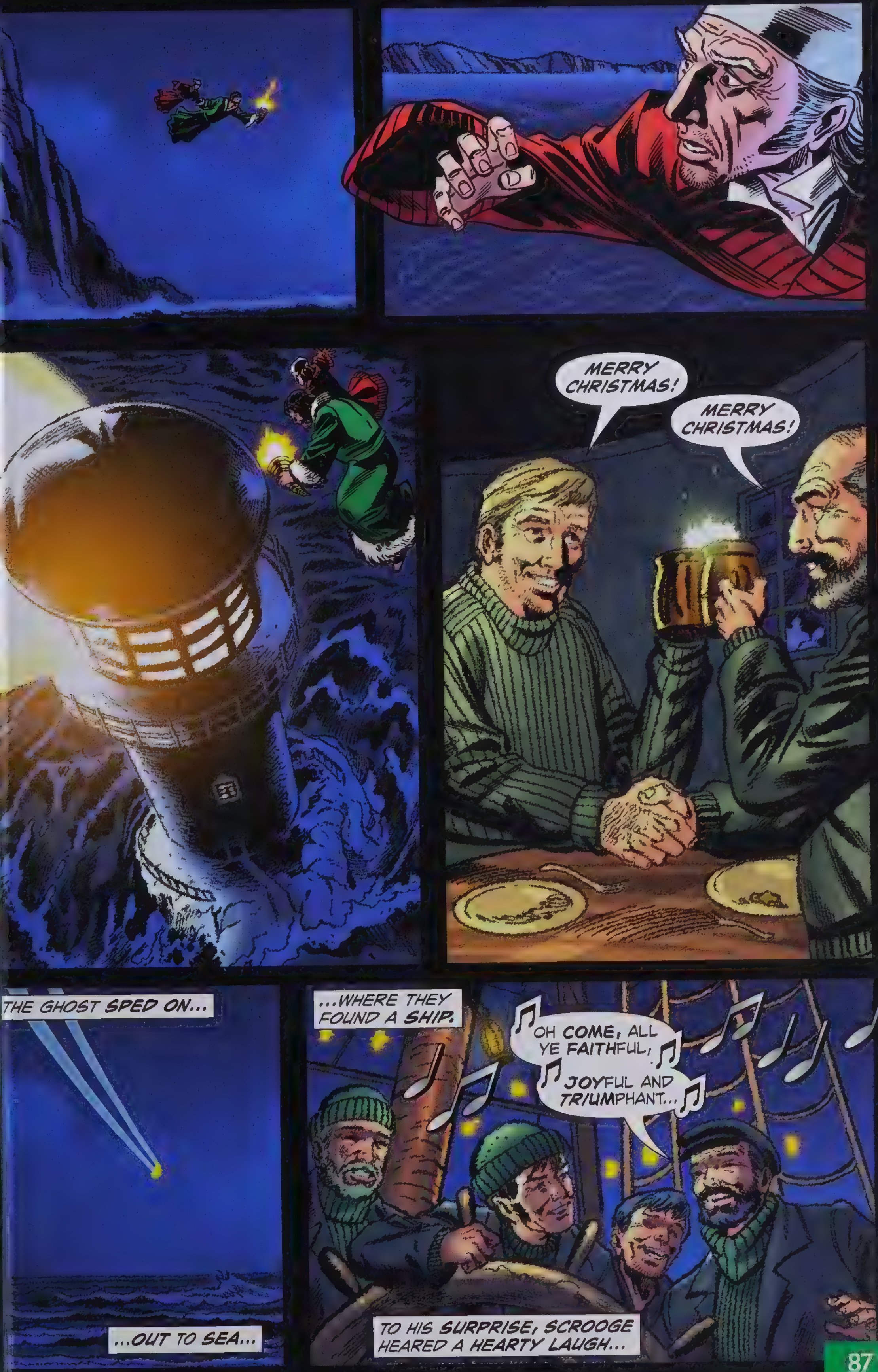

SPIRIT, WILL TINY TIM LIVE?
I SEE AN EMPTY SEAT IN THE CORNER --
-- AND A CRUTCH WITHOUT AN OWNER, *CAREFULLY PRESERVED.*
IF THESE **SHADOWS** ARE **NOT CHANGED,** THE CHILD WILL *DIE.*
OH, **NO,** *KIND* SPIRIT!
SAY HE WILL BE **SPARED.**
IF HE IS **LIKELY** TO DIE, SHOULDN'T HE *JUST GET ON WITH IT?*
SCROOGE WAS ***ASHAMED*** TO HEAR HIS ***OWN WORDS*** SPOKEN ***BACK*** TO HIM BY THE ***SPIRIT.***

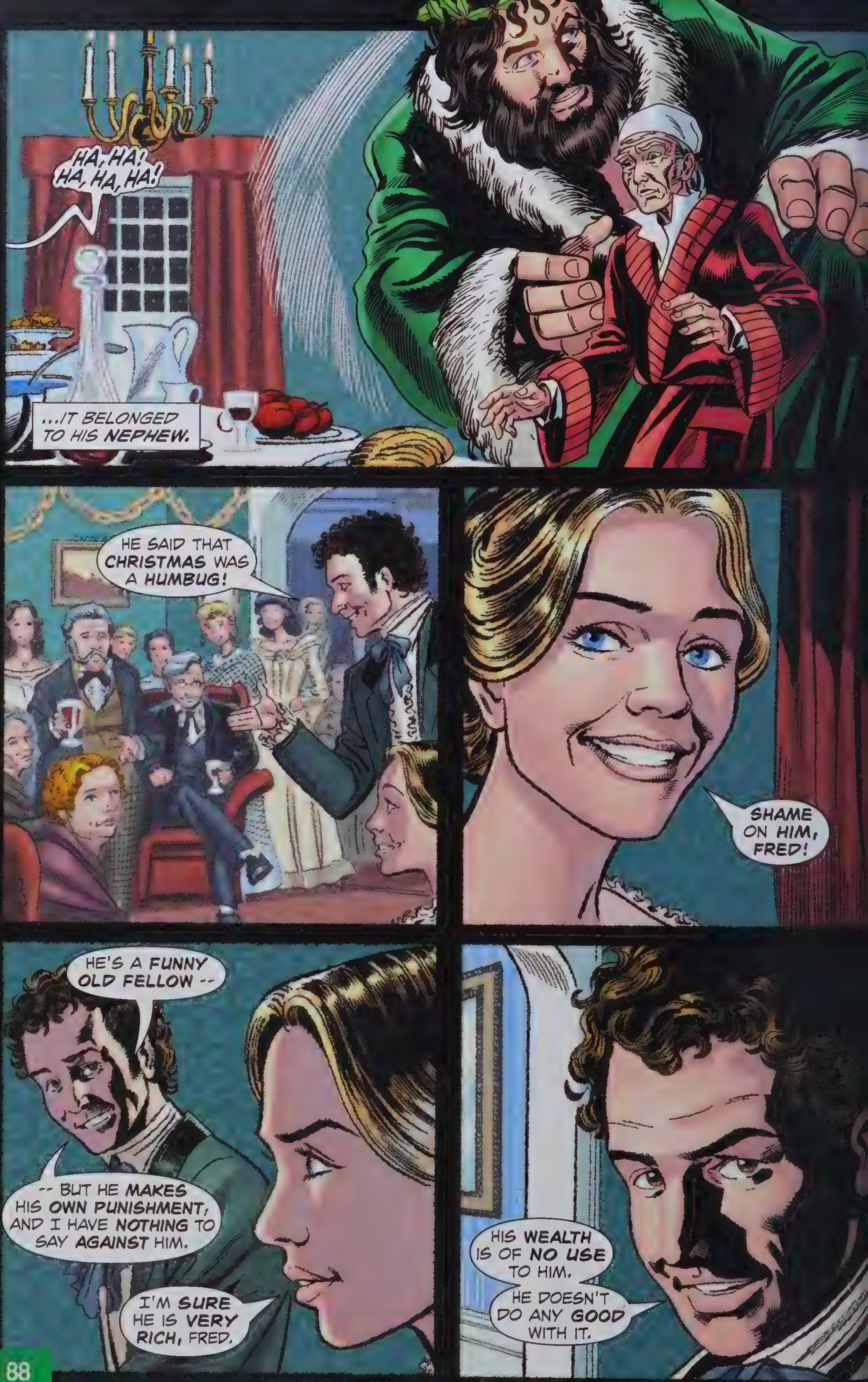

WILL YOU DECIDE WHO SHALL LIVE, AND WHO SHALL DIE?
HOW THE INSECT ON THE LEAF COMPLAINS ABOUT HIS HUNGRY BROTHERS DOWN IN THE DUST!
MR. SCROOGE!
A TOAST TO MR. SCROOGE, THE FOUNDER OF THE FEAST!

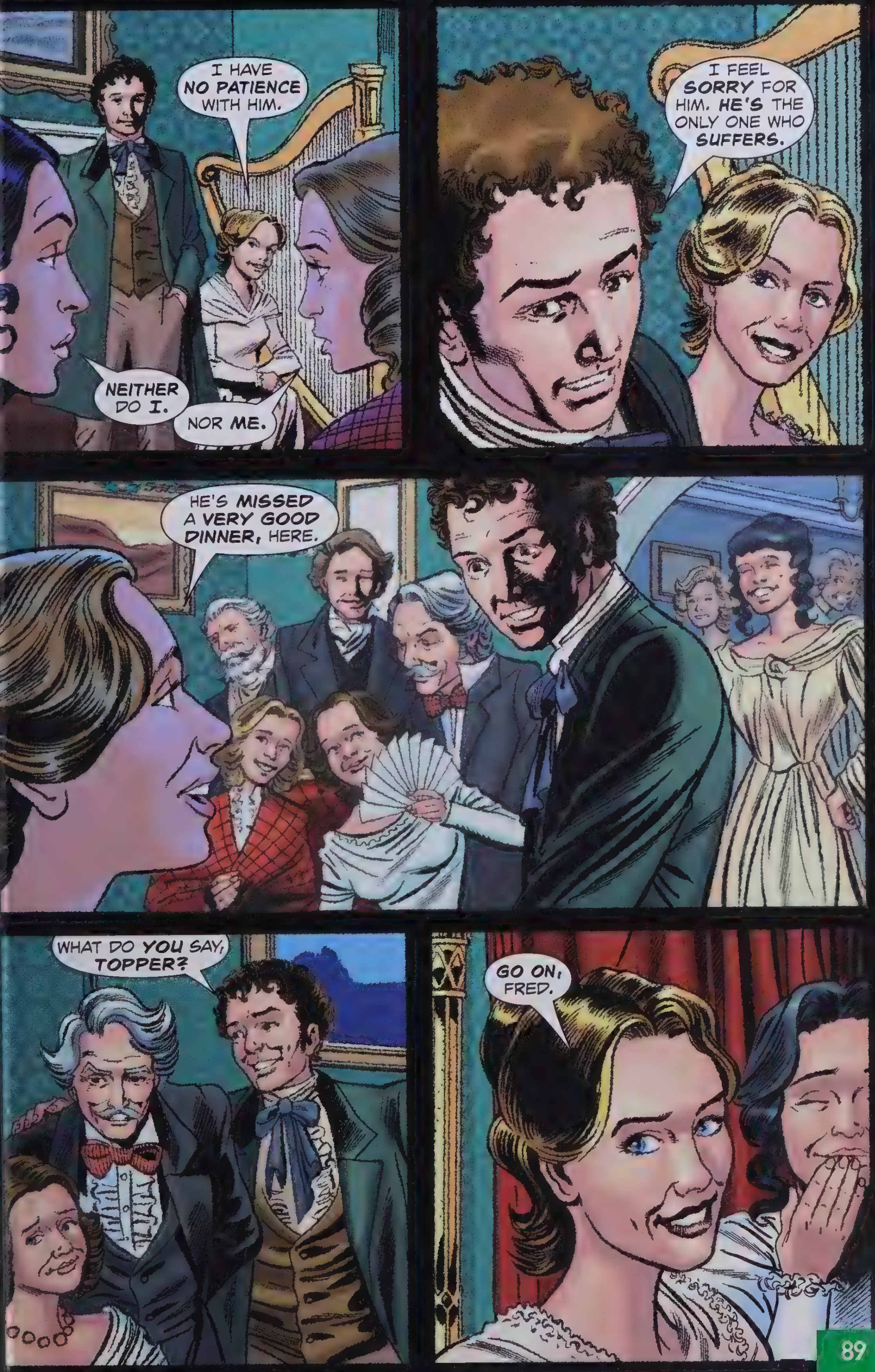

THE FOUNDER OF THE FEAST INDEED!
I'D GIVE HIM A PIECE OF MY MIND TO FEAST UPON IF HE WERE HERE.
MY DEAR, THE CHILDREN; CHRISTMAS DAY.
ONLY ON CHRISTMAS DAY WOULD WE DRINK THE HEALTH OF SUCH A
STINGY MISER
AS MR. SCROOGE.
MY DEAR, CHRISTMAS DAY.
I'LL DRINK HIS HEALTH FOR YOUR SAKE AND THE DAY'S - BUT NOT FOR HIS.
A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!
HE'LL BE VERY MERRY AND VERY HAPPY, I'M SURE!
SCROOGE WAS THE OGRE OF THE FAMILY, WHO CAST A DARK SHADOW OVER THE PARTY FOR AT LEAST FIVE MINUTES.

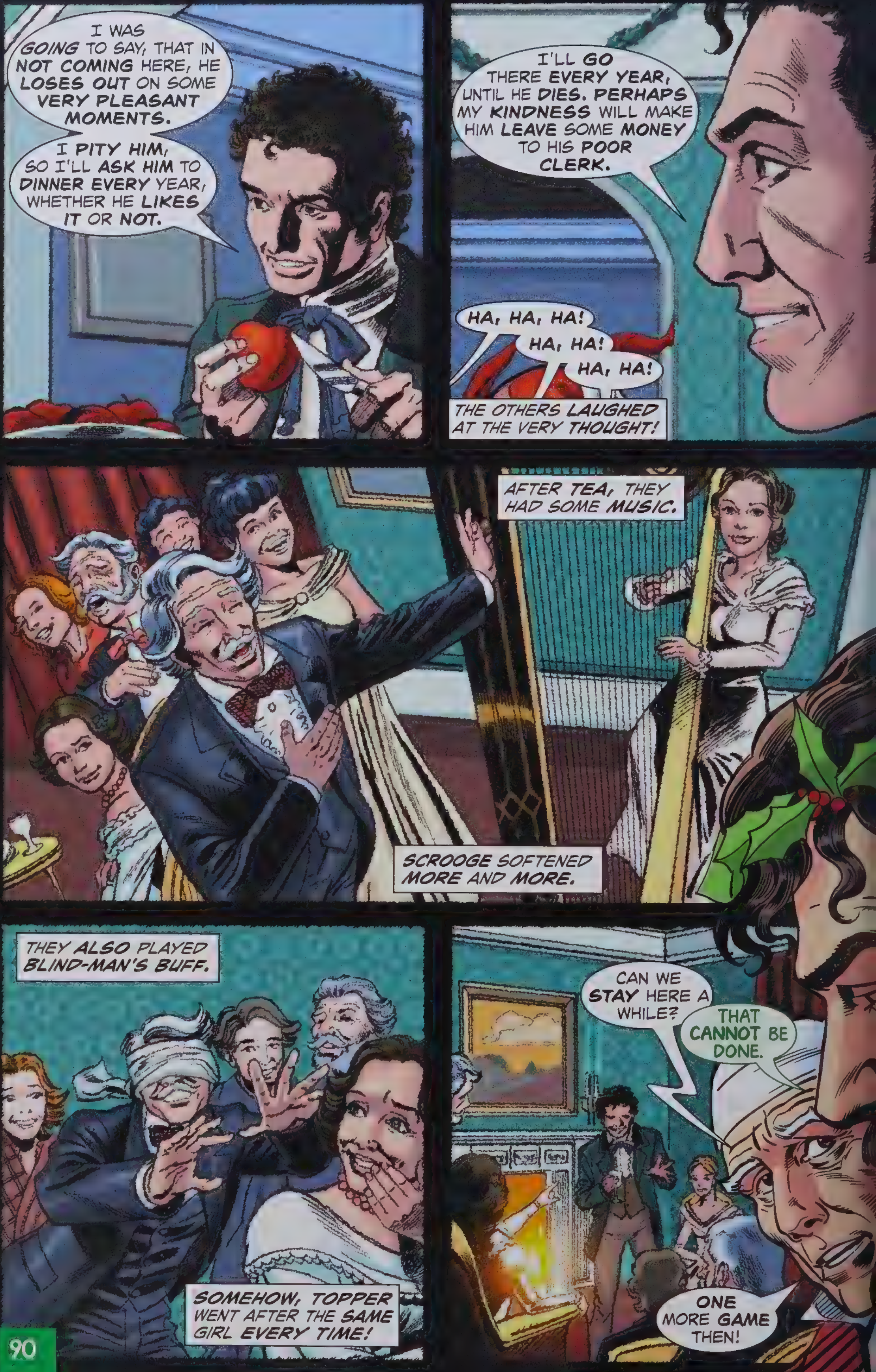

SCROOGE AND THE SPIRIT WENT ALONG THE STREETS.
THE SPIRIT SPREAD JOY TO EVERYONE THEY PASSED.

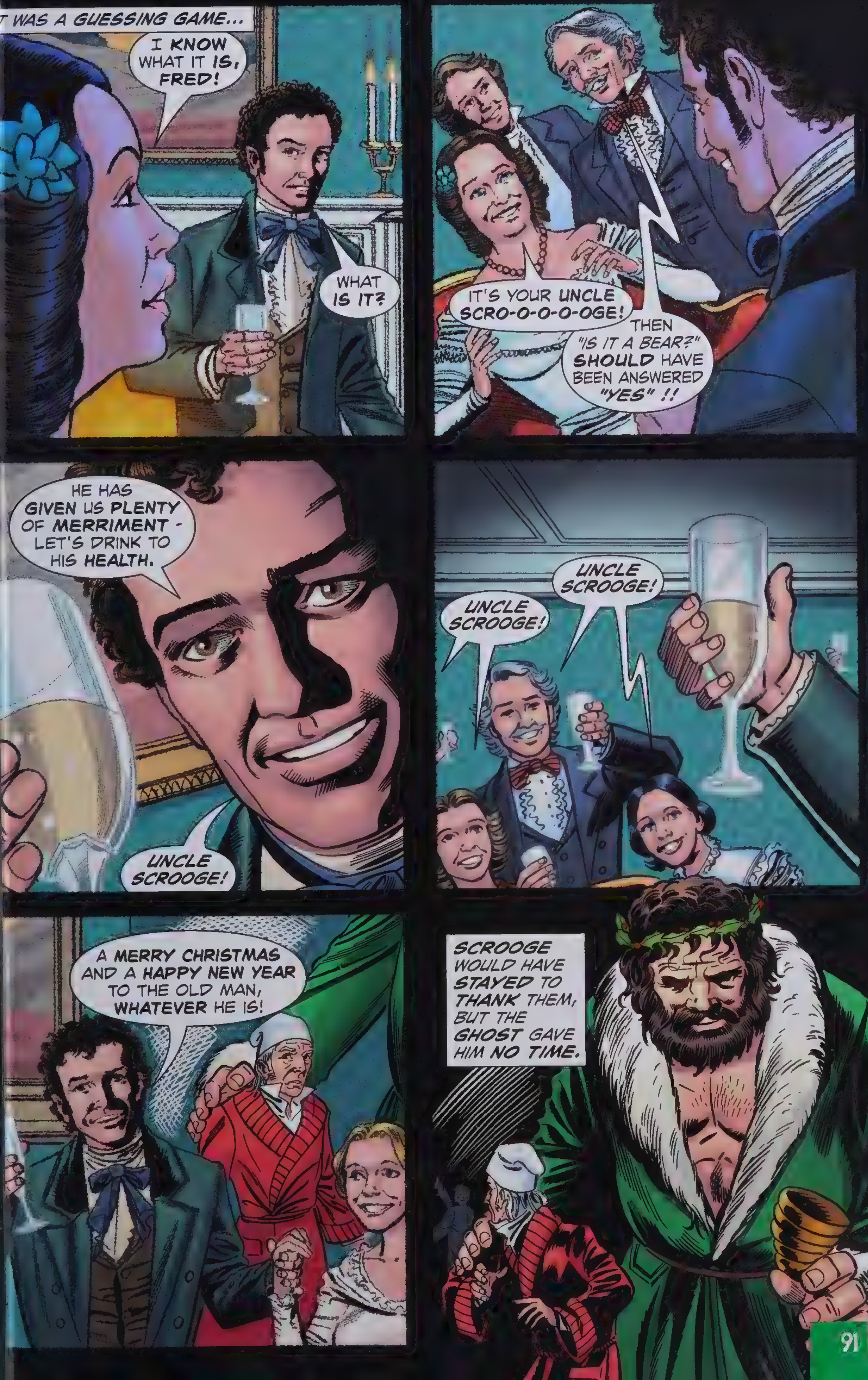

WHERE ARE WE?
THIS IS WHERE COAL MINERS LIVE.
THEY KNOW ME!
FIVE GO-OLD RINGS!!
...AND A PARTRIDGE IN A PEAR TREE.
THEY DIDN'T STAY LONG...

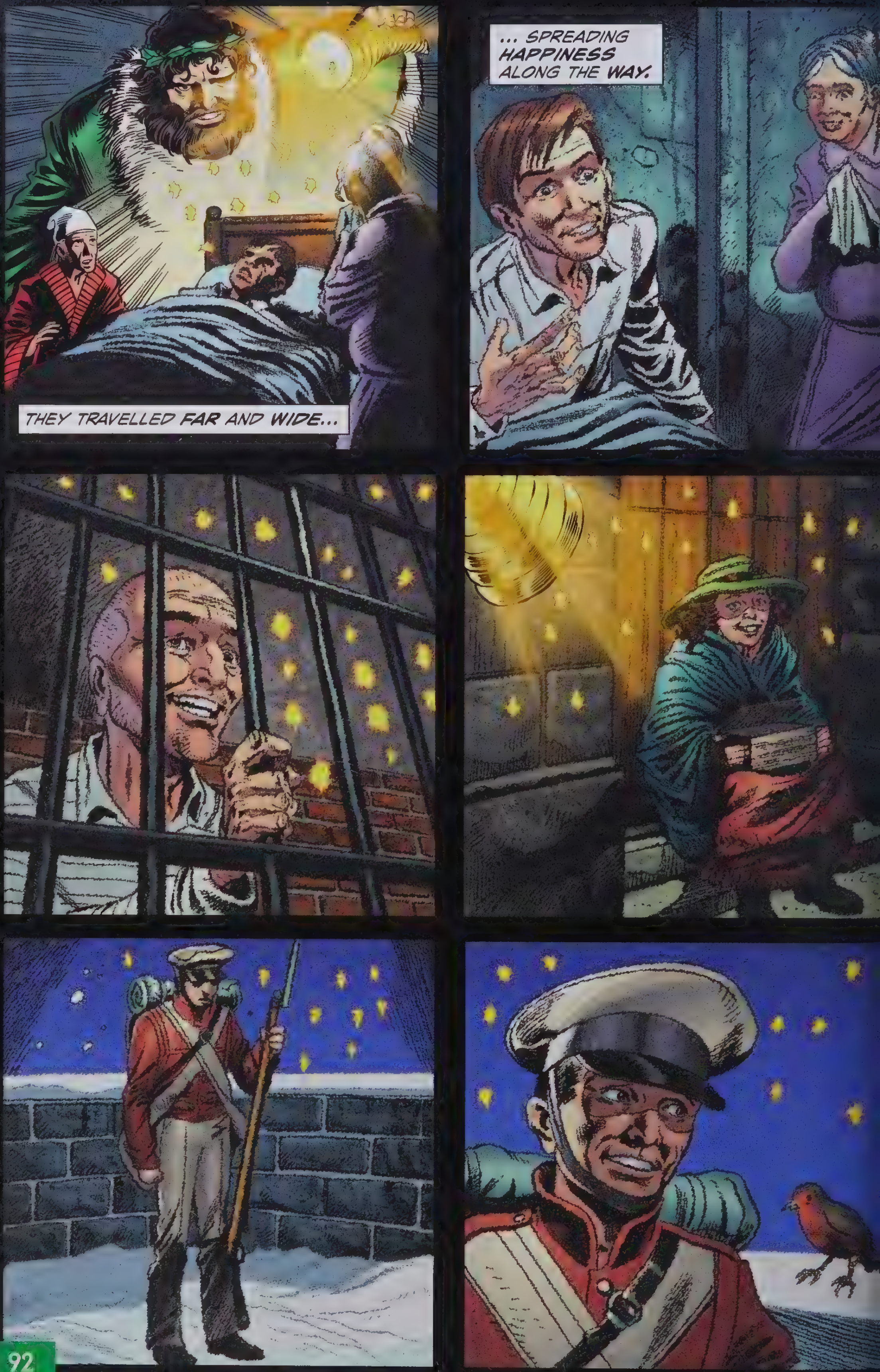

MERRY CHRISTMAS!
MERRY CHRISTMAS!
THE GHOST SPED ON...
...OUT TO SEA...
...WHERE THEY FOUND A SHIP.
OH COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL, JOYFUL AND TRIUMPHANT...
TO HIS SURPRISE, SCROOGE HEARED A HEARTY LAUGH...

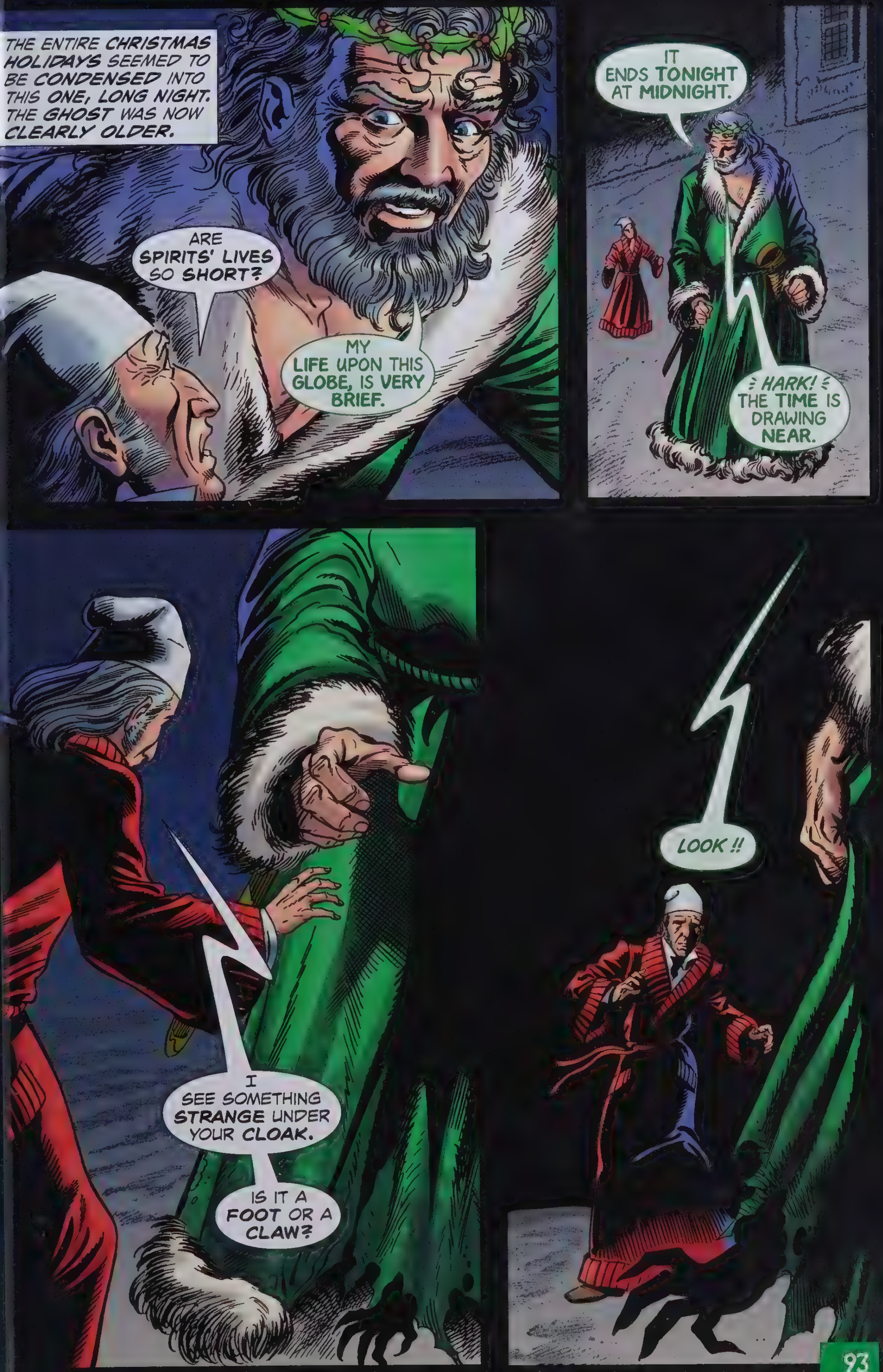

HA, HA! HA, HA, HA!
...IT BELONGED TO HIS NEPHEW.
HE SAID THAT CHRISTMAS WAS A HUMBUG!
SHAME ON HIM, FRED!
HE'S A FUNNY OLD FELLOW --
-- BUT HE MAKES HIS OWN PUNISHMENT, AND I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY AGAINST HIM.
I'M SURE HE IS VERY RICH, FRED.
HIS WEALTH IS OF NO USE TO HIM.
HE DOESN'T DO ANY GOOD WITH IT.

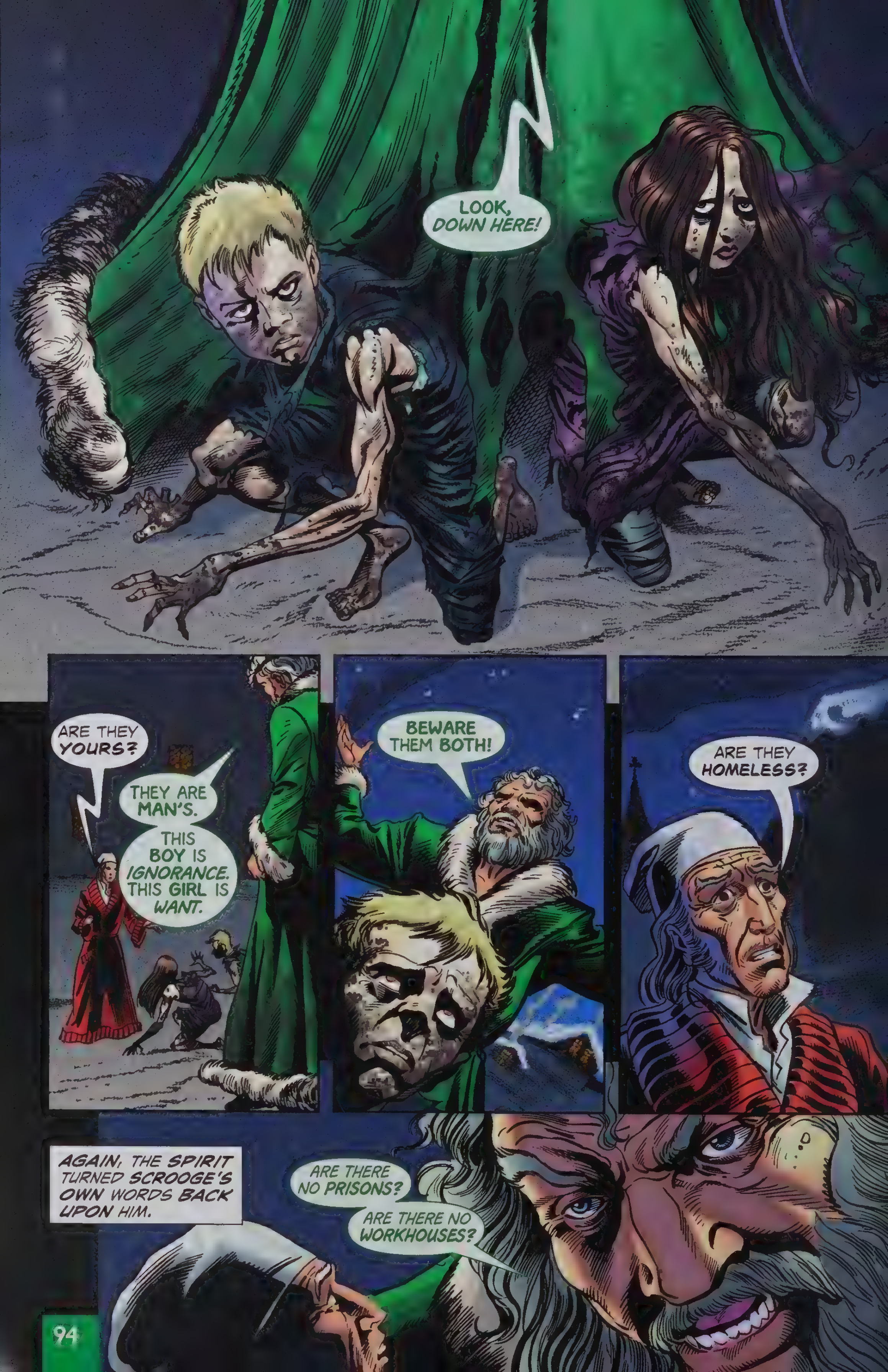

I HAVE NO PATIENCE WITH HIM.
NEITHER DO I.
NOR ME.
I FEEL SORRY FOR HIM. HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO SUFFERS.
HE'S MISSED A VERY GOOD DINNER, HERE.
WHAT DO YOU SAY, TOPPER?
GO ON, FRED.

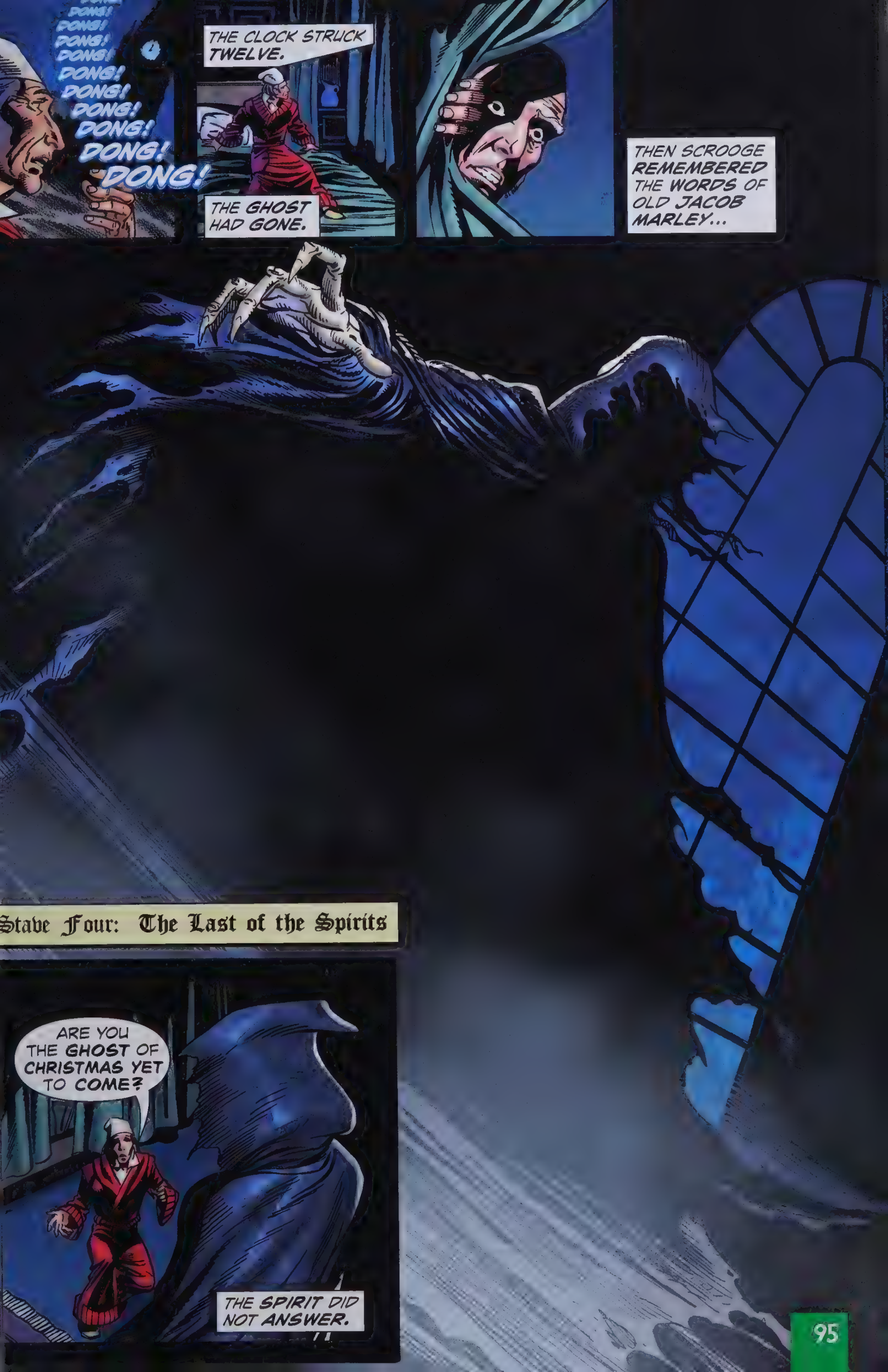

I WAS GOING TO SAY, THAT IN NOT COMING HERE, HE LOSES OUT ON SOME VERY PLEASANT MOMENTS.
I PITY HIM, SO I'LL ASK HIM TO DINNER EVERY YEAR, WHETHER HE LIKES IT OR NOT.
I'LL GO THERE EVERY YEAR, UNTIL HE DIES. PERHAPS MY KINDNESS WILL MAKE HIM LEAVE SOME MONEY TO HIS POOR CLERK.
HA, HA, HA!
HA, HA!
HA, HA!
THE OTHERS LAUGHED AT THE VERY THOUGHT!
AFTER TEA, THEY HAD SOME MUSIC.
SCROOGE SOFTENED MORE AND MORE.
THEY ALSO PLAYED BLIND-MAN'S BUFF.
SOMEHOW, TOPPER WENT AFTER THE SAME GIRL EVERY TIME!
CAN WE STAY HERE A WHILE?
THAT CANNOT BE DONE.
ONE MORE GAME THEN!


T WAS A GUESSING GAME...
I KNOW WHAT IT IS, FRED!
WHAT IS IT?
IT'S YOUR UNCLE SCRO-O-O-O-OGE!
THEN "IS IT A BEAR?" SHOULD HAVE BEEN ANSWERED "YES" !!
HE HAS GIVEN US PLENTY OF MERRIMENT - LET'S DRINK TO HIS HEALTH.
UNCLE SCROOGE!
UNCLE SCROOGE!
UNCLE SCROOGE!
A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO THE OLD MAN, WHATEVER HE IS!
SCROOGE WOULD HAVE STAYED TO THANK THEM, BUT THE GHOST GAVE HIM NO TIME.


THEY TRAVELLED FAR AND WIDE...
... SPREADING HAPPINESS ALONG THE WAY.

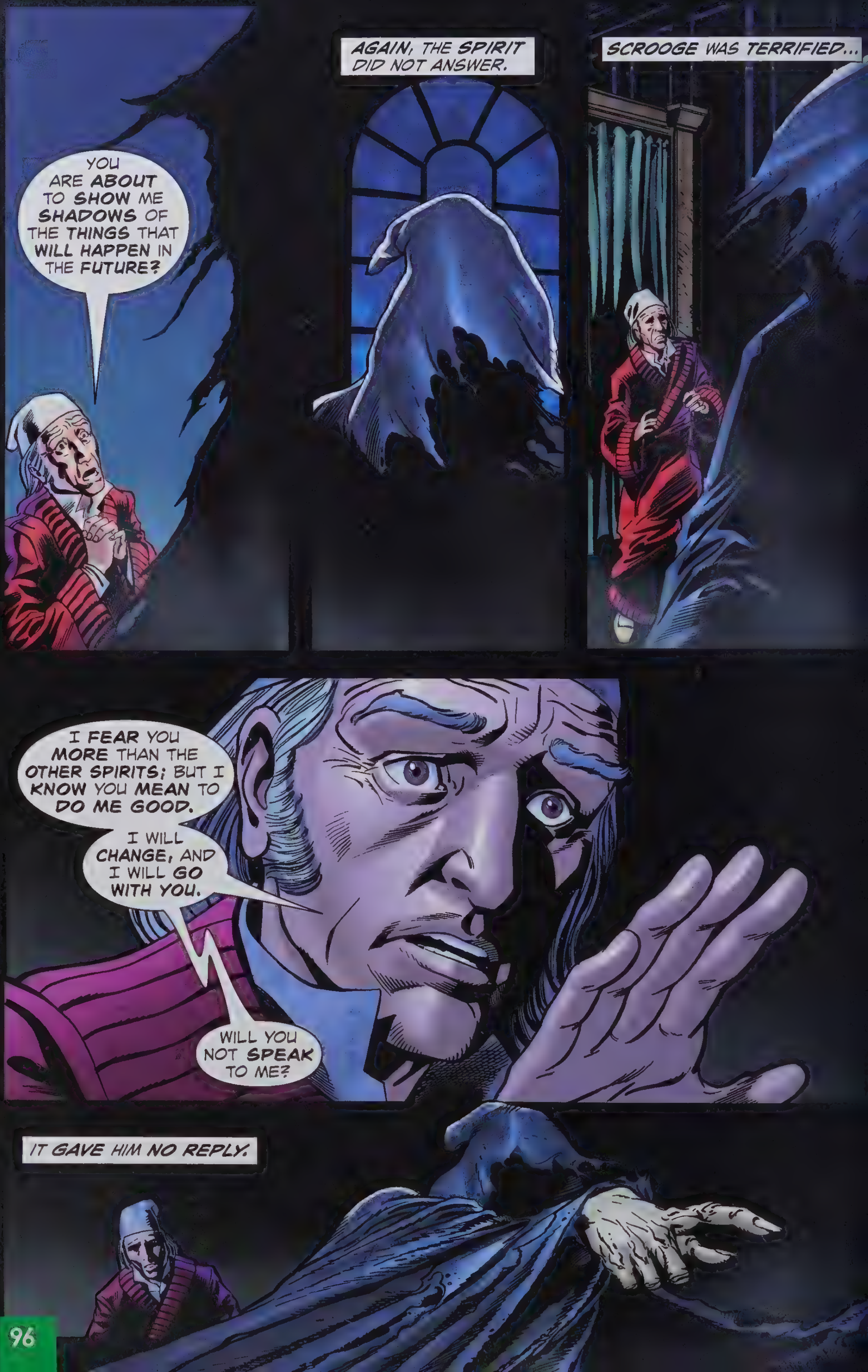

THE ENTIRE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS SEEMED TO BE CONDENSED INTO THIS ONE, LONG NIGHT. THE GHOST WAS NOW CLEARLY OLDER.
ARE SPIRITS' LIVES SO SHORT?
MY LIFE UPON THIS GLOBE, IS VERY BRIEF.
IT ENDS TONIGHT AT MIDNIGHT.
HARK! THE TIME IS DRAWING NEAR.
I SEE SOMETHING STRANGE UNDER YOUR CLOAK.
IS IT A FOOT OR A CLAW?
LOOK !!

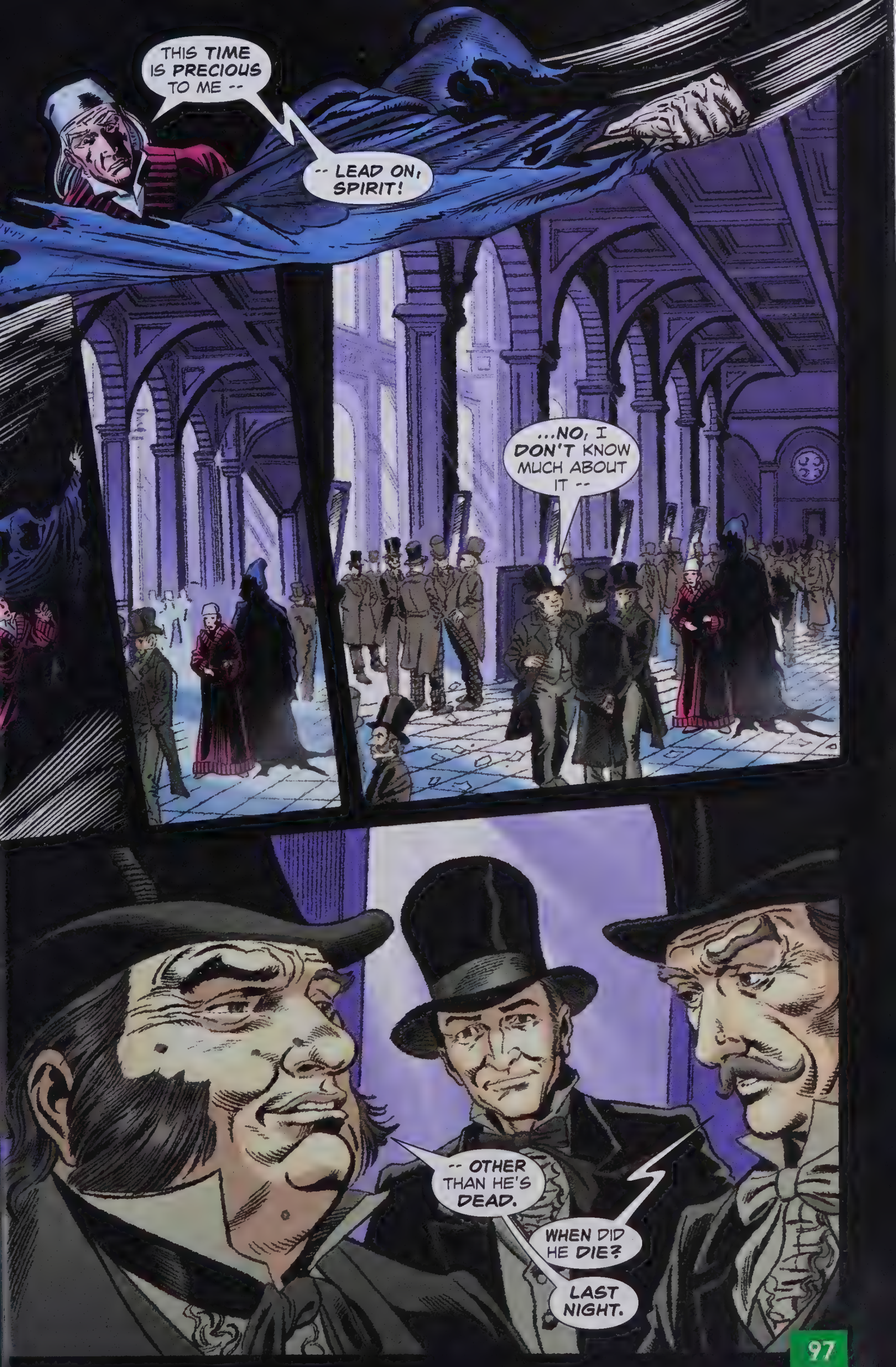

LOOK, DOWN HERE!
ARE THEY YOURS?
THEY ARE MAN'S.
THIS BOY IS IGNORANCE. THIS GIRL IS WANT.
BEWARE THEM BOTH!
ARE THEY HOMELESS?
AGAIN, THE SPIRIT TURNED SCROOGE'S OWN WORDS BACK UPON HIM.
ARE THERE NO PRISONS?
ARE THERE NO WORKHOUSES?

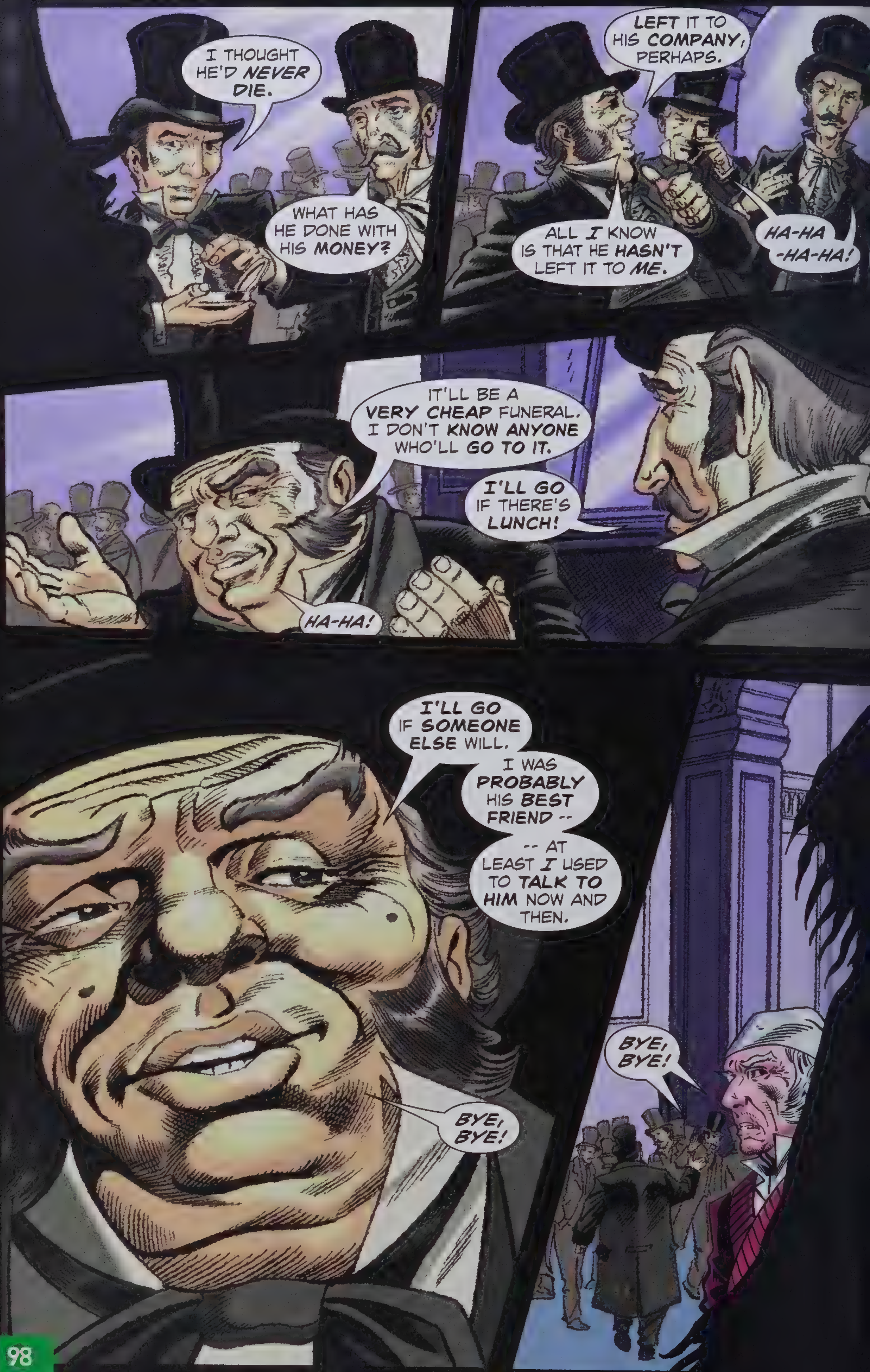

DONG!
DONG!
DONG!
DONG!
DONG!
DONG!
DONG!
DONG!
DONG!
DONG!
THE CLOCK STRUCK TWELVE.
THE GHOST HAD GONE.
THEN SCROOGE REMEMBERED THE WORDS OF OLD JACOB MARLEY...

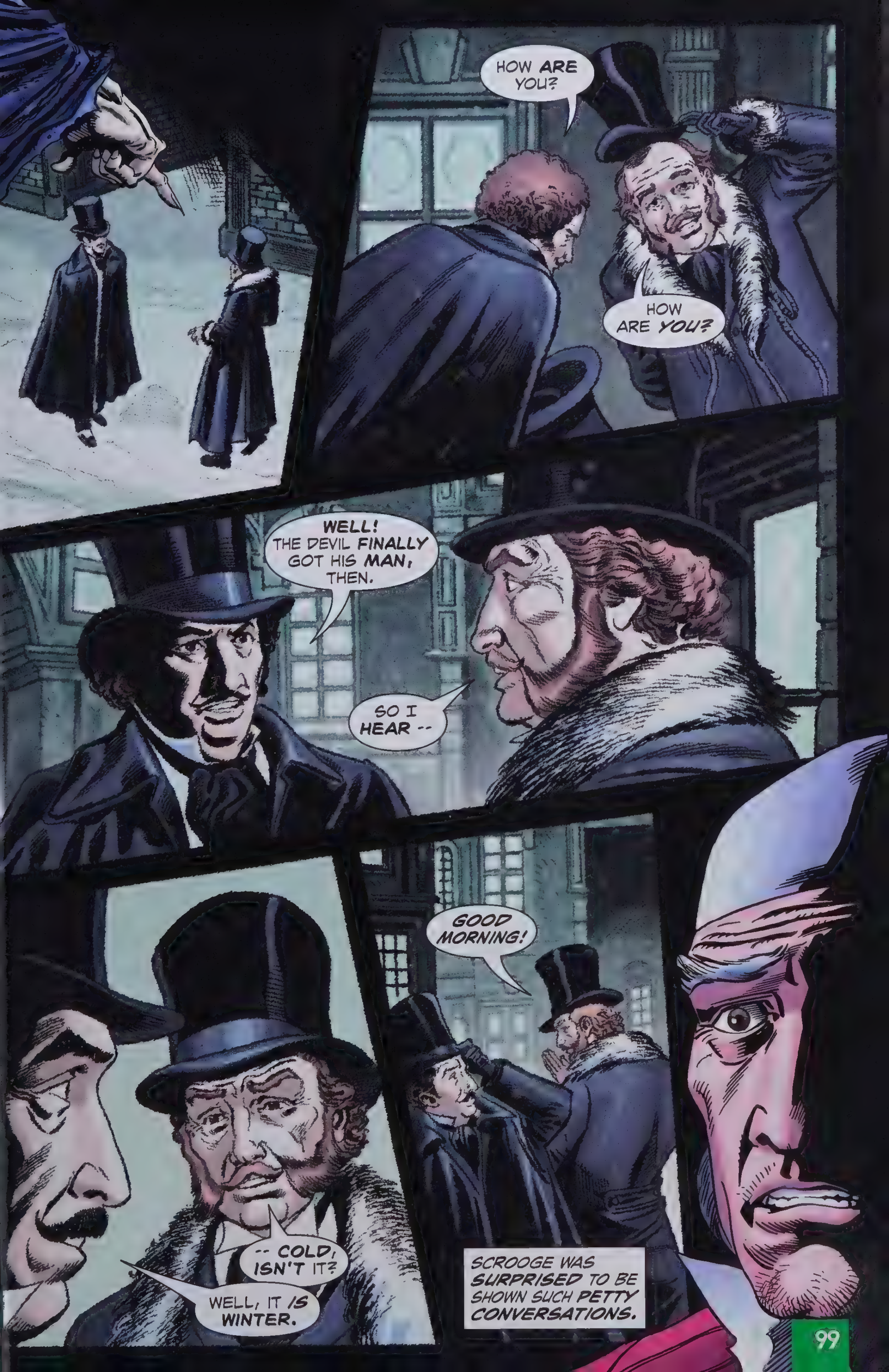
Stave Four: The Last of the Spirits

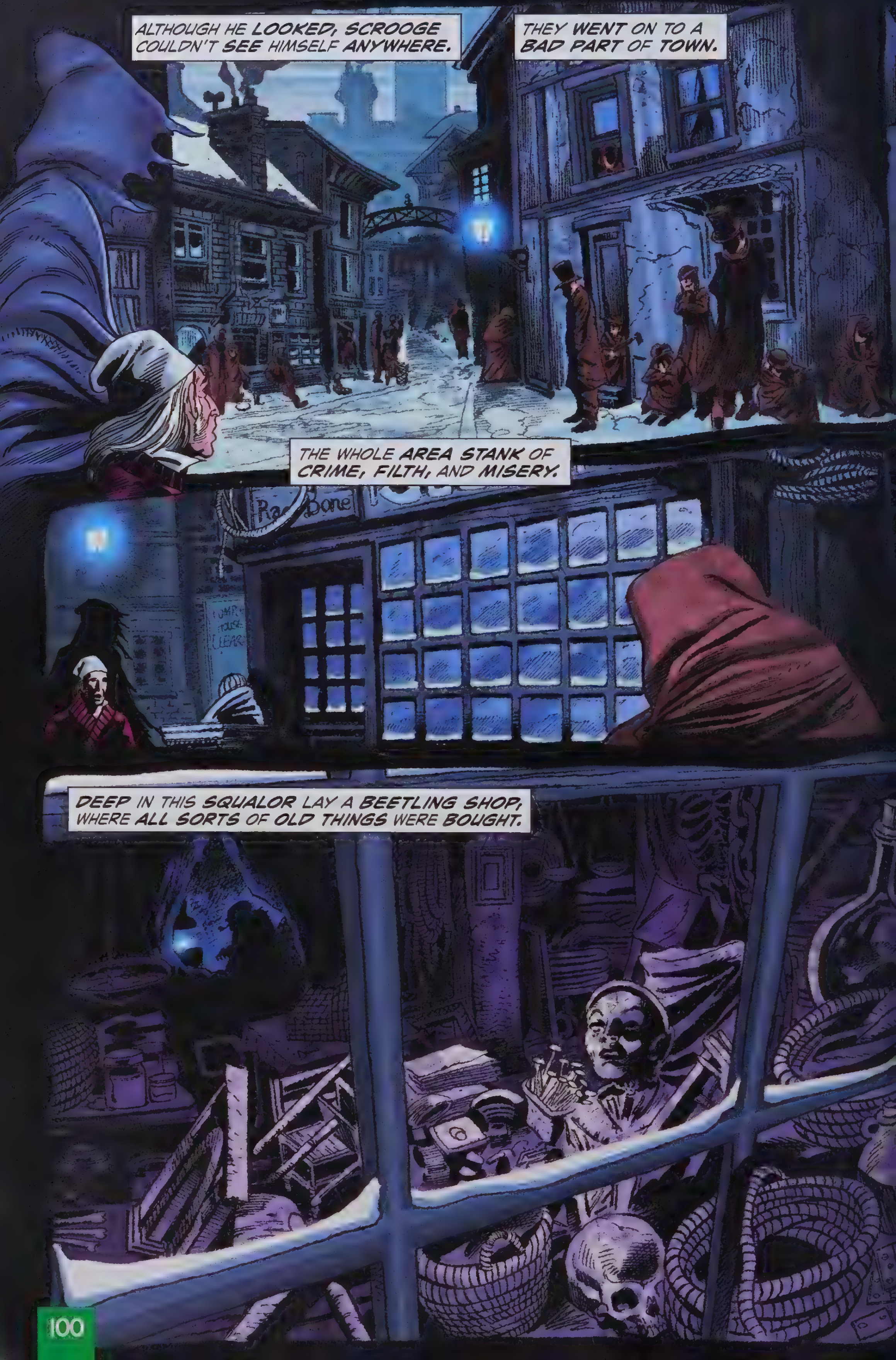
ARE YOU THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS YET TO COME?
THE SPIRIT DID NOT ANSWER.

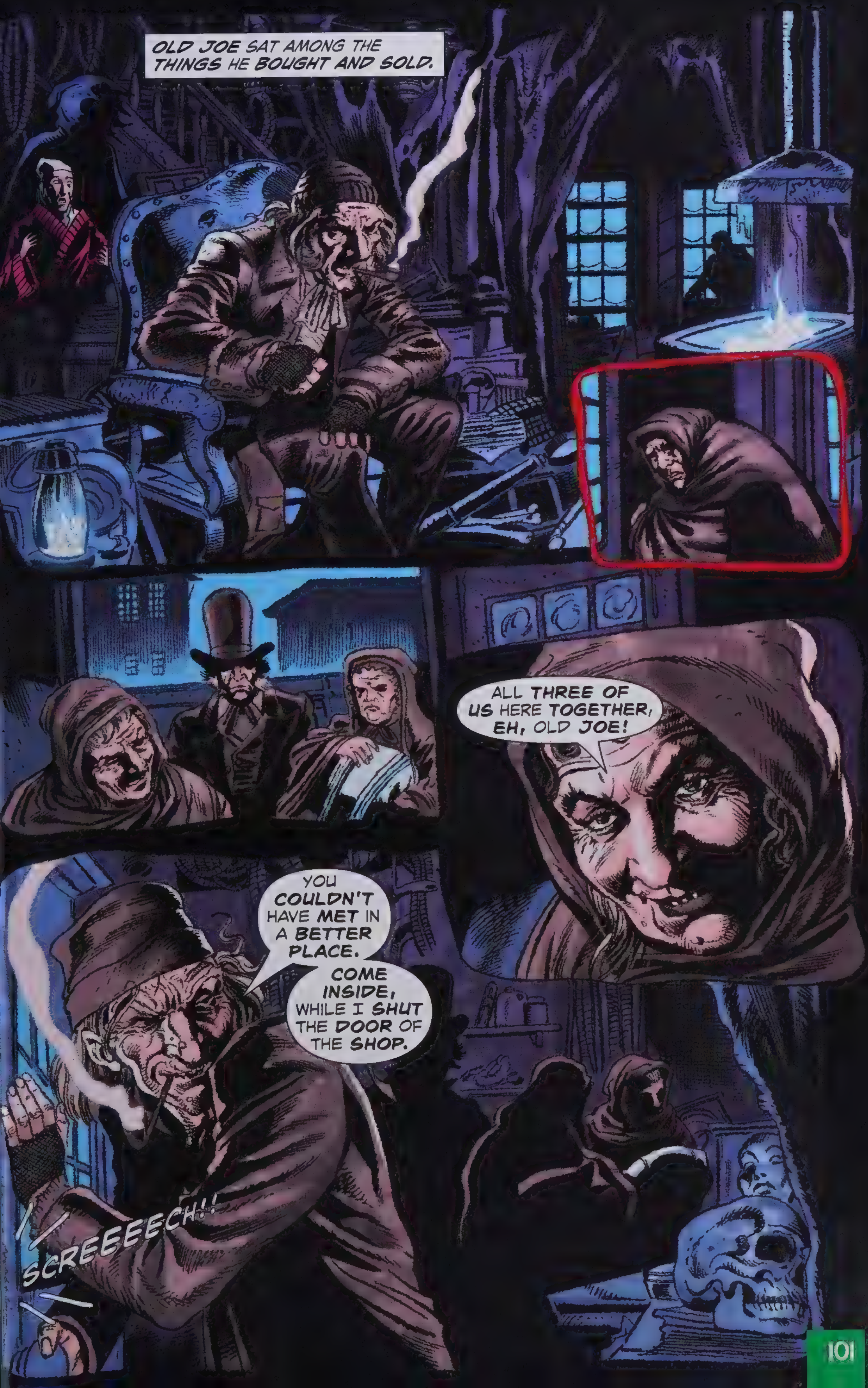

YOU ARE ABOUT TO SHOW ME SHADOWS OF THE THINGS THAT WILL HAPPEN IN THE FUTURE?
AGAIN, THE SPIRIT DID NOT ANSWER.
SCROOGE WAS TERRIFIED...
I FEAR YOU MORE THAN THE OTHER SPIRITS; BUT I KNOW YOU MEAN TO DO ME GOOD.
I WILL CHANGE, AND I WILL GO WITH YOU.
WILL YOU NOT SPEAK TO ME?
IT GAVE HIM NO REPLY.

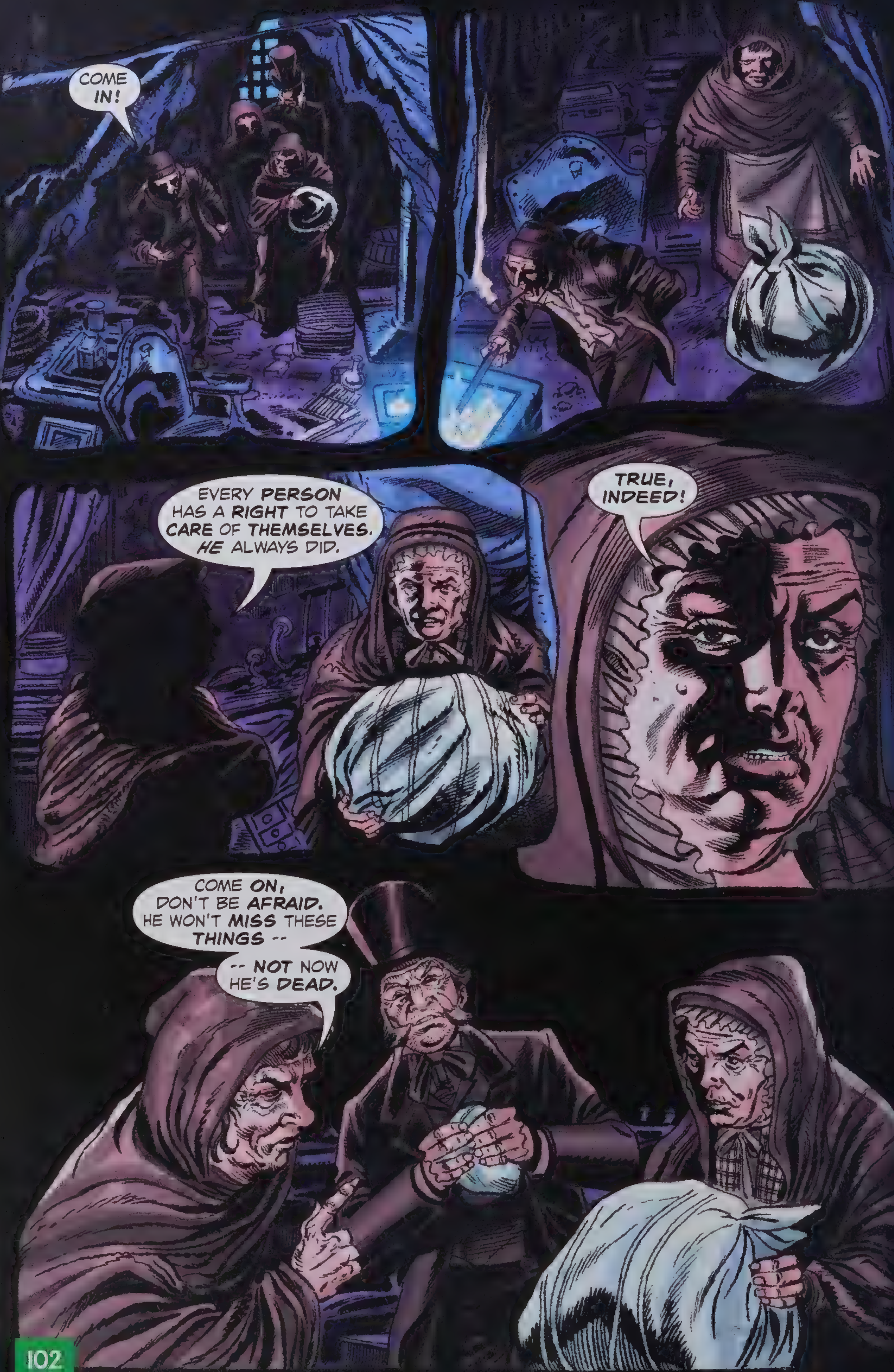

THIS TIME IS PRECIOUS TO ME --
-- LEAD ON, SPIRIT!
...NO, I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT IT --
-- OTHER THAN HE'S DEAD.
WHEN DID HE DIE?
LAST NIGHT.

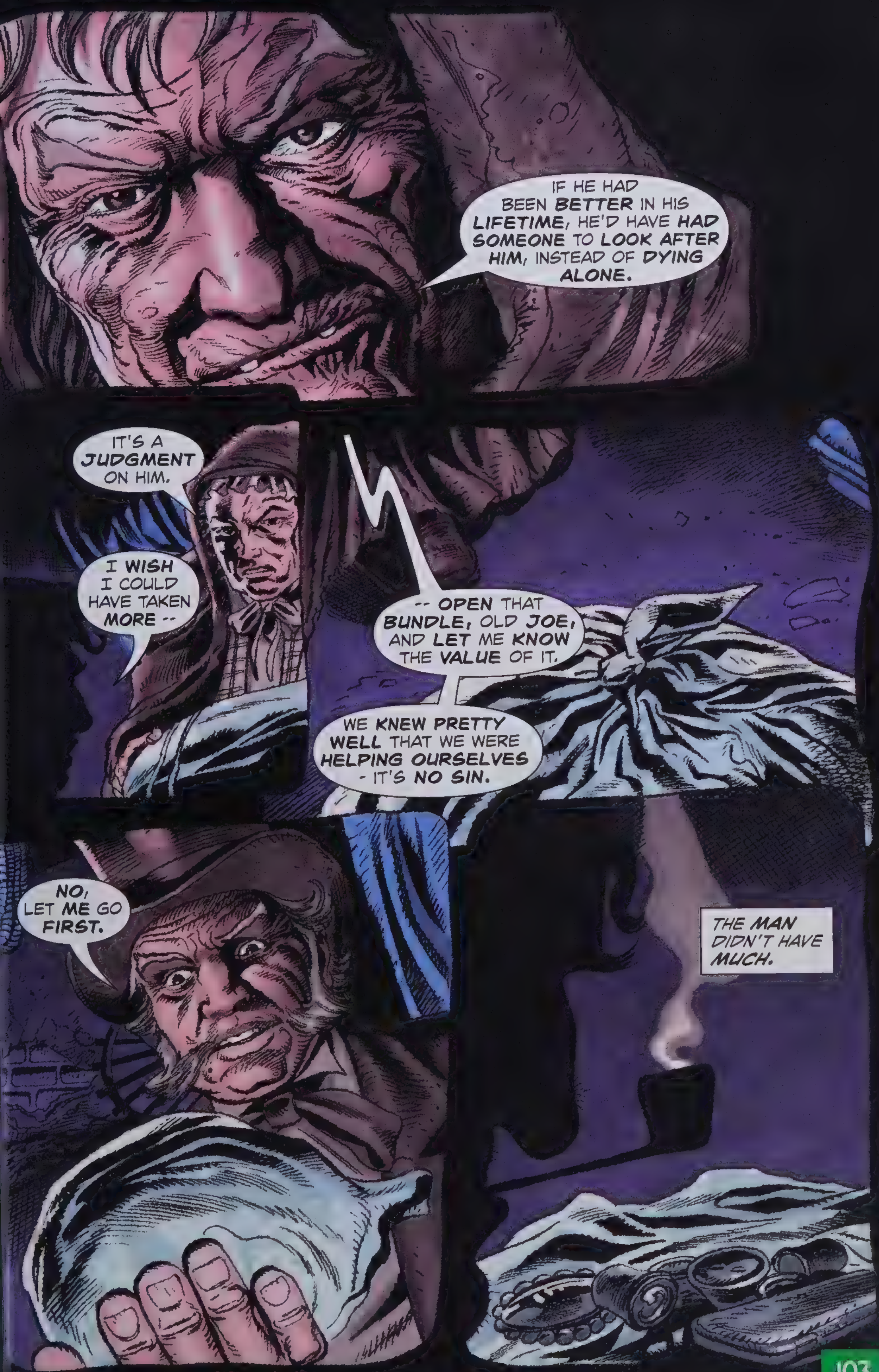

I THOUGHT HE'D NEVER DIE.
WHAT HAS HE DONE WITH HIS MONEY?
LEFT IT TO HIS COMPANY, PERHAPS.
ALL I KNOW IS THAT HE HASN'T LEFT IT TO ME.
HA-HA -HA-HA!
IT'LL BE A VERY CHEAP FUNERAL. I DON'T KNOW ANYONE WHO'LL GO TO IT.
I'LL GO IF THERE'S LUNCH!
HA-HA!
I'LL GO IF SOMEONE ELSE WILL.
I WAS PROBABLY HIS BEST FRIEND --
-- AT LEAST I USED TO TALK TO HIM NOW AND THEN.
BYE, BYE!
BYE, BYE!

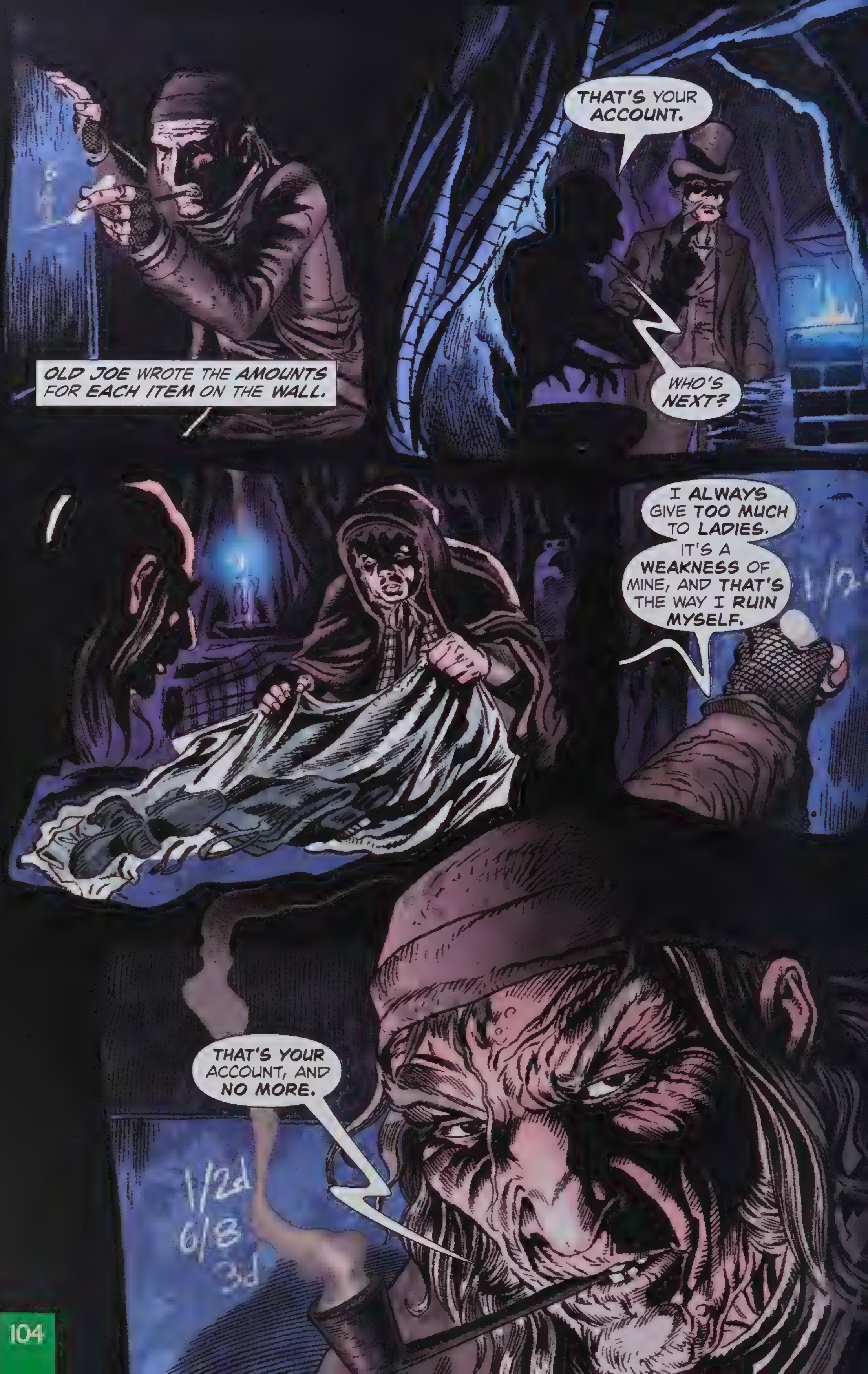

HOW ARE YOU?
HOW ARE YOU?
WELL! THE DEVIL FINALLY GOT HIS MAN, THEN.
SO I HEAR --
-- COLD, ISN'T IT?
WELL, IT IS WINTER.
GOOD MORNING!
SCROOGE WAS SURPRISED TO BE SHOWN SUCH PETTY CONVERSATIONS.

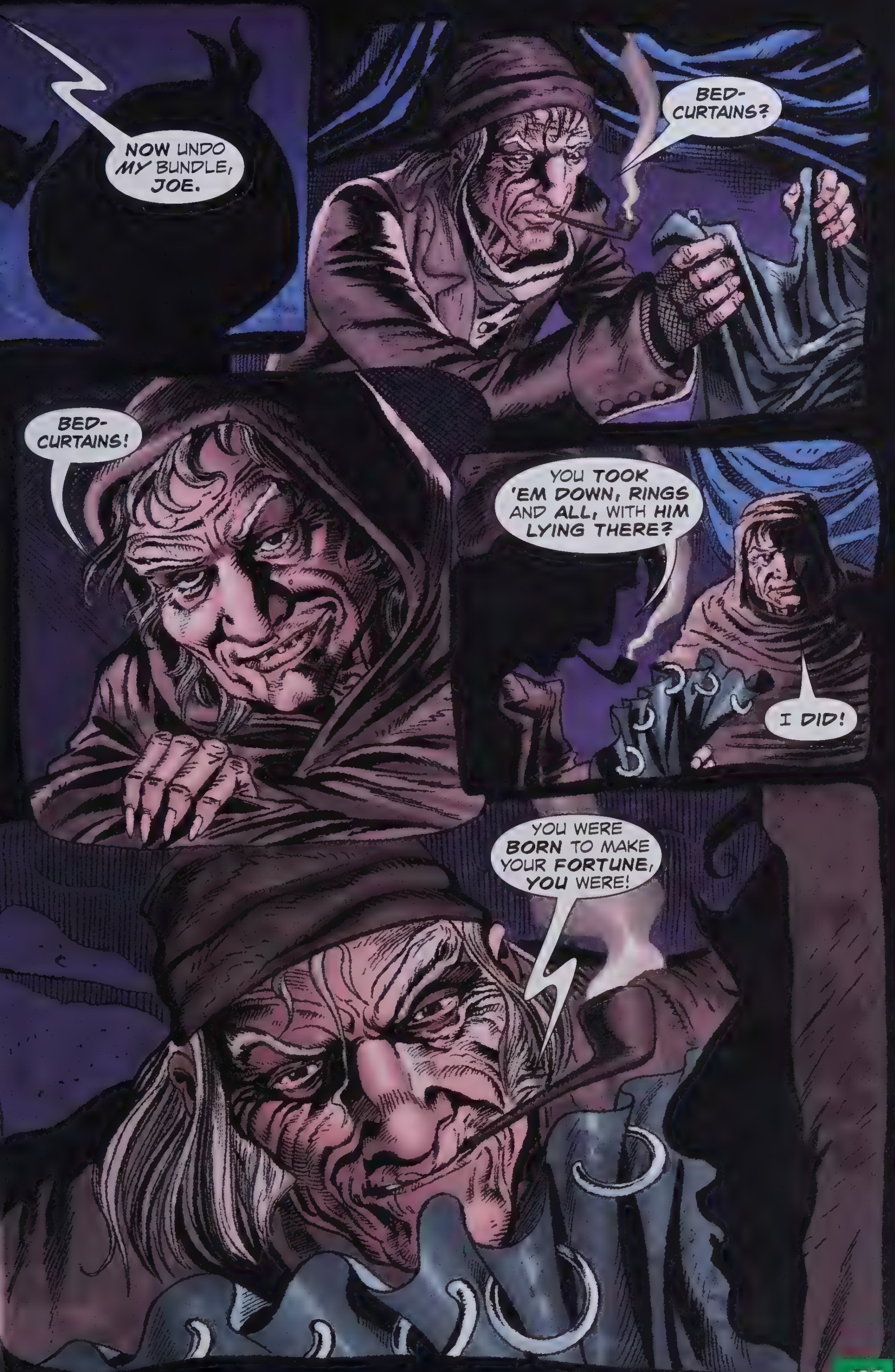

ALTHOUGH HE **LOOKED**, **SCROOGE** COULDN'T **SEE** HIMSELF **ANYWHERE.**
THEY **WENT** ON TO A **BAD PART** OF **TOWN.**
THE WHOLE **AREA STANK** OF **CRIME, FILTH,** AND **MISERY.**
DEEP IN THIS **SQUALOR** LAY A **BEETLING SHOP,** WHERE **ALL SORTS** OF **OLD THINGS** WERE **BOUGHT.**

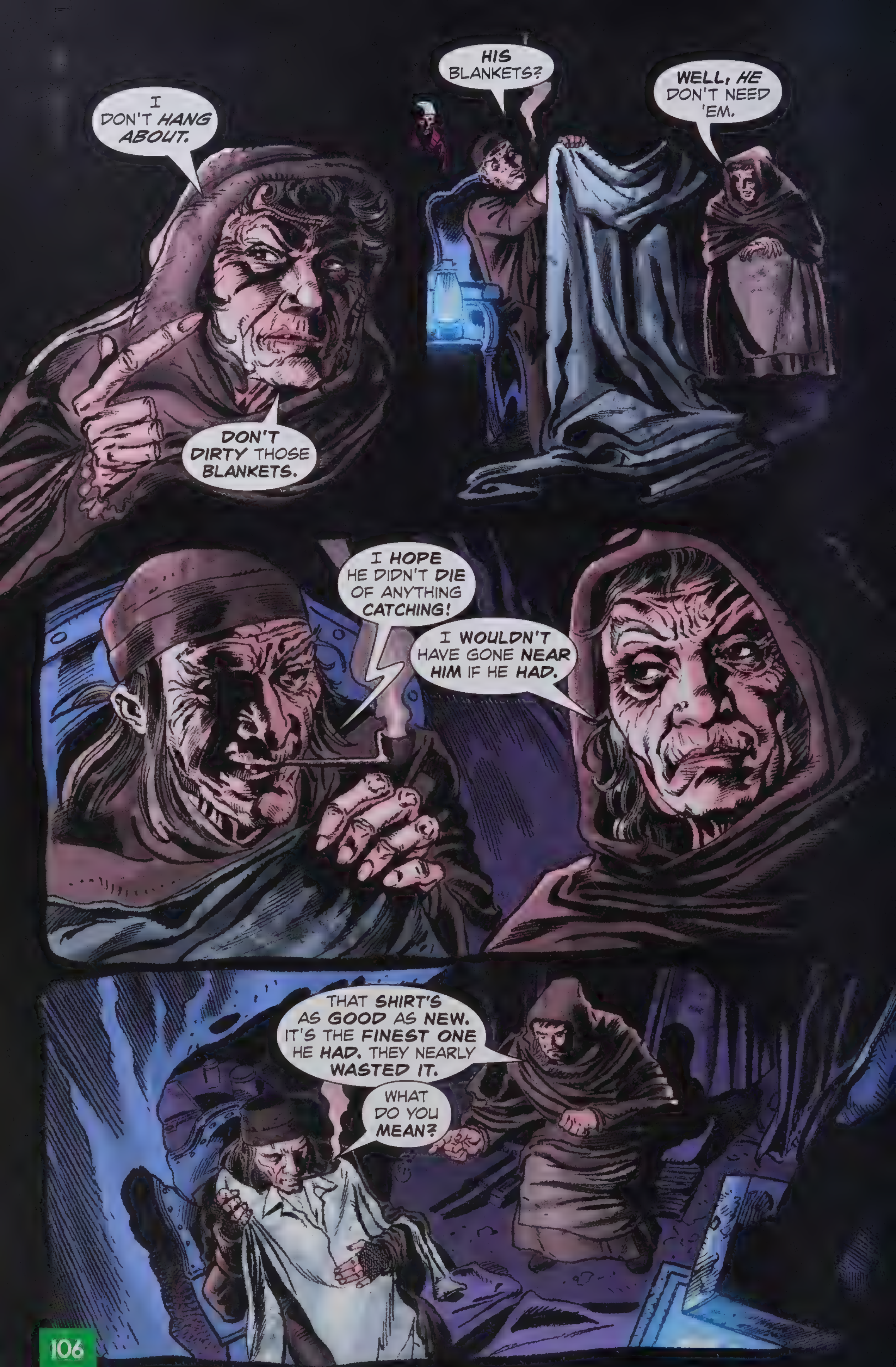

OLD JOE SAT AMONG THE THINGS HE BOUGHT AND SOLD.
ALL THREE OF US HERE TOGETHER, EH, OLD JOE!
YOU COULDN'T HAVE MET IN A BETTER PLACE.
COME INSIDE, WHILE I SHUT THE DOOR OF THE SHOP.
SCREEEEECH!!

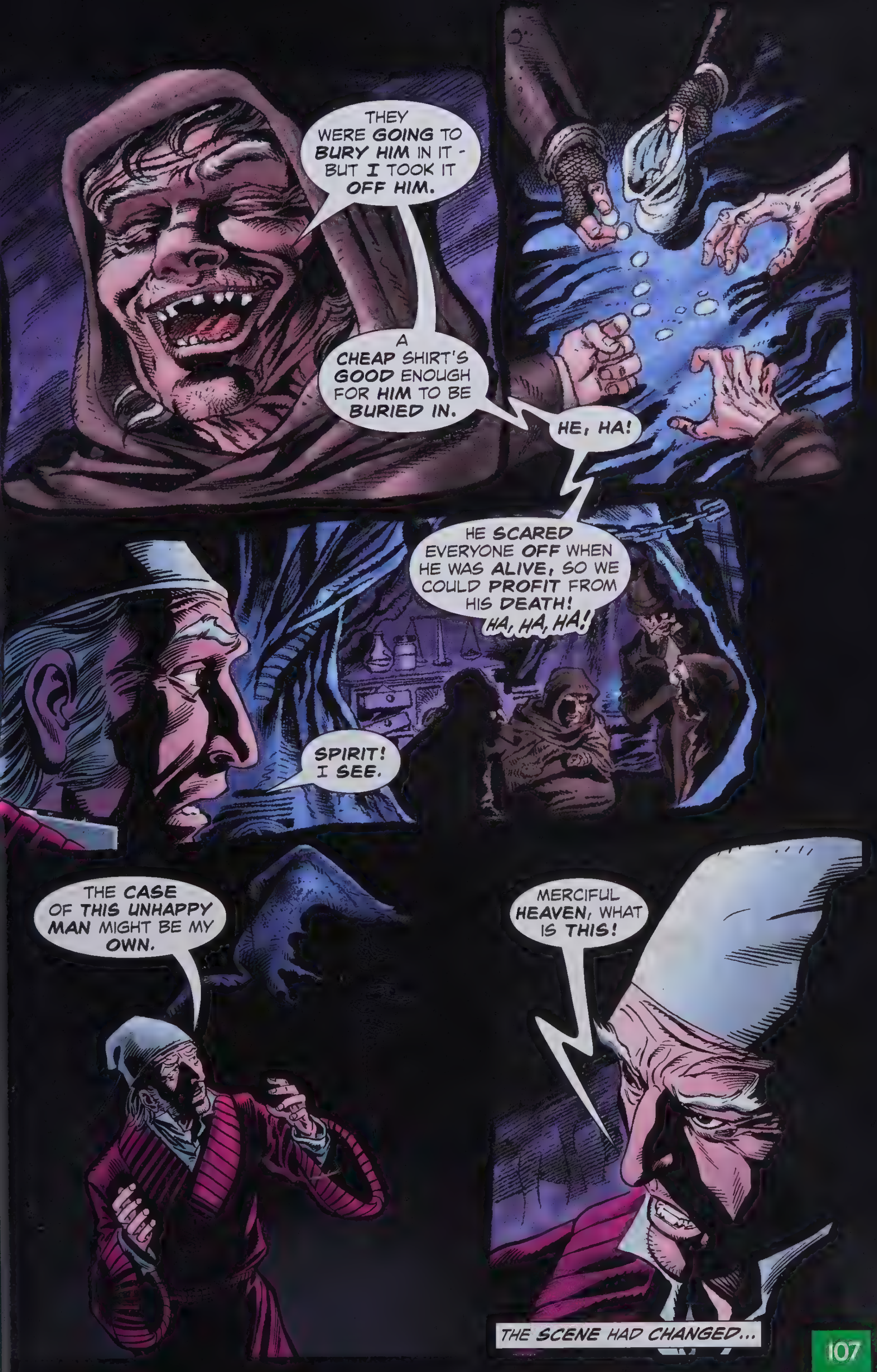

COME IN!
EVERY PERSON HAS A RIGHT TO TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES. HE ALWAYS DID.
TRUE, INDEED!
COME ON, DON'T BE AFRAID. HE WON'T MISS THESE THINGS --
-- NOT NOW HE'S DEAD.

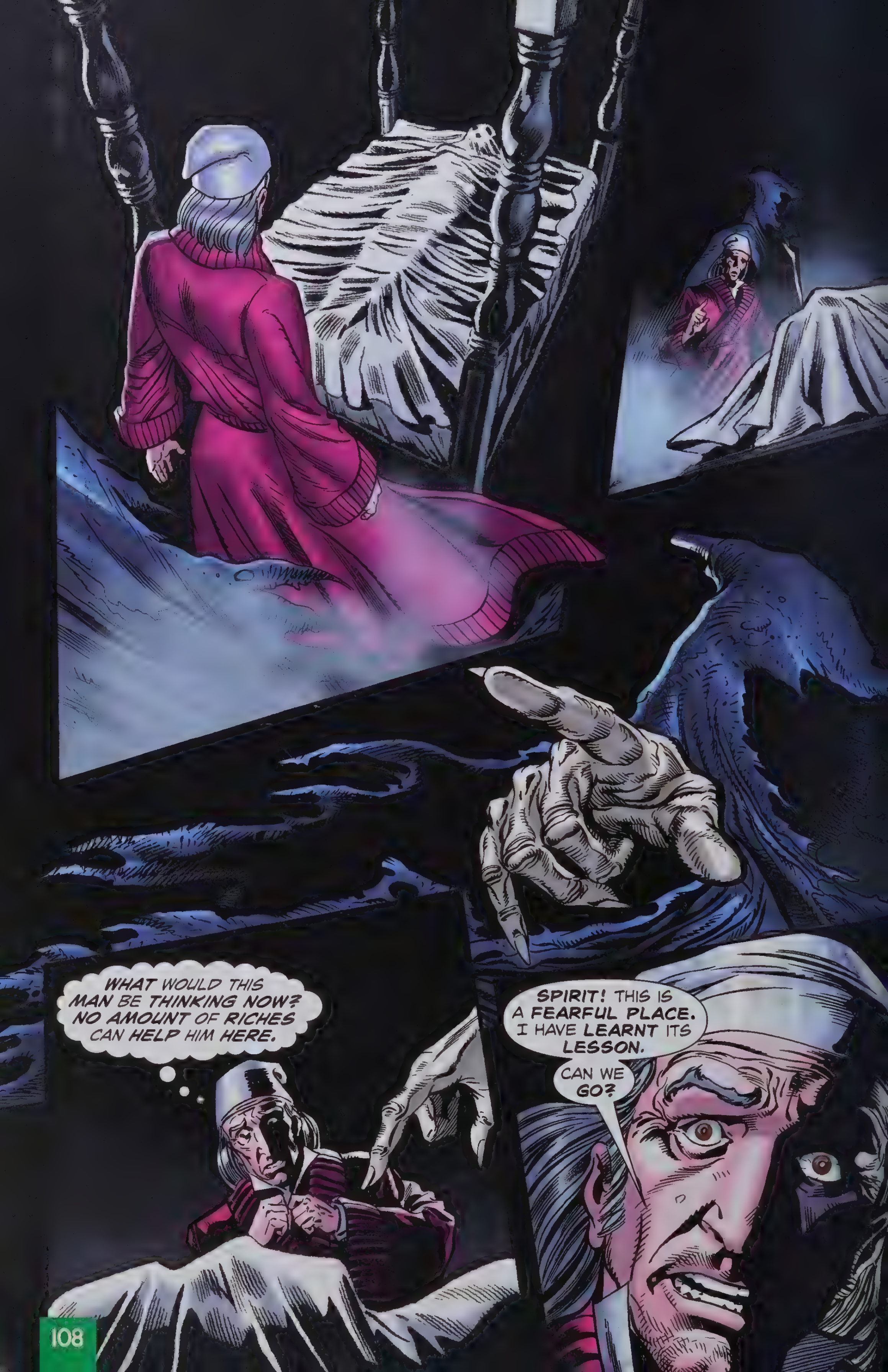

IF HE HAD BEEN BETTER IN HIS LIFETIME, HE'D HAVE HAD SOMEONE TO LOOK AFTER HIM, INSTEAD OF DYING ALONE.
IT'S A JUDGMENT ON HIM.
I WISH I COULD HAVE TAKEN MORE --
-- OPEN THAT BUNDLE, OLD JOE, AND LET ME KNOW THE VALUE OF IT.
WE KNEW PRETTY WELL THAT WE WERE HELPING OURSELVES - IT'S NO SIN.
NO, LET ME GO FIRST.
THE MAN DIDN'T HAVE MUCH.

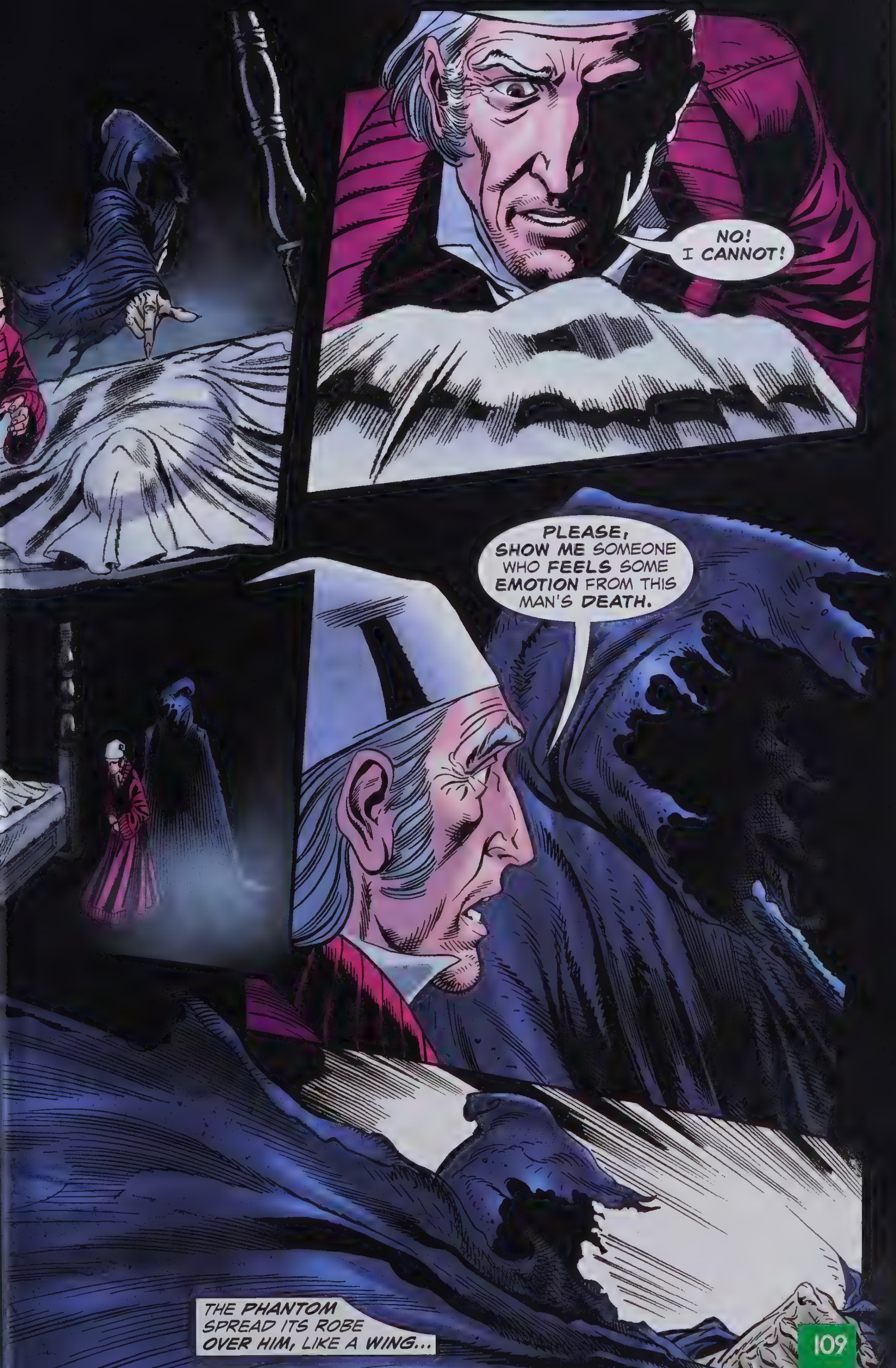

OLD JOE WROTE THE AMOUNTS FOR EACH ITEM ON THE WALL.
THAT'S YOUR ACCOUNT.
WHO'S NEXT?
I ALWAYS GIVE TOO MUCH TO LADIES.
IT'S A WEAKNESS OF MINE, AND THAT'S THE WAY I RUIN MYSELF.
1/2
THAT'S YOUR ACCOUNT, AND NO MORE.
1/2d
6/8
3d

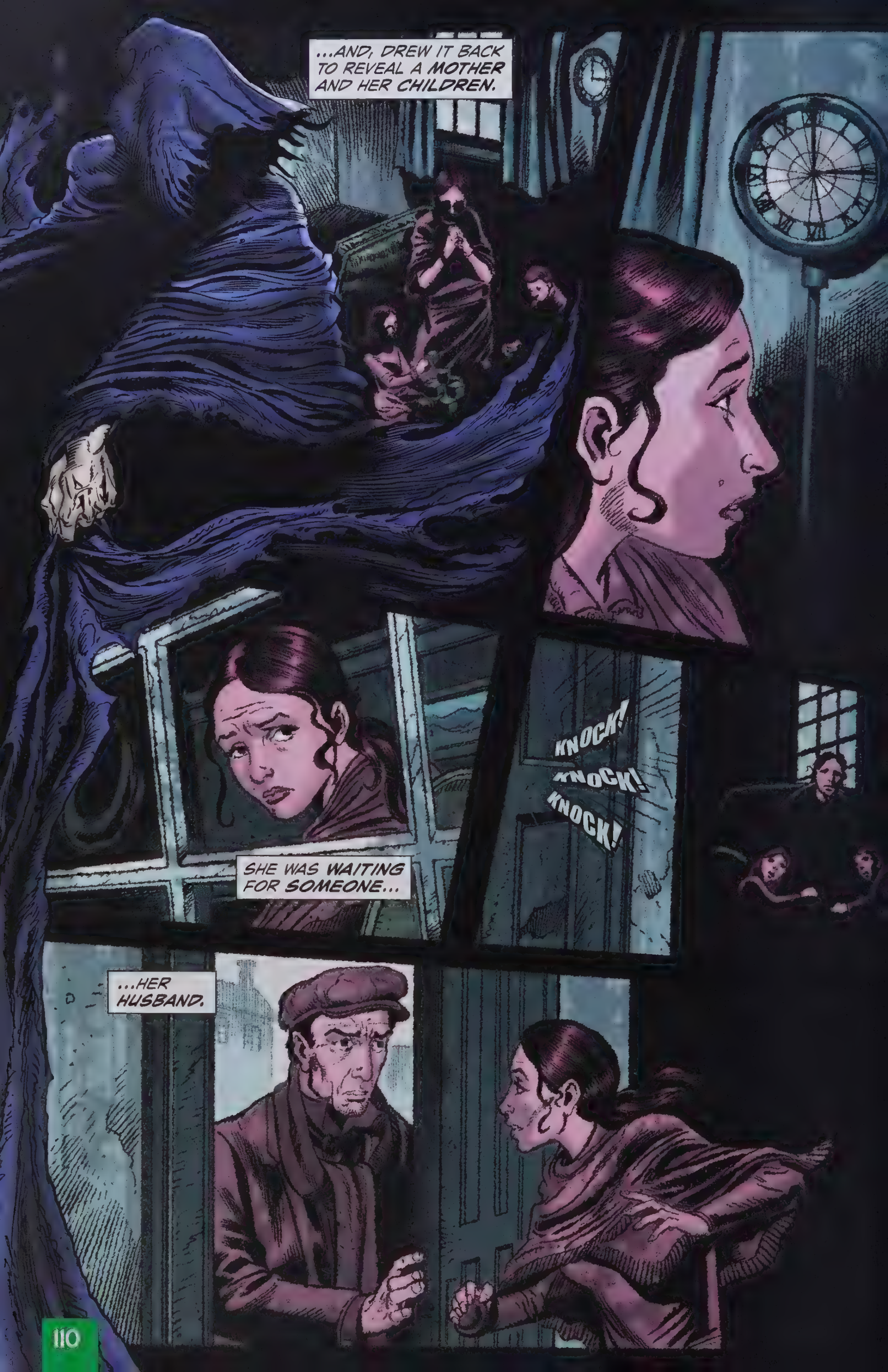

NOW UNDO MY BUNDLE, JOE.
BED-CURTAINS?
BED-CURTAINS!
YOU TOOK 'EM DOWN, RINGS AND ALL, WITH HIM LYING THERE?
I DID!
YOU WERE BORN TO MAKE YOUR FORTUNE, YOU WERE!

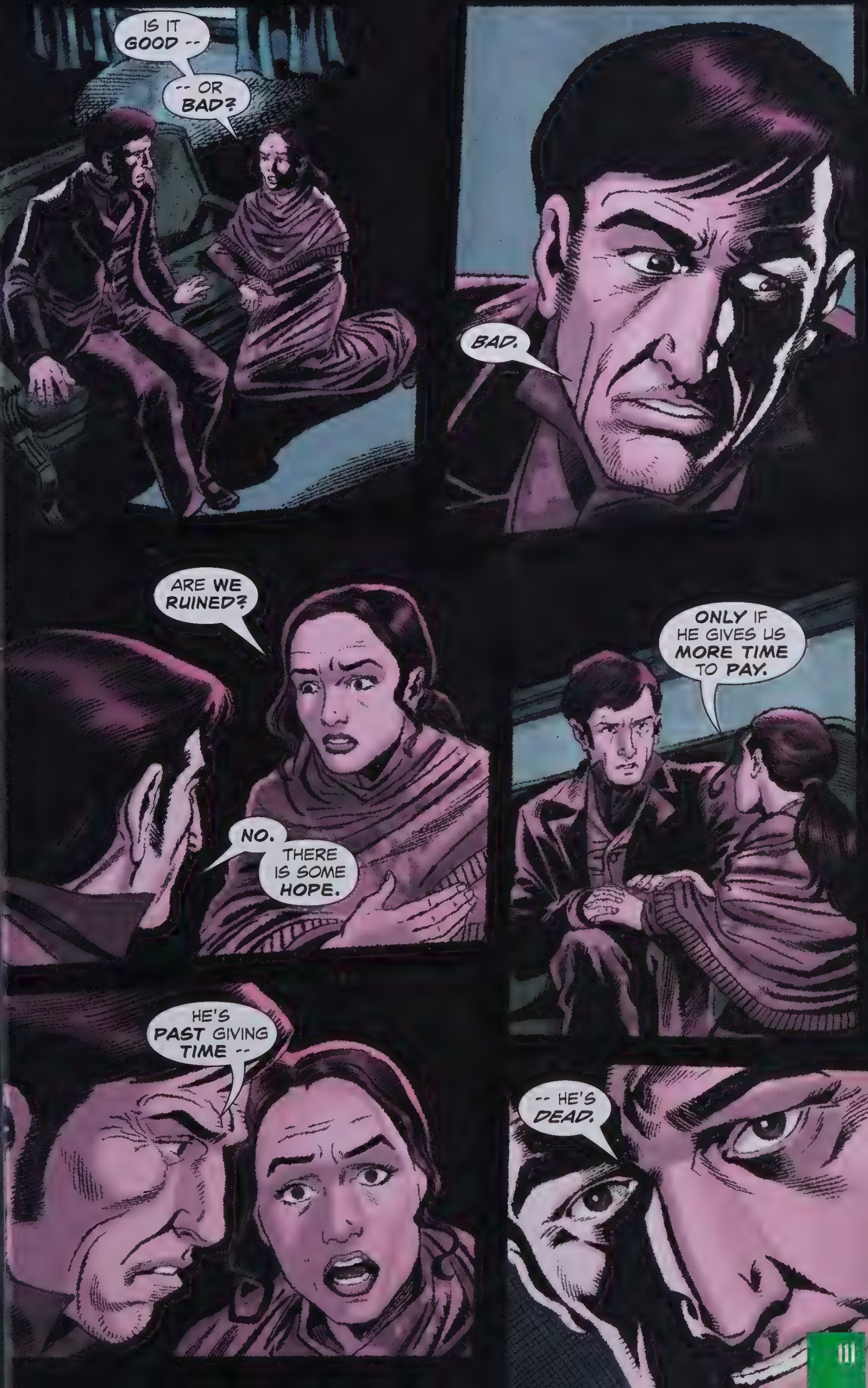

I DON'T *HANG ABOUT.*
DON'T DIRTY THOSE **BLANKETS.**
HIS BLANKETS?
WELL, *HE* DON'T NEED 'EM.
I **HOPE** HE DIDN'T **DIE** OF ANYTHING **CATCHING!**
I **WOULDN'T** HAVE GONE **NEAR HIM** IF HE **HAD.**
THAT **SHIRT'S** AS **GOOD** AS **NEW.** IT'S THE **FINEST ONE** HE **HAD.** THEY NEARLY **WASTED IT.**
WHAT DO YOU **MEAN?**

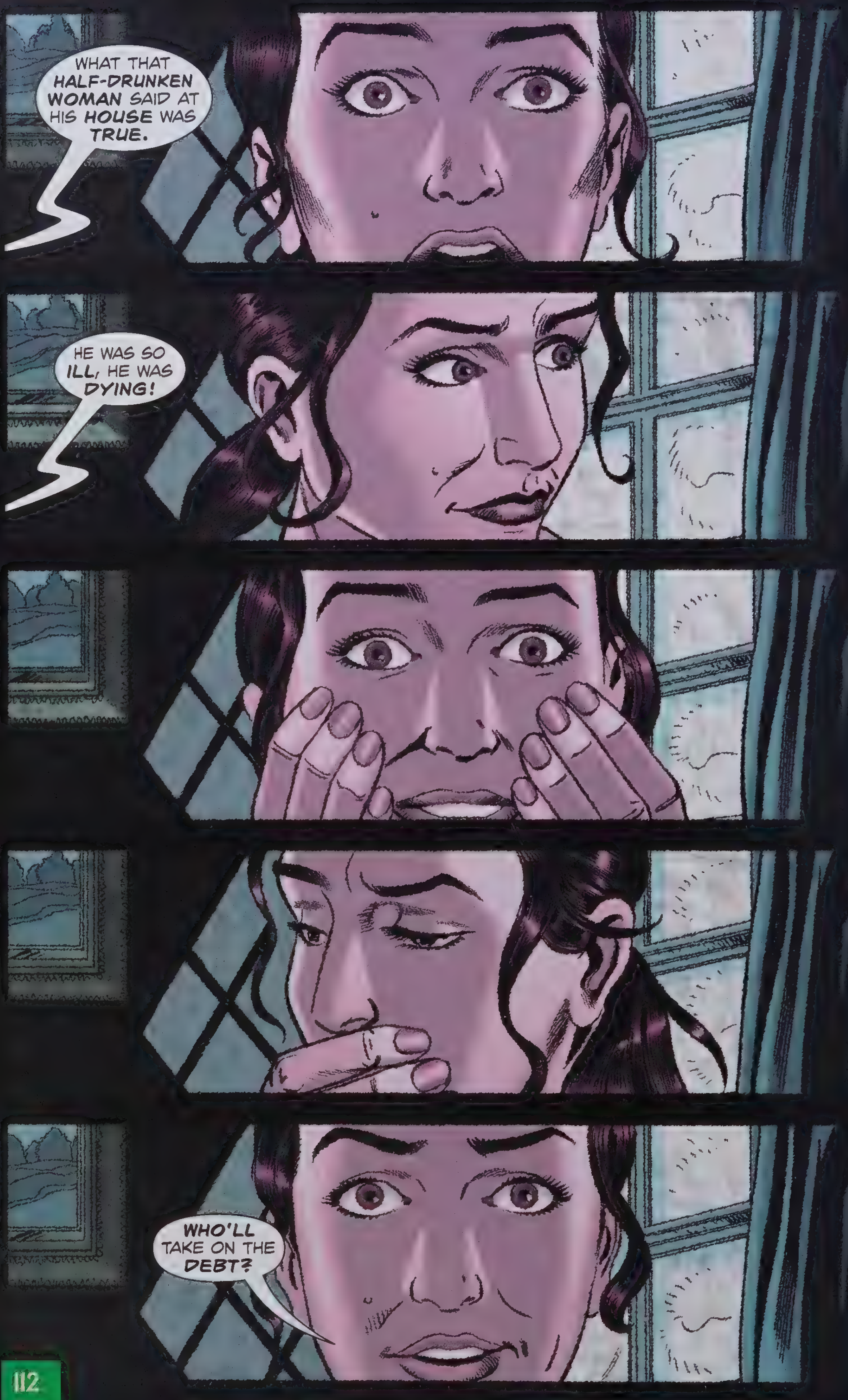

THEY WERE GOING TO BURY HIM IN IT - BUT I TOOK IT OFF HIM.
A CHEAP SHIRT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR HIM TO BE BURIED IN.
HE, HA!
HE SCARED EVERYONE OFF WHEN HE WAS ALIVE, SO WE COULD PROFIT FROM HIS DEATH! HA, HA, HA!
SPIRIT! I SEE.
THE CASE OF THIS UNHAPPY MAN MIGHT BE MY OWN.
MERCIFUL HEAVEN, WHAT IS THIS!
THE SCENE HAD CHANGED...

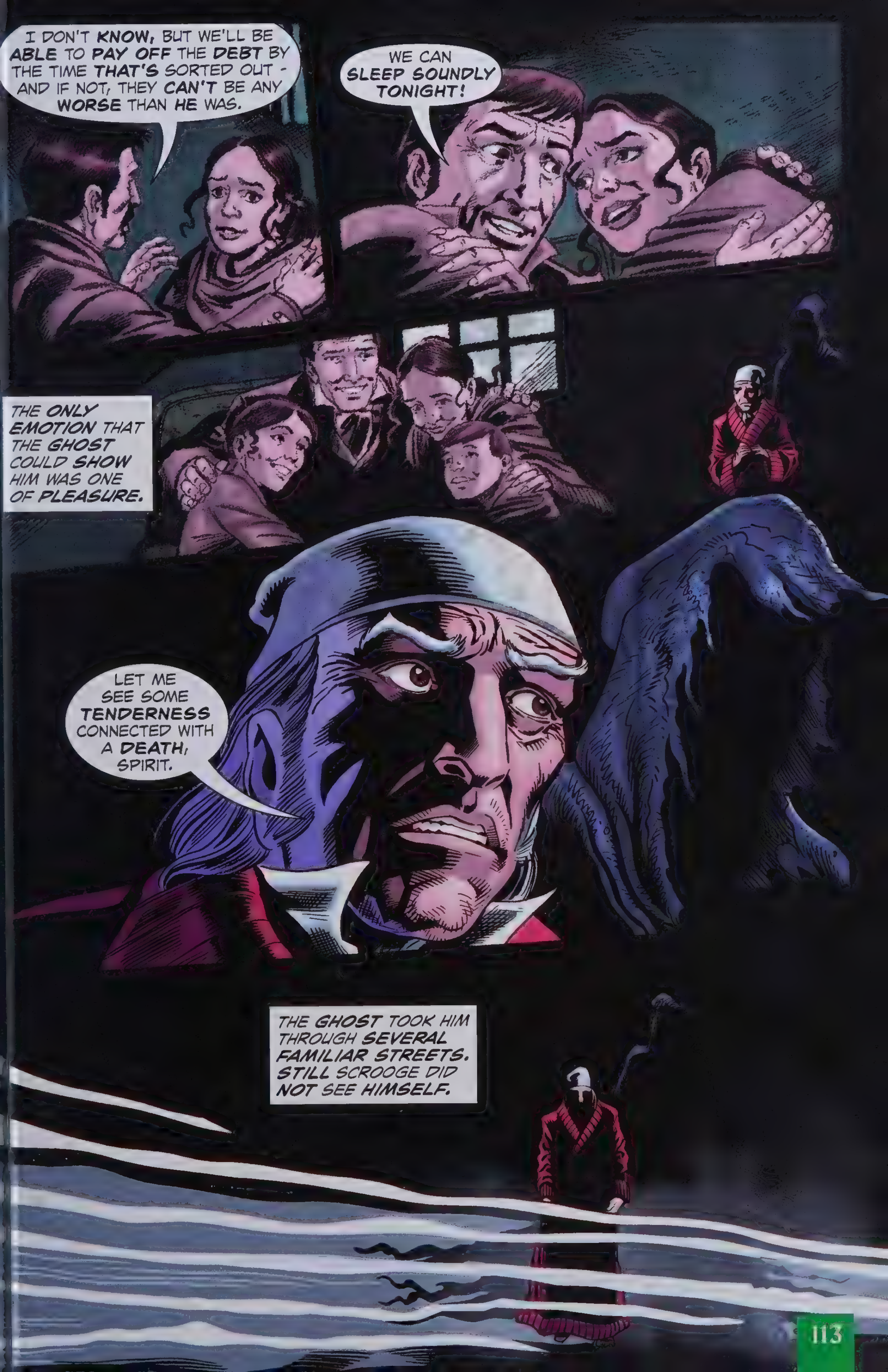

WHAT WOULD THIS MAN BE THINKING NOW? NO AMOUNT OF RICHES CAN HELP HIM HERE.
SPIRIT! THIS IS A FEARFUL PLACE. I HAVE LEARNT ITS LESSON.
CAN WE GO?

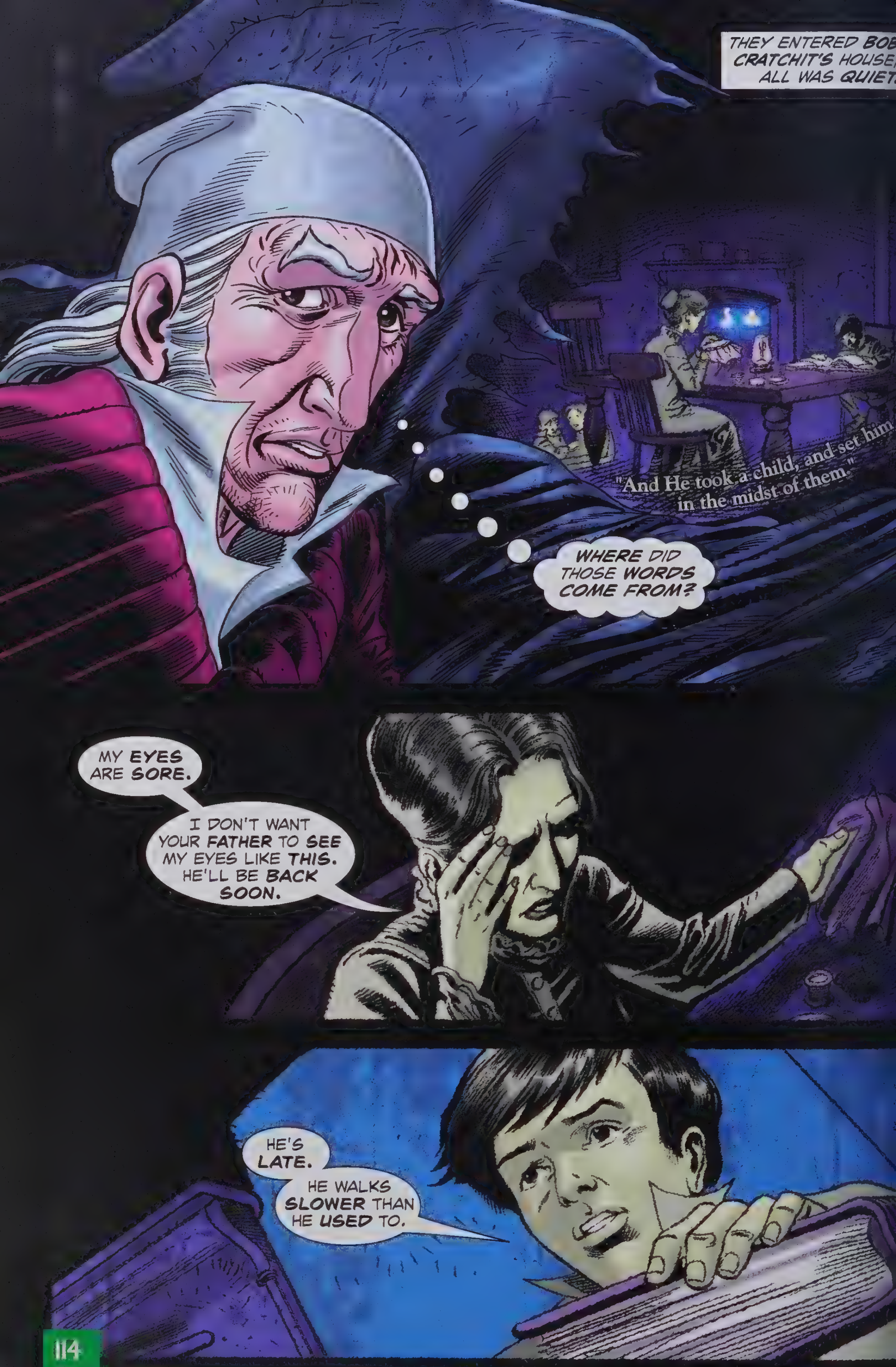

NO! I CANNOT!
PLEASE, SHOW ME SOMEONE WHO FEELS SOME EMOTION FROM THIS MAN'S DEATH.
THE PHANTOM SPREAD ITS ROBE OVER HIM, LIKE A WING...

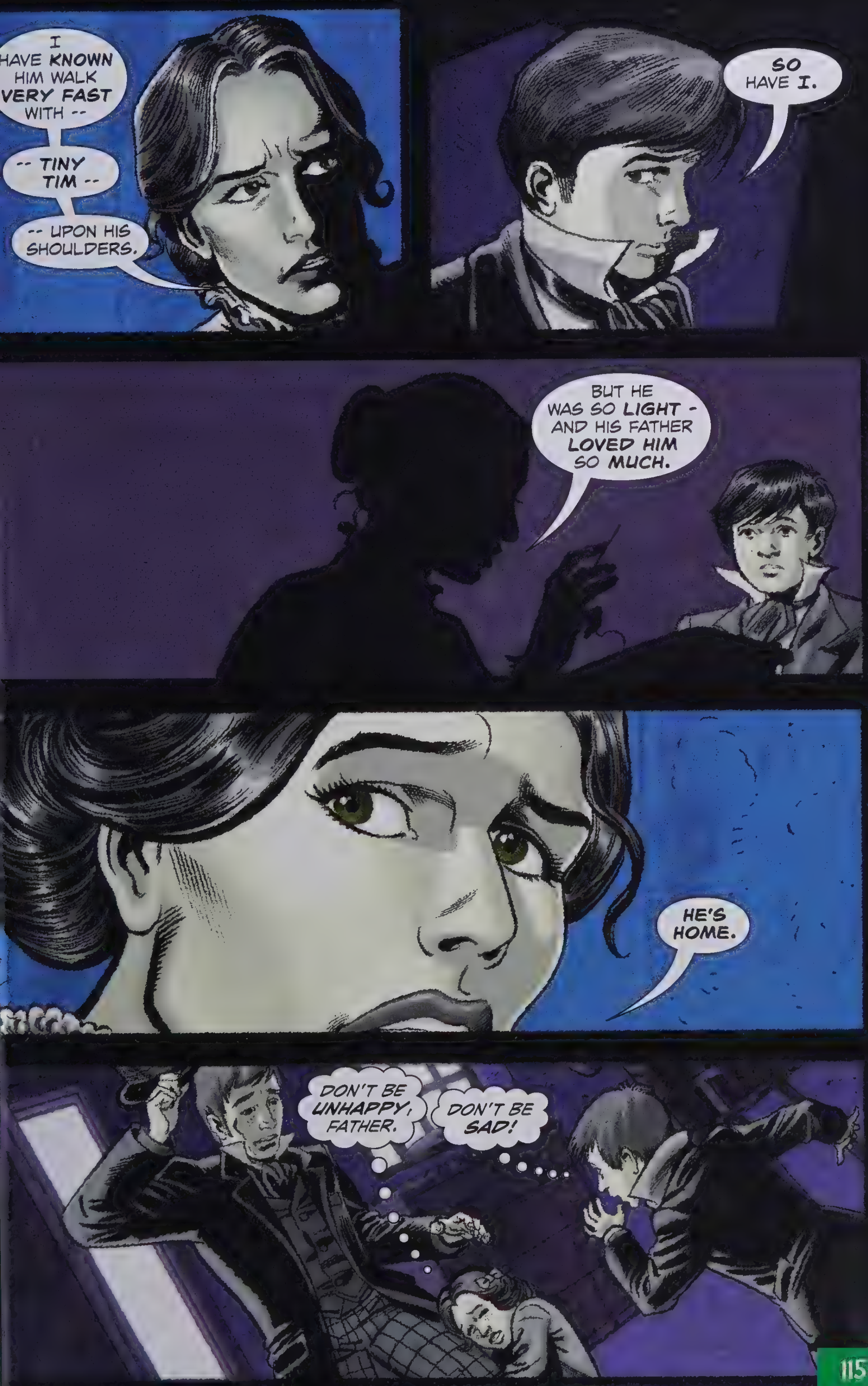

...AND, DREW IT BACK TO REVEAL A MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN.
SHE WAS WAITING FOR SOMEONE...
KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!
...HER HUSBAND.

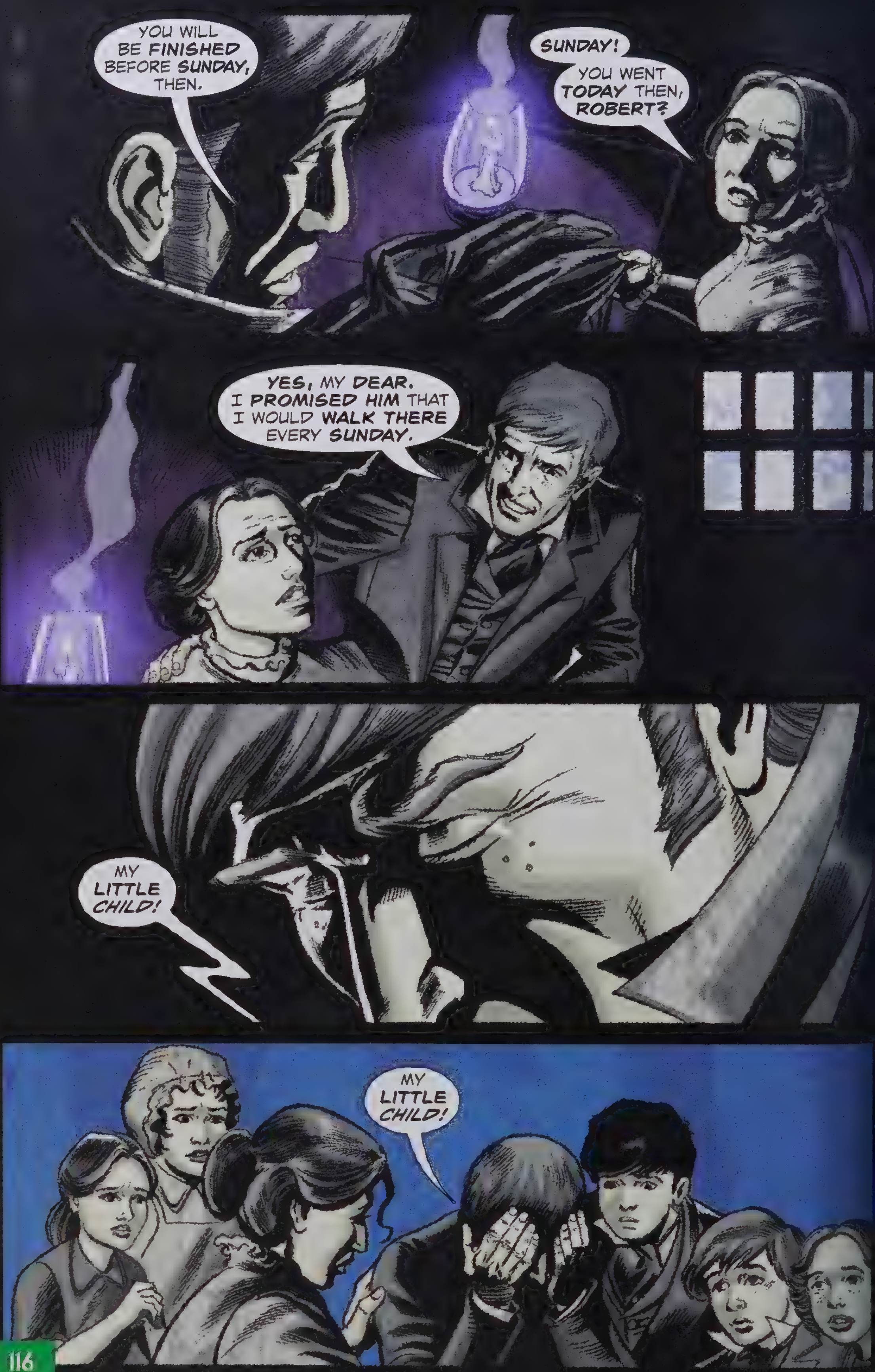

IS IT GOOD --
-- OR BAD?
BAD.
ARE WE RUINED?
NO. THERE IS SOME HOPE.
ONLY IF HE GIVES US MORE TIME TO PAY.
HE'S PAST GIVING TIME --
-- HE'S DEAD.

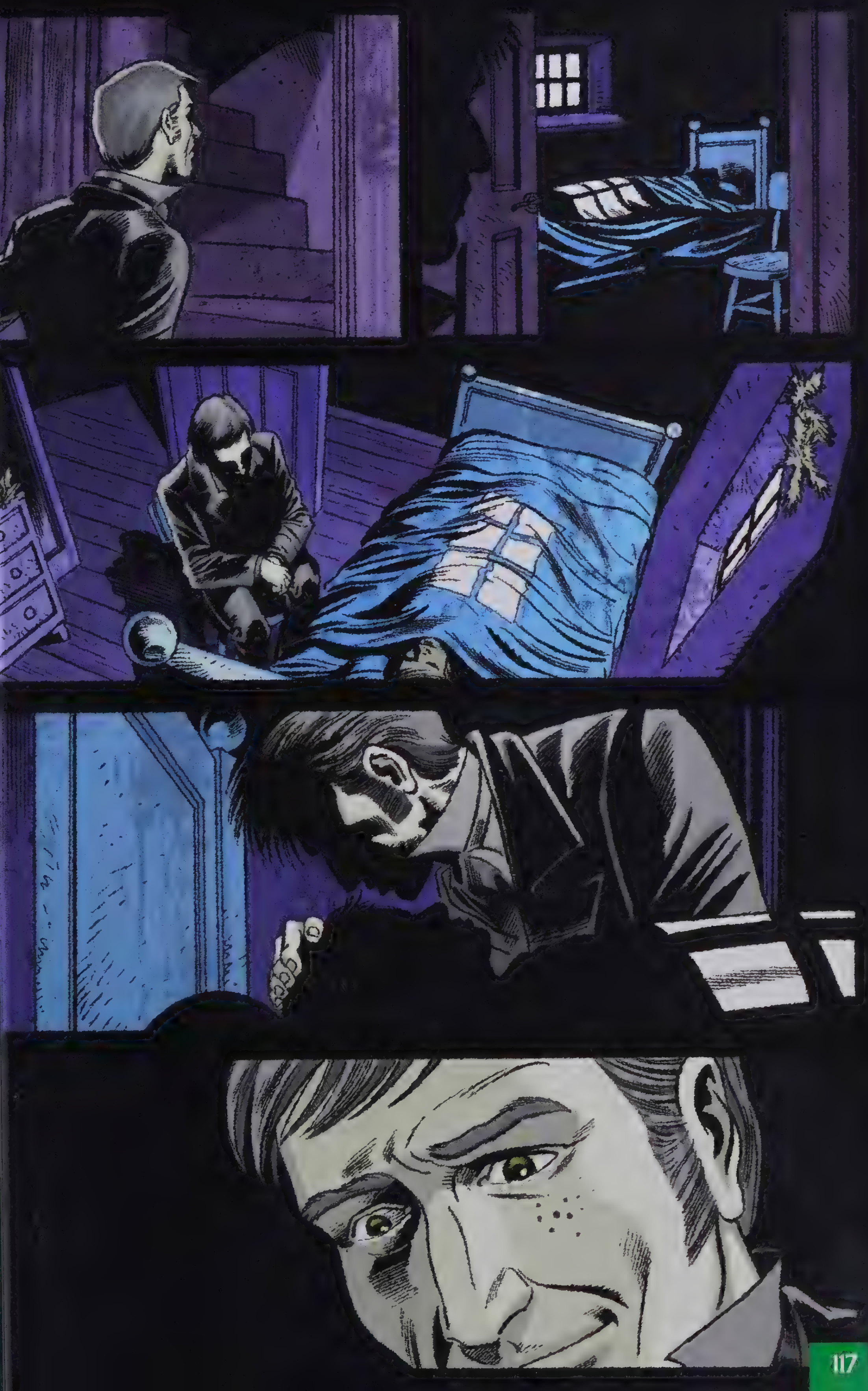

WHAT THAT **HALF-DRUNKEN WOMAN** SAID AT HIS **HOUSE** WAS **TRUE.**
HE WAS SO **ILL**, HE WAS **DYING!**
WHO'LL TAKE ON THE **DEBT?**

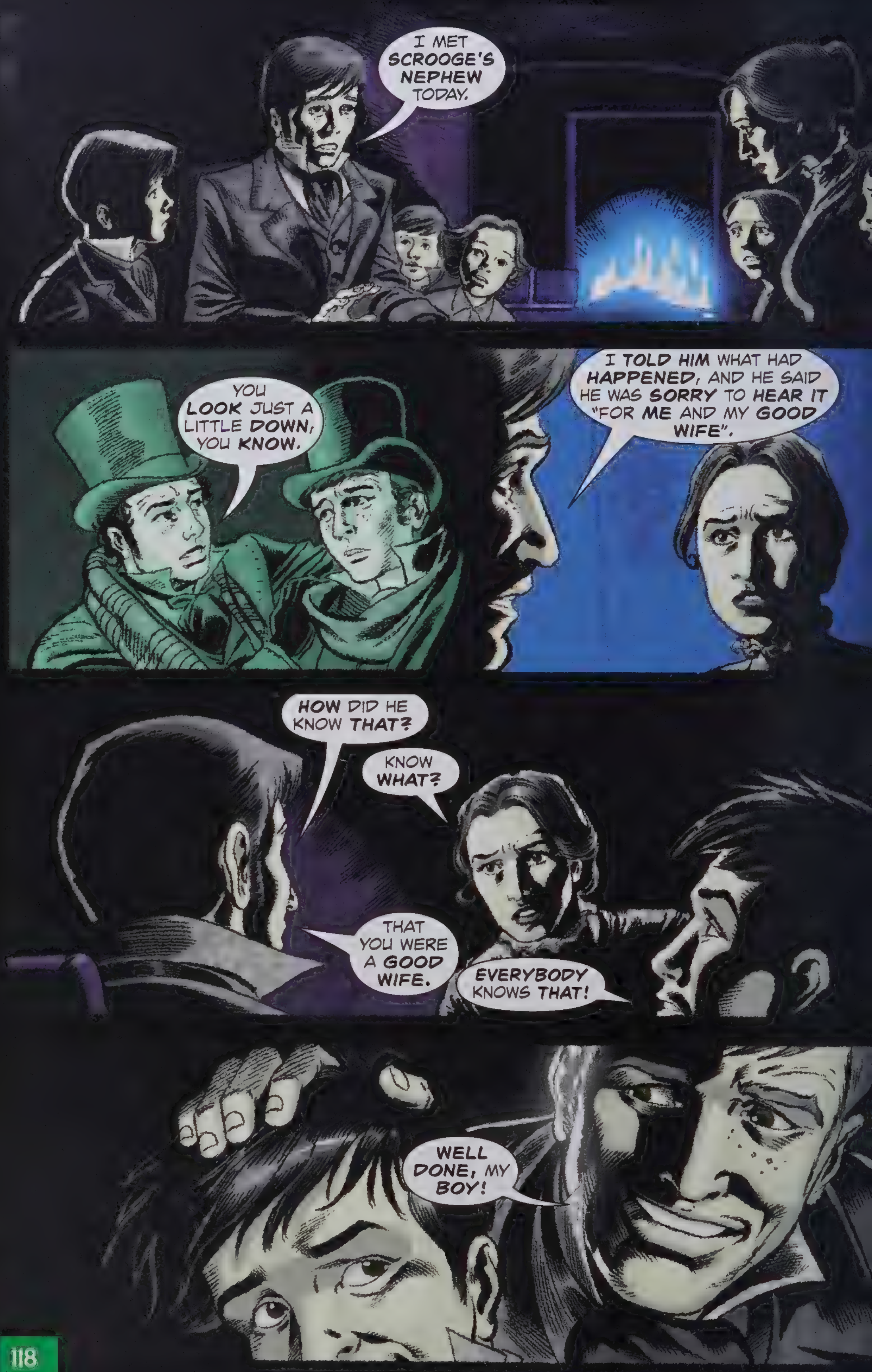

I DON'T KNOW, BUT WE'LL BE ABLE TO PAY OFF THE DEBT BY THE TIME THAT'S SORTED OUT - AND IF NOT, THEY CAN'T BE ANY WORSE THAN HE WAS.
WE CAN SLEEP SOUNDLY TONIGHT!
THE ONLY EMOTION THAT THE GHOST COULD SHOW HIM WAS ONE OF PLEASURE.
LET ME SEE SOME TENDERNESS CONNECTED WITH A DEATH, SPIRIT.
THE GHOST TOOK HIM THROUGH SEVERAL FAMILIAR STREETS. STILL SCROOGE DID NOT SEE HIMSELF.

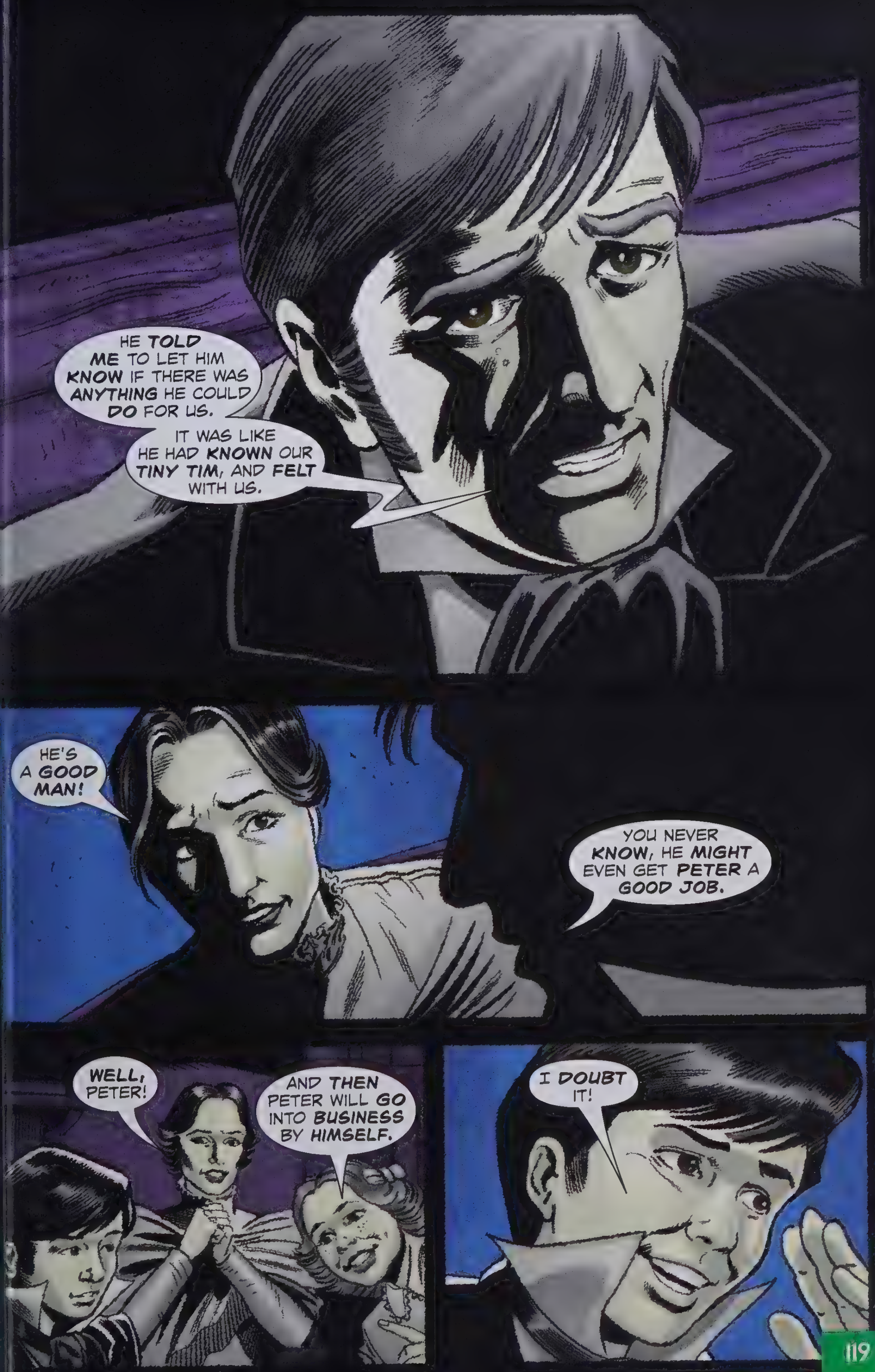

THEY ENTERED BOB CRATCHIT'S HOUSE, ALL WAS QUIET.
"And He took a child, and set him in the midst of them."
WHERE DID THOSE WORDS COME FROM?
MY EYES ARE SORE.
I DON'T WANT YOUR FATHER TO SEE MY EYES LIKE THIS. HE'LL BE BACK SOON.
HE'S LATE.
HE WALKS SLOWER THAN HE USED TO.

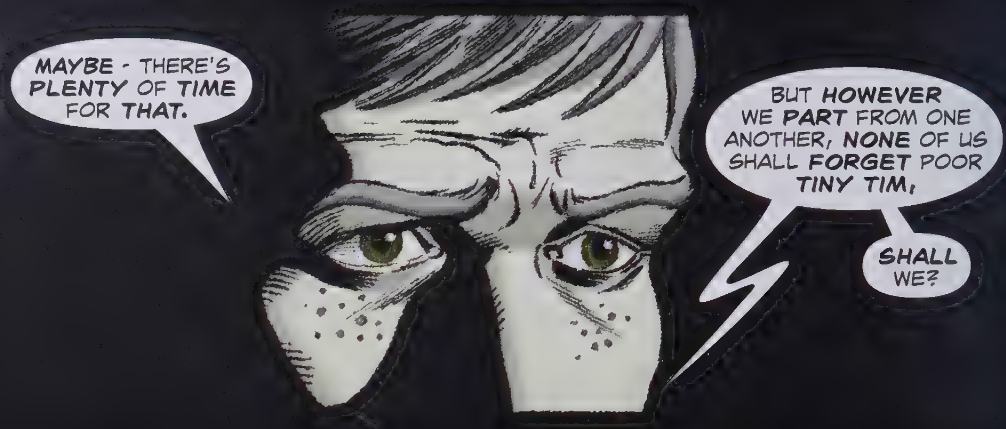

I HAVE KNOWN HIM WALK VERY FAST WITH --
-- TINY TIM --
-- UPON HIS SHOULDERS.
SO HAVE I.
BUT HE WAS SO LIGHT - AND HIS FATHER LOVED HIM SO MUCH.
HE'S HOME.
DON'T BE UNHAPPY, FATHER.
DON'T BE SAD!

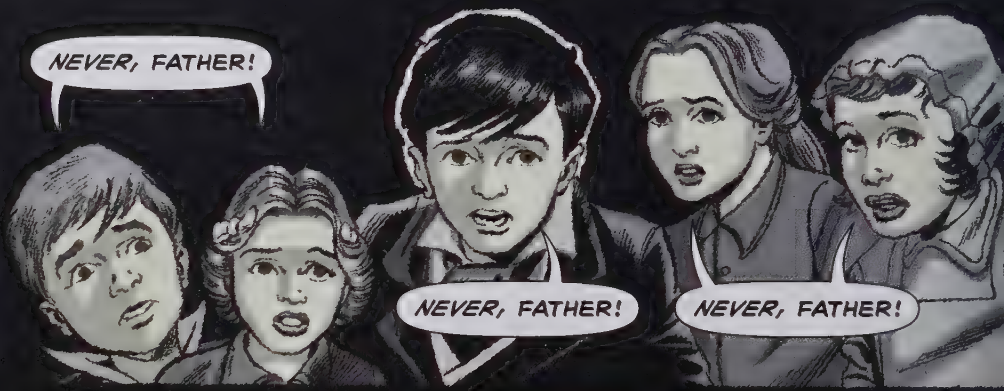

YOU WILL BE FINISHED BEFORE SUNDAY, THEN.
SUNDAY!
YOU WENT TODAY THEN, ROBERT?
YES, MY DEAR. I PROMISED HIM THAT I WOULD WALK THERE EVERY SUNDAY.
MY LITTLE CHILD!
MY LITTLE CHILD!

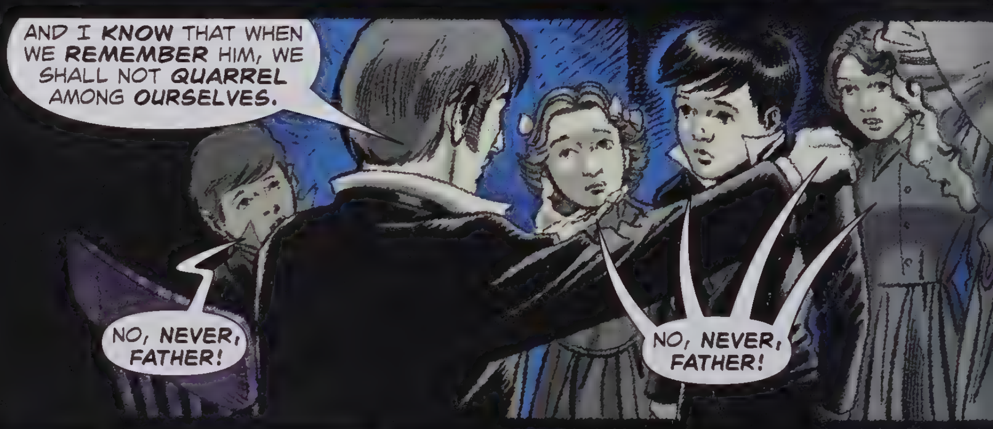


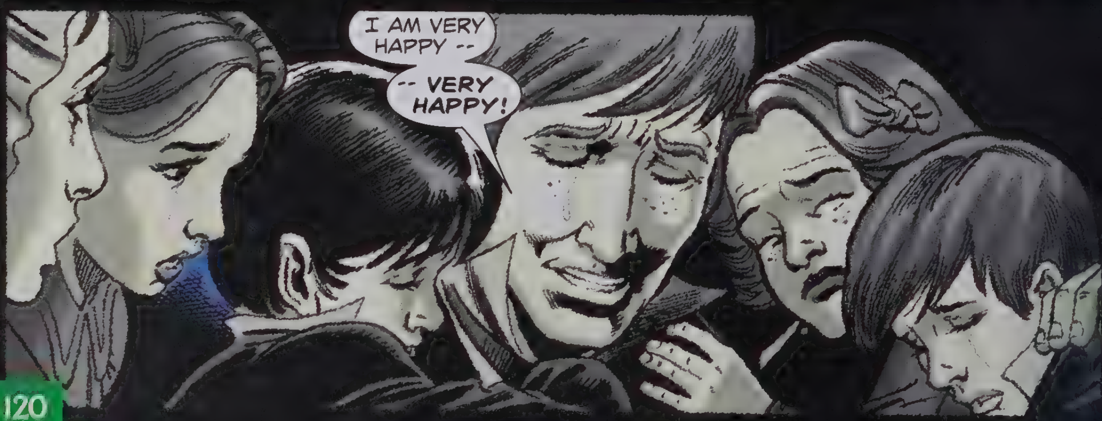

I MET SCROOGE'S NEPHEW TODAY.
YOU LOOK JUST A LITTLE DOWN, YOU KNOW.
I TOLD HIM WHAT HAD HAPPENED, AND HE SAID HE WAS SORRY TO HEAR IT "FOR ME AND MY GOOD WIFE".
HOW DID HE KNOW THAT?
KNOW WHAT?
THAT YOU WERE A GOOD WIFE.
EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT!
WELL DONE, MY BOY!

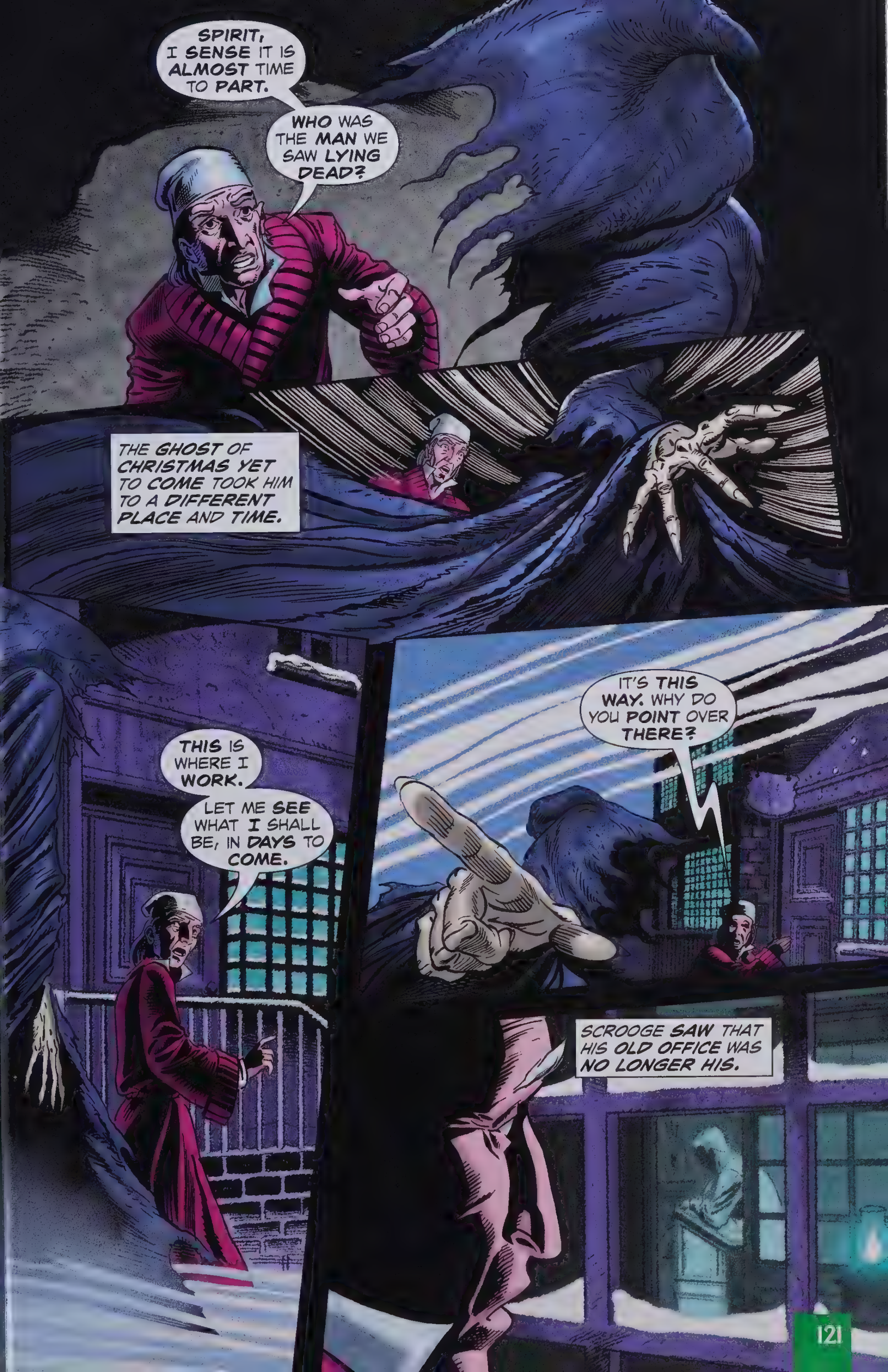

HE TOLD ME TO LET HIM KNOW IF THERE WAS ANYTHING HE COULD DO FOR US.
IT WAS LIKE HE HAD KNOWN OUR TINY TIM, AND FELT WITH US.
HE'S A GOOD MAN!
YOU NEVER KNOW, HE MIGHT EVEN GET PETER A GOOD JOB.
WELL, PETER!
AND THEN PETER WILL GO INTO BUSINESS BY HIMSELF.
I DOUBT IT!

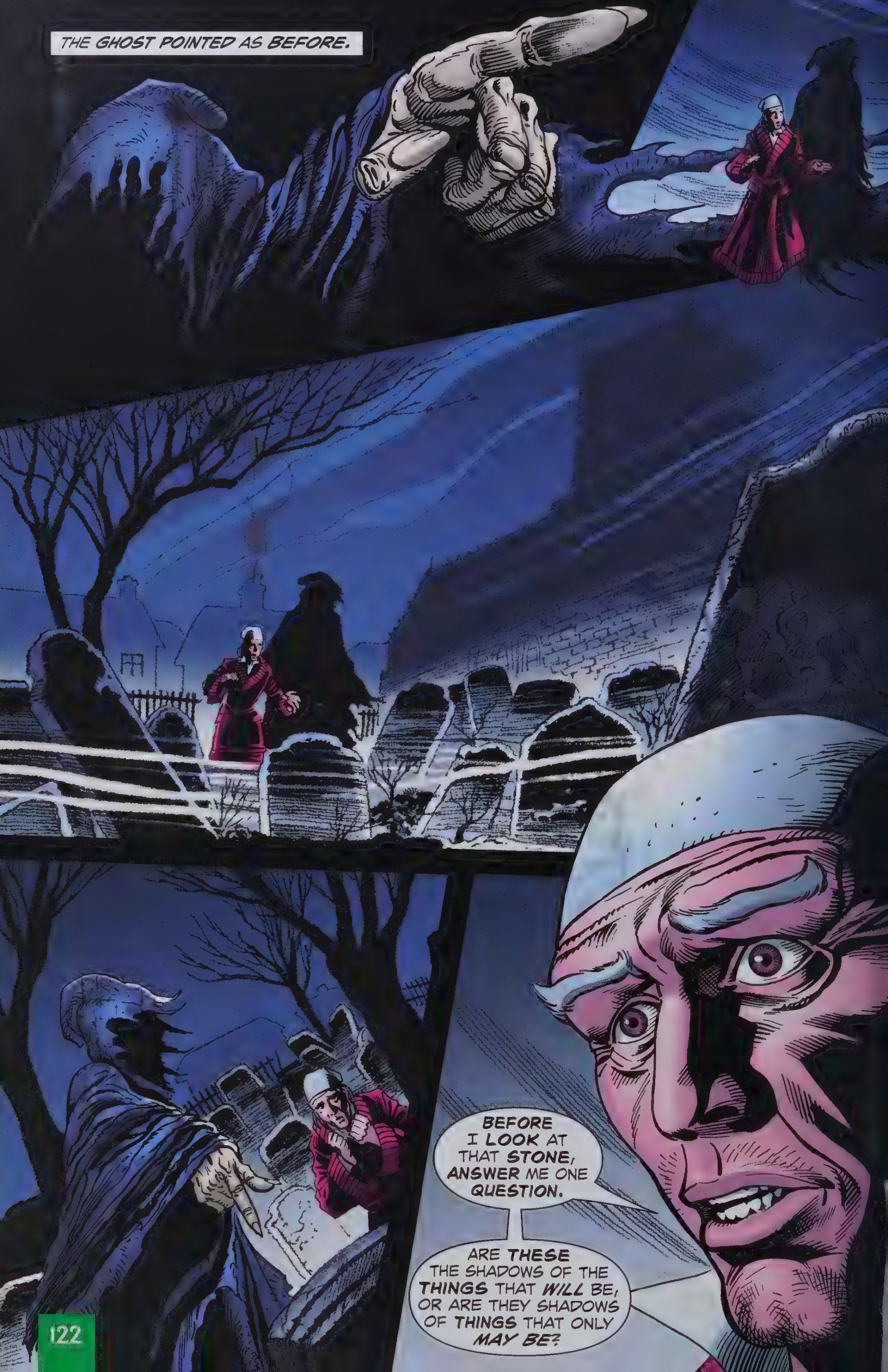

MAYBE - THERE'S PLENTY OF TIME FOR THAT.
BUT HOWEVER WE PART FROM ONE ANOTHER, NONE OF US SHALL FORGET POOR TINY TIM,
SHALL WE?

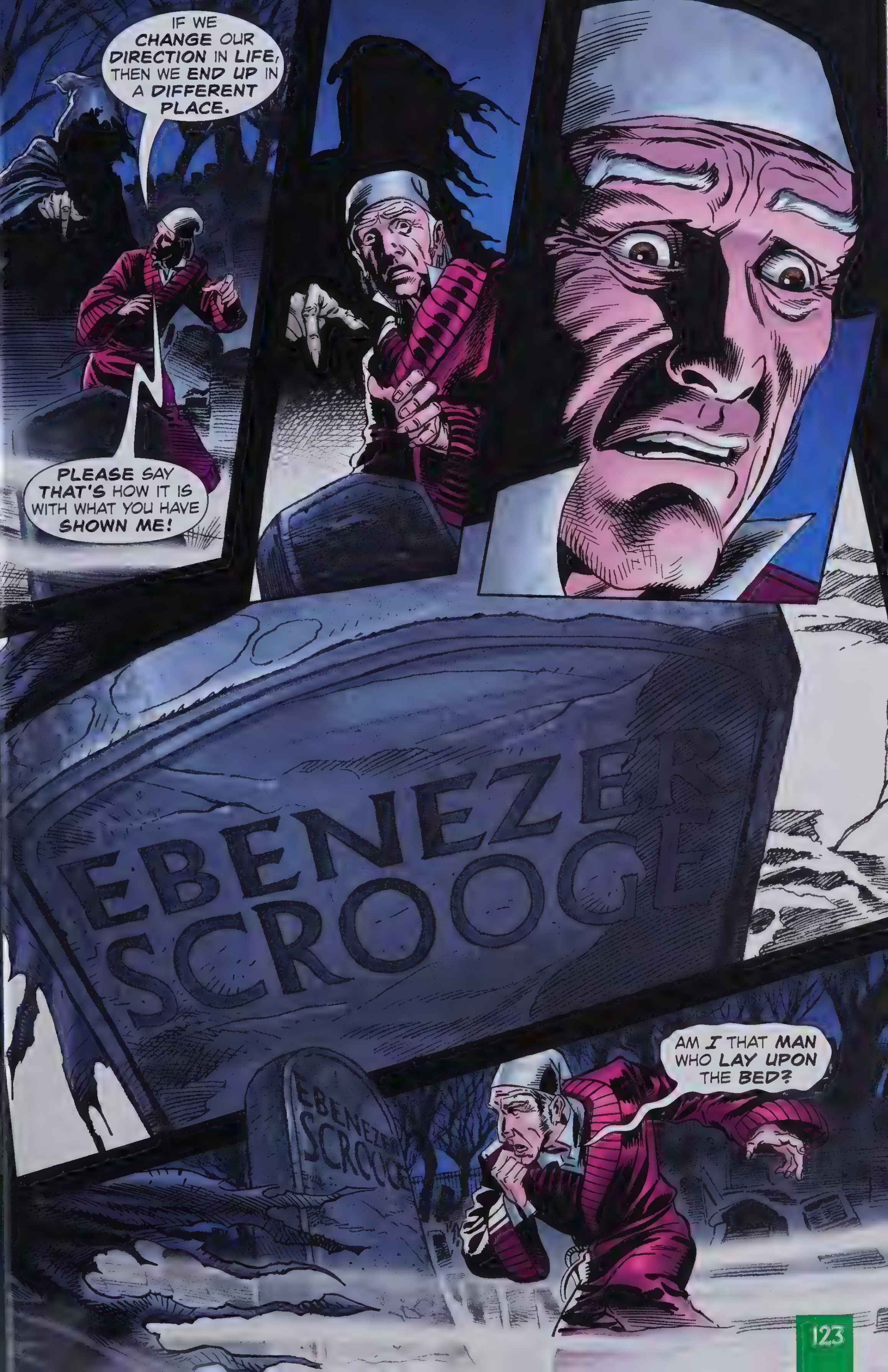

NEVER, FATHER!
NEVER, FATHER!
NEVER, FATHER!

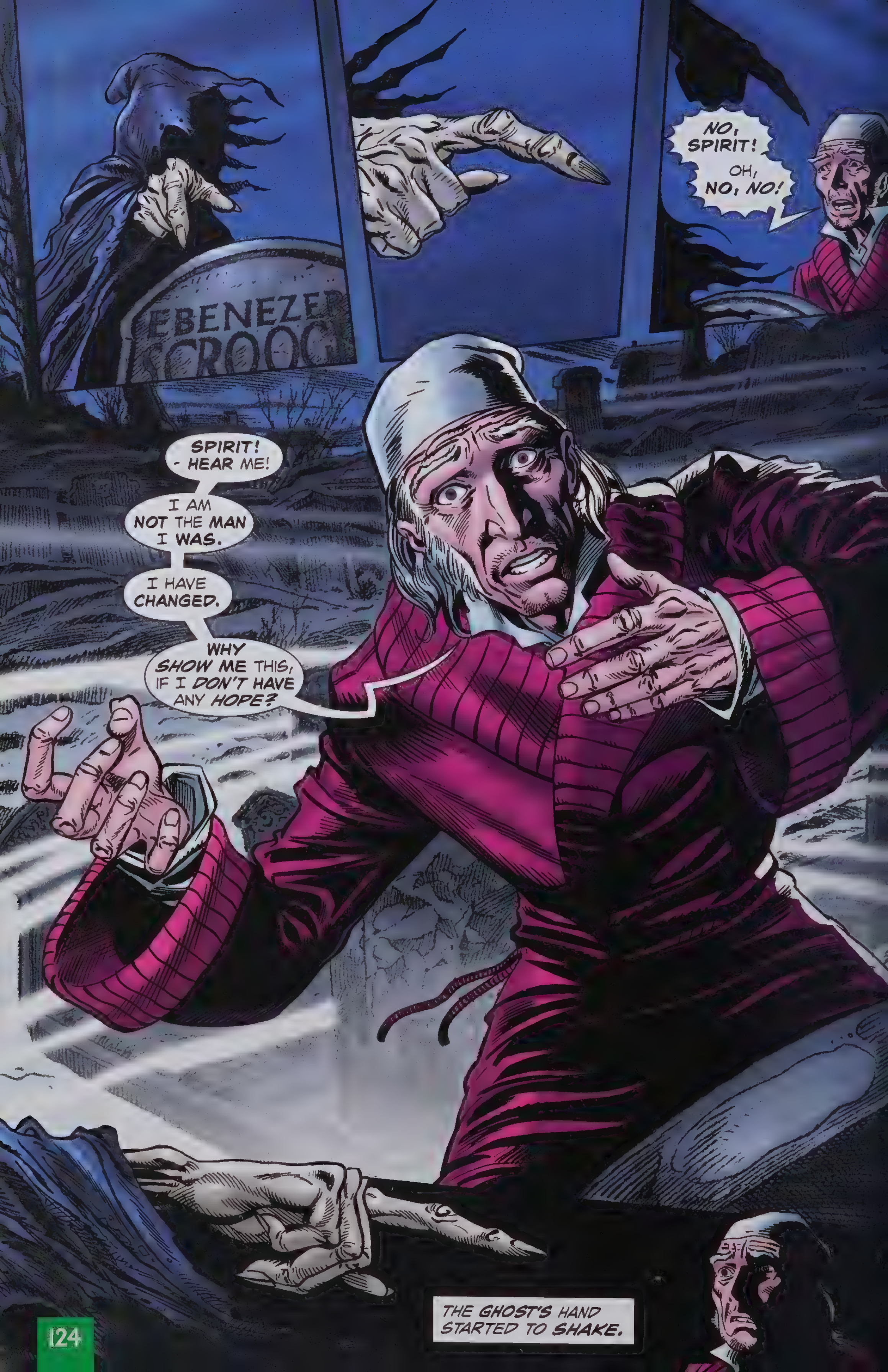

AND I KNOW THAT WHEN WE REMEMBER HIM, WE SHALL NOT QUARREL AMONG OURSELVES.
NO, NEVER, FATHER!
NO, NEVER, FATHER!

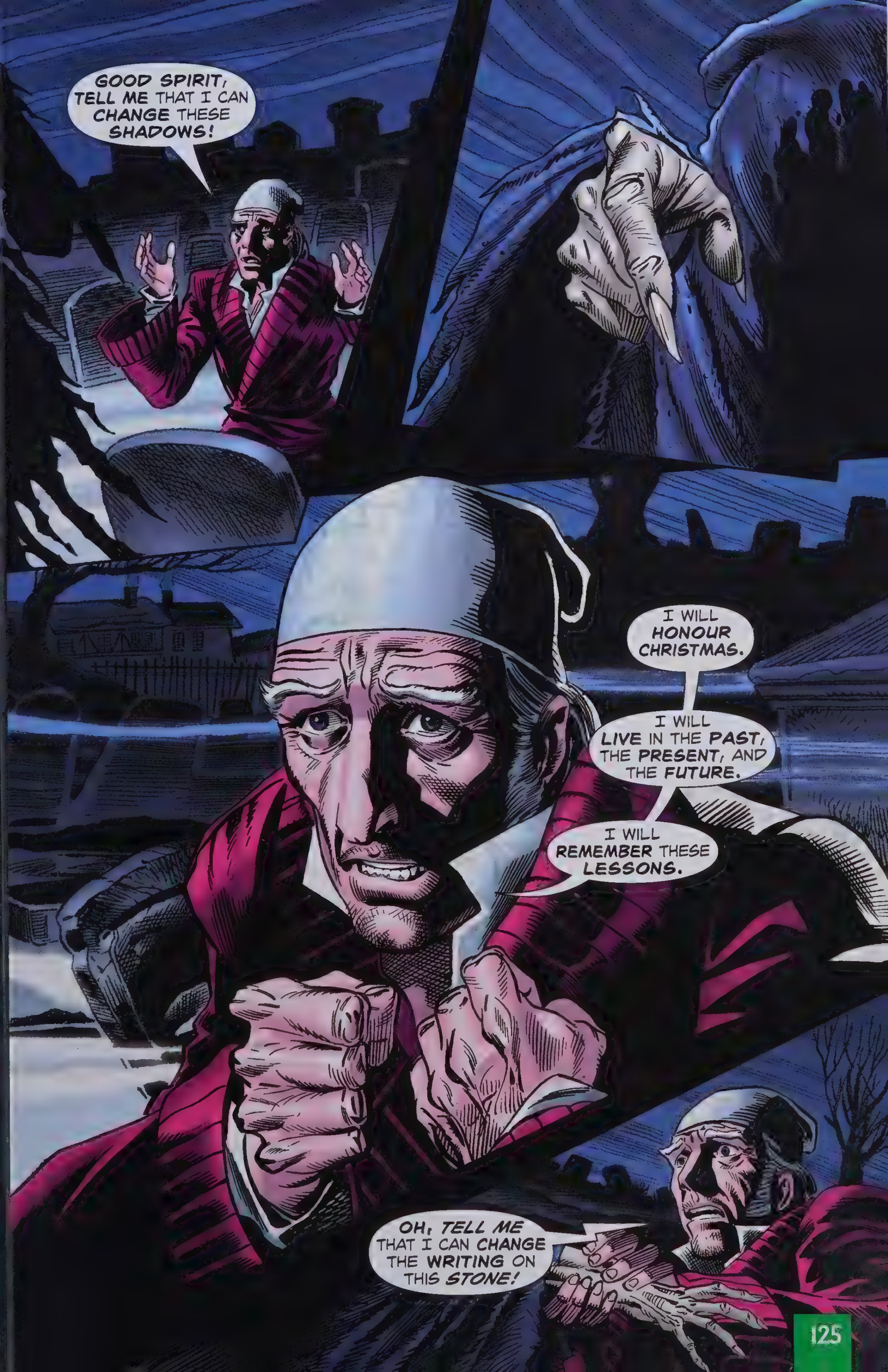

I AM VERY HAPPY --
-- VERY HAPPY!

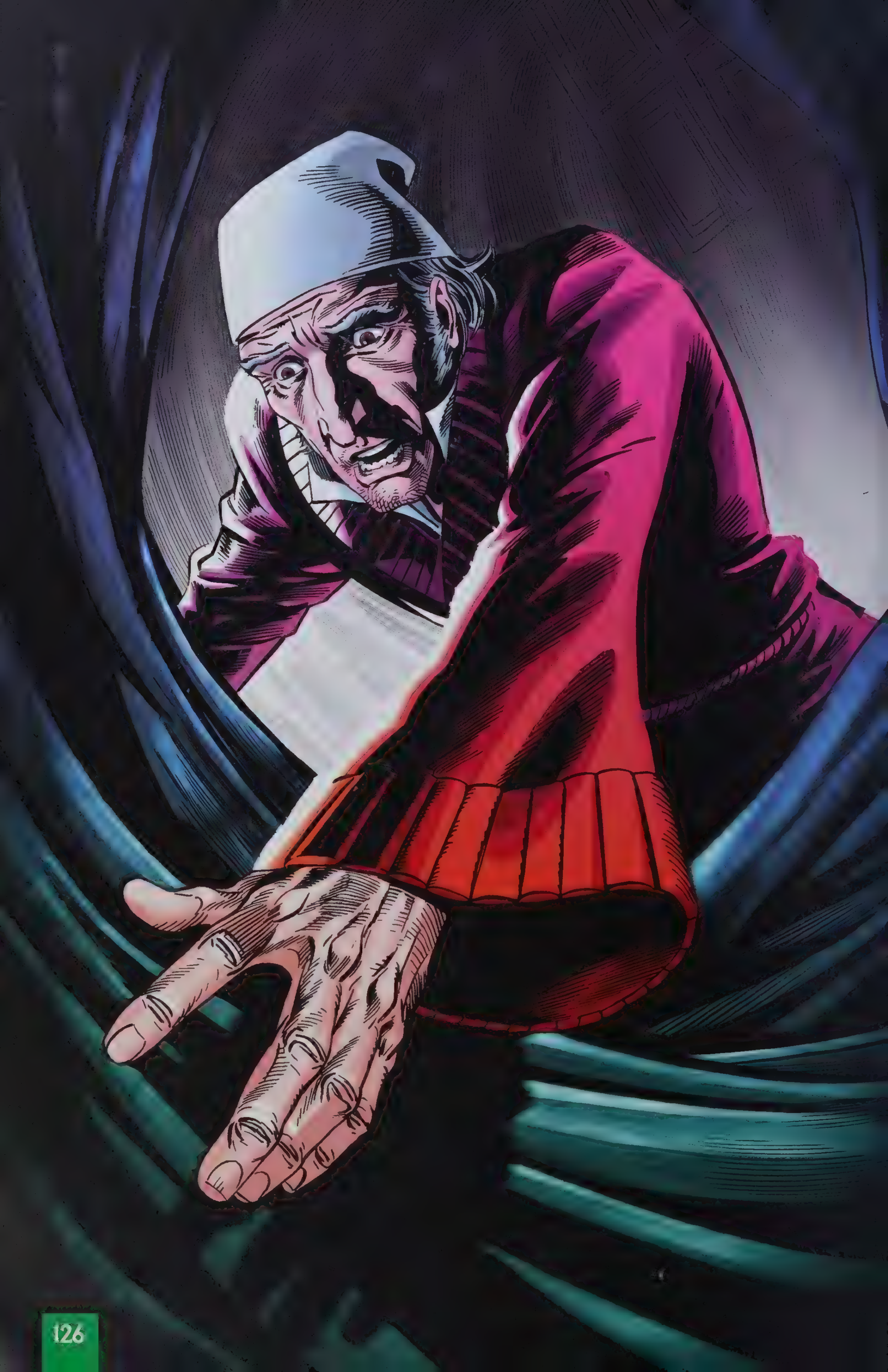

SPIRIT, I SENSE IT IS ALMOST TIME TO PART.
WHO WAS THE MAN WE SAW LYING DEAD?
THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS YET TO COME TOOK HIM TO A DIFFERENT PLACE AND TIME.
THIS IS WHERE I WORK.
LET ME SEE WHAT I SHALL BE, IN DAYS TO COME.
IT'S THIS WAY. WHY DO YOU POINT OVER THERE?
SCROOGE SAW THAT HIS OLD OFFICE WAS NO LONGER HIS.

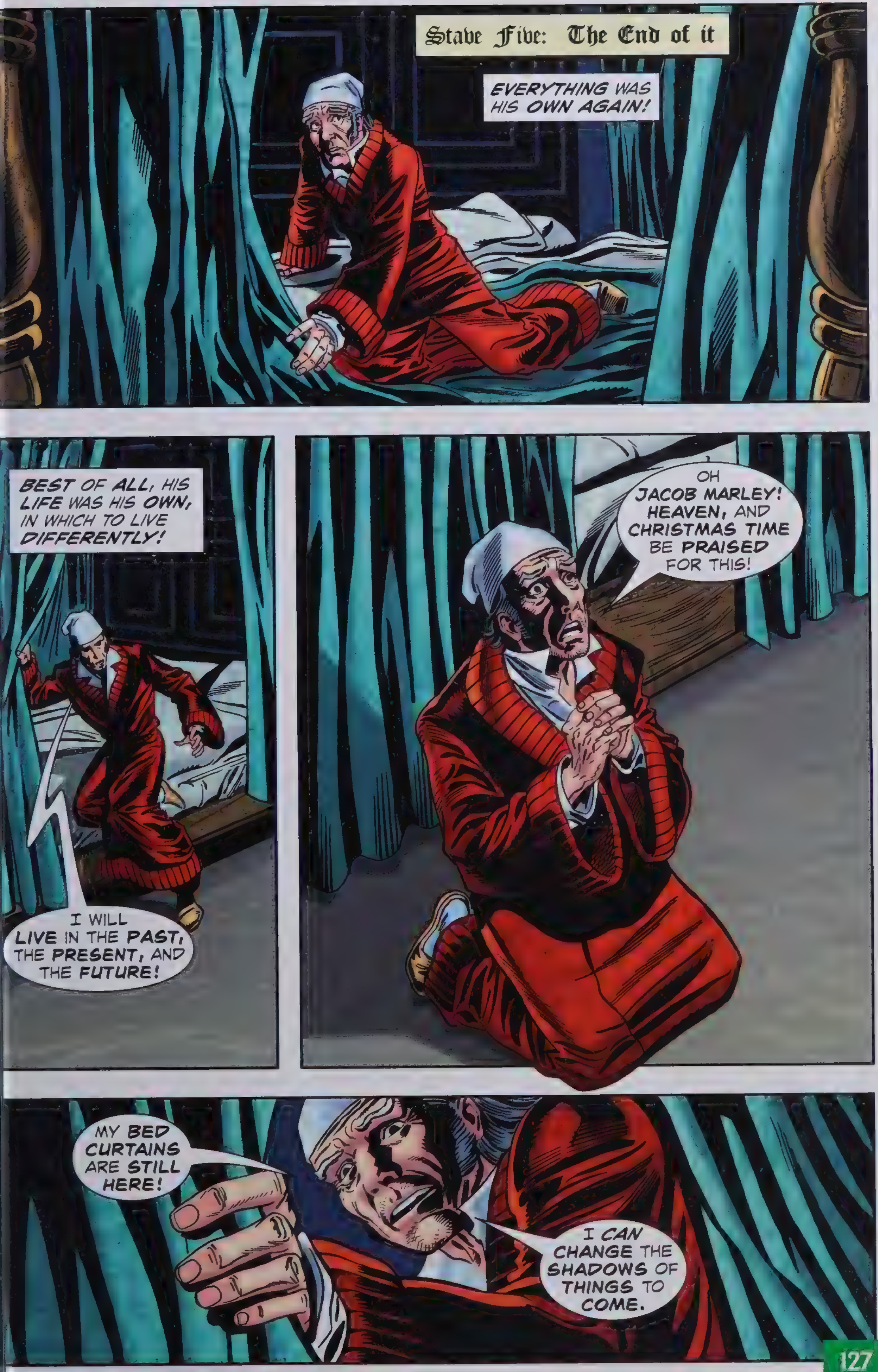

THE GHOST POINTED AS BEFORE.
BEFORE I LOOK AT THAT STONE, ANSWER ME ONE QUESTION.
ARE THESE THE SHADOWS OF THE THINGS THAT WILL BE, OR ARE THEY SHADOWS OF THINGS THAT ONLY MAY BE?

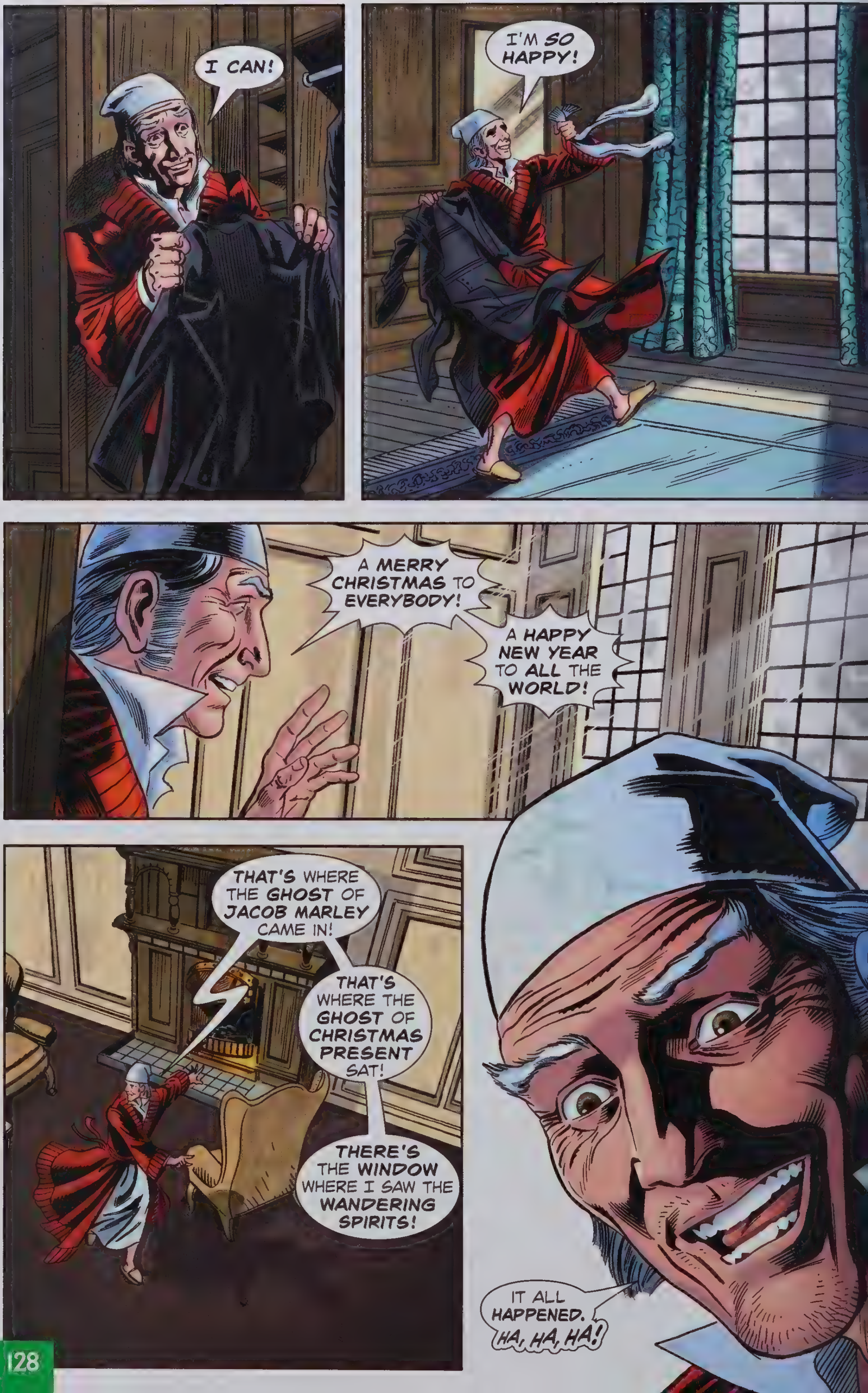

IF WE CHANGE OUR DIRECTION IN LIFE, THEN WE END UP IN A DIFFERENT PLACE.
PLEASE SAY THAT'S HOW IT IS WITH WHAT YOU HAVE SHOWN ME!
EBENEZER SCROOGE
EBENEZER SCROOGE
AM I THAT MAN WHO LAY UPON THE BED?

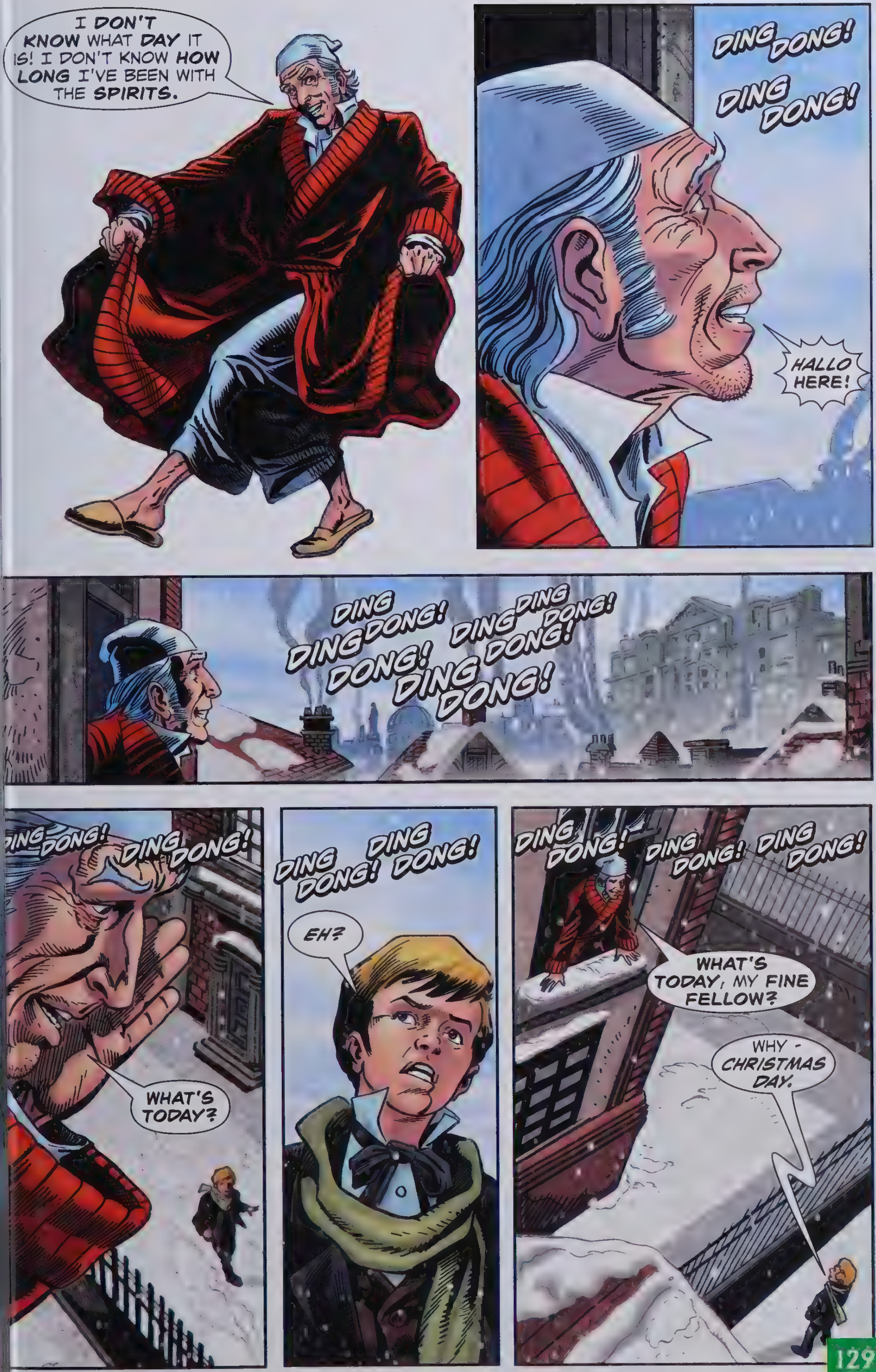

EBENEZER SCROOG
NO, SPIRIT! OH, NO, NO!
SPIRIT! - HEAR ME!
I AM NOT THE MAN I WAS.
I HAVE CHANGED.
WHY SHOW ME THIS, IF I DON'T HAVE ANY HOPE?
THE GHOST'S HAND STARTED TO SHAKE.

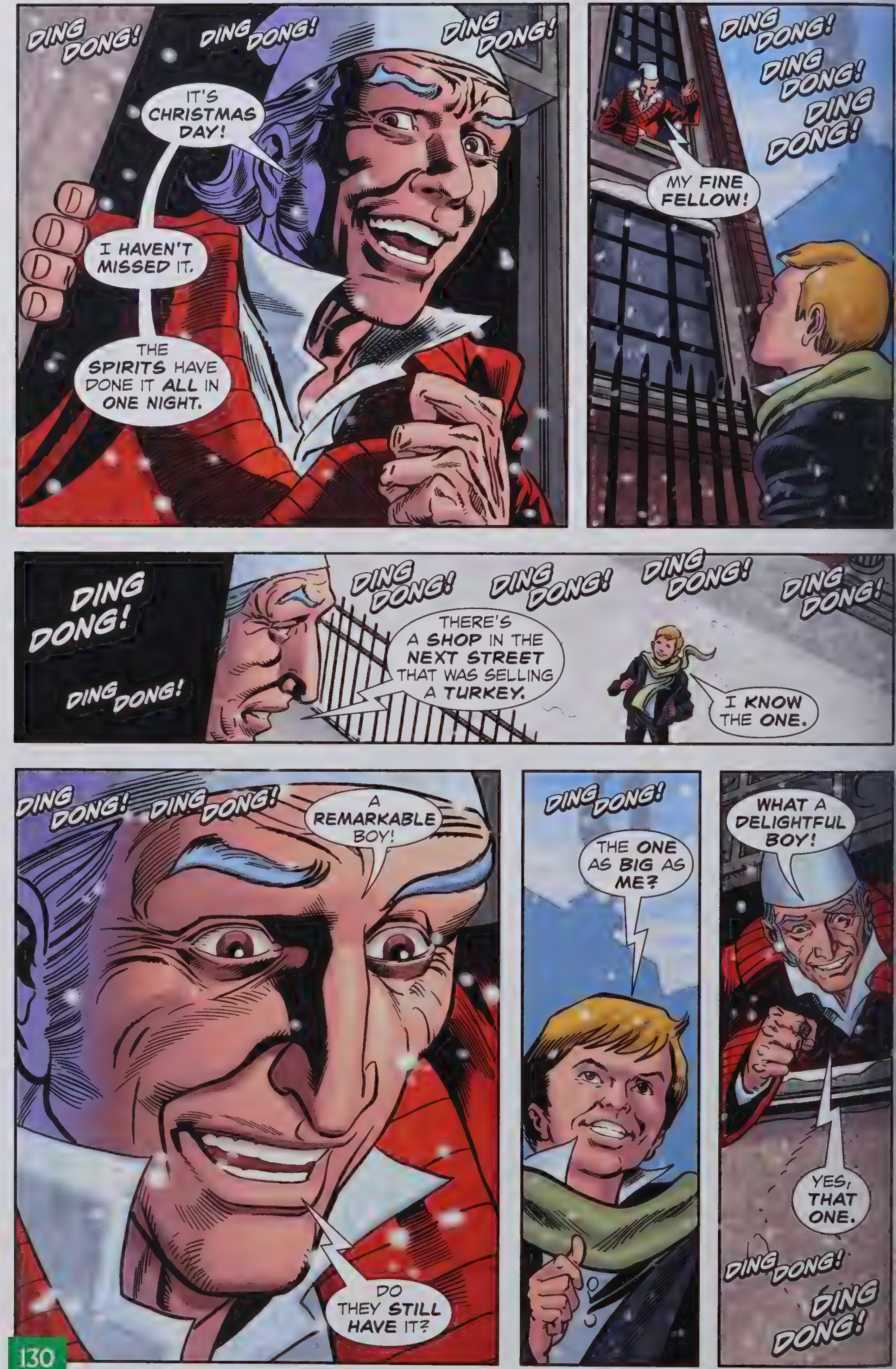

GOOD SPIRIT, TELL ME THAT I CAN CHANGE THESE SHADOWS!
I WILL HONOUR CHRISTMAS.
I WILL LIVE IN THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE.
I WILL REMEMBER THESE LESSONS.
OH, TELL ME THAT I CAN CHANGE THE WRITING ON THIS STONE!

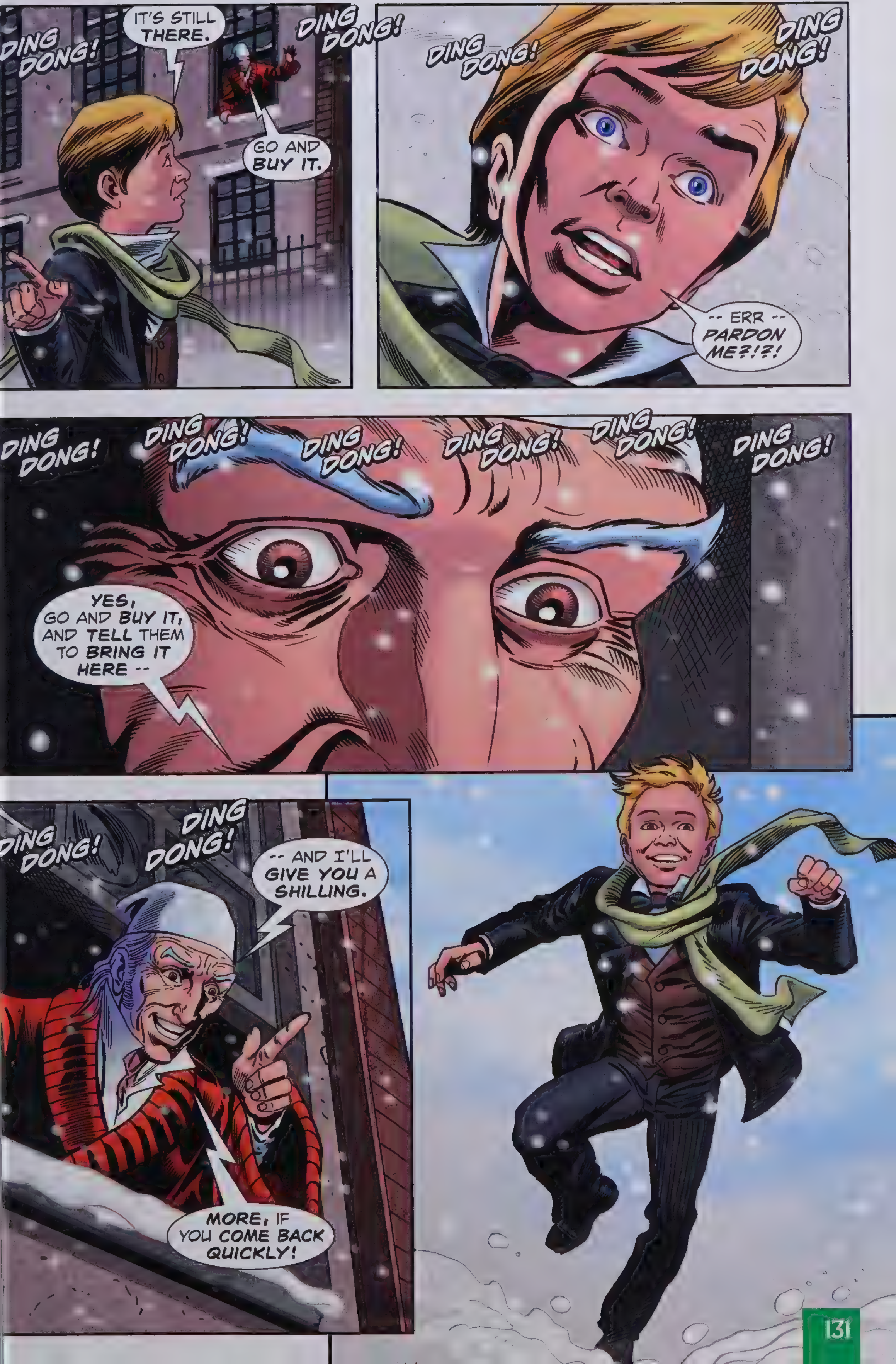


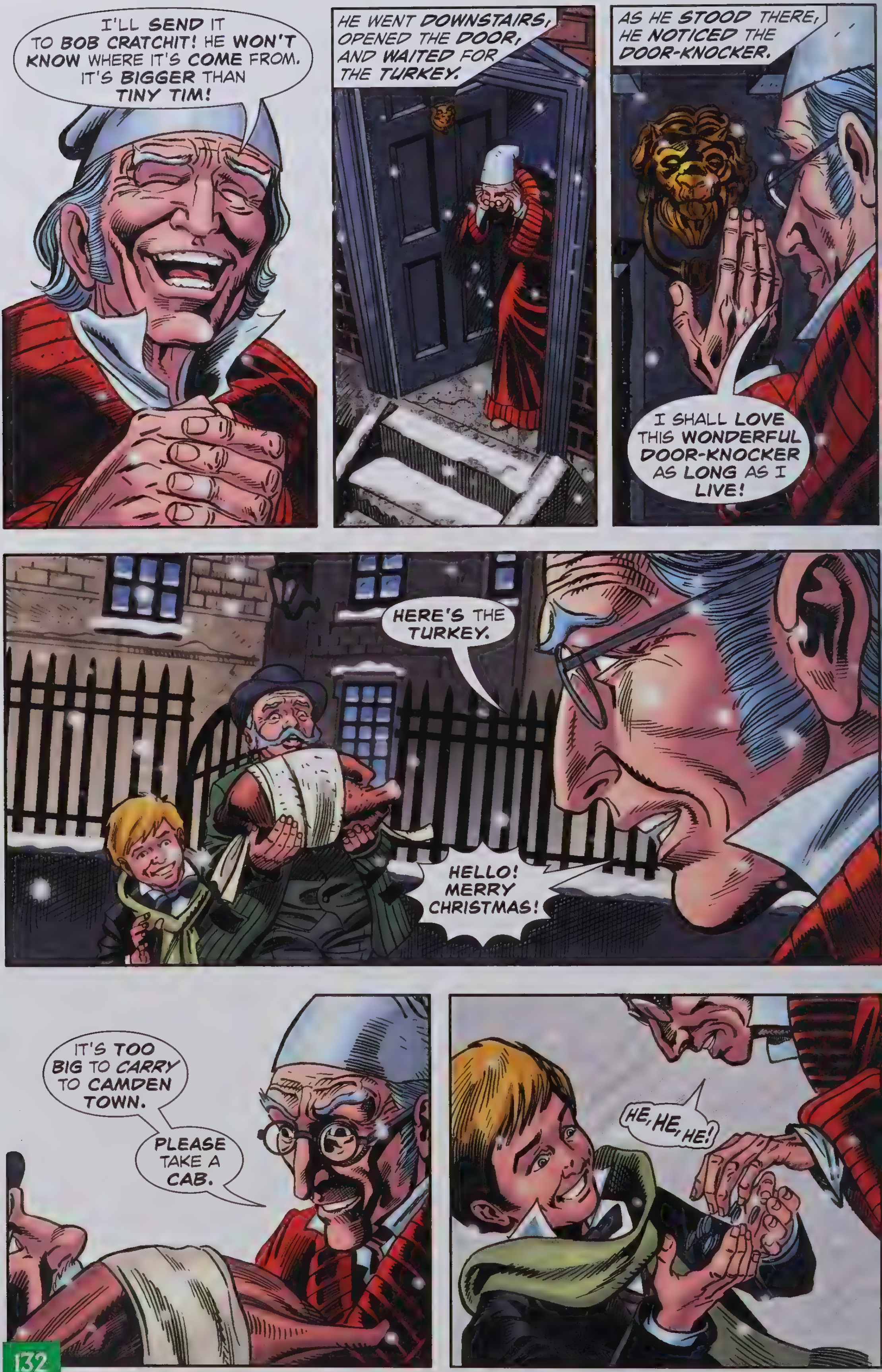

Stave Five: The End of it
EVERYTHING WAS HIS OWN AGAIN!
BEST OF ALL, HIS LIFE WAS HIS OWN, IN WHICH TO LIVE DIFFERENTLY!
I WILL LIVE IN THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE!
OH JACOB MARLEY! HEAVEN, AND CHRISTMAS TIME BE PRAISED FOR THIS!
MY BED CURTAINS ARE STILL HERE!
I CAN CHANGE THE SHADOWS OF THINGS TO COME.

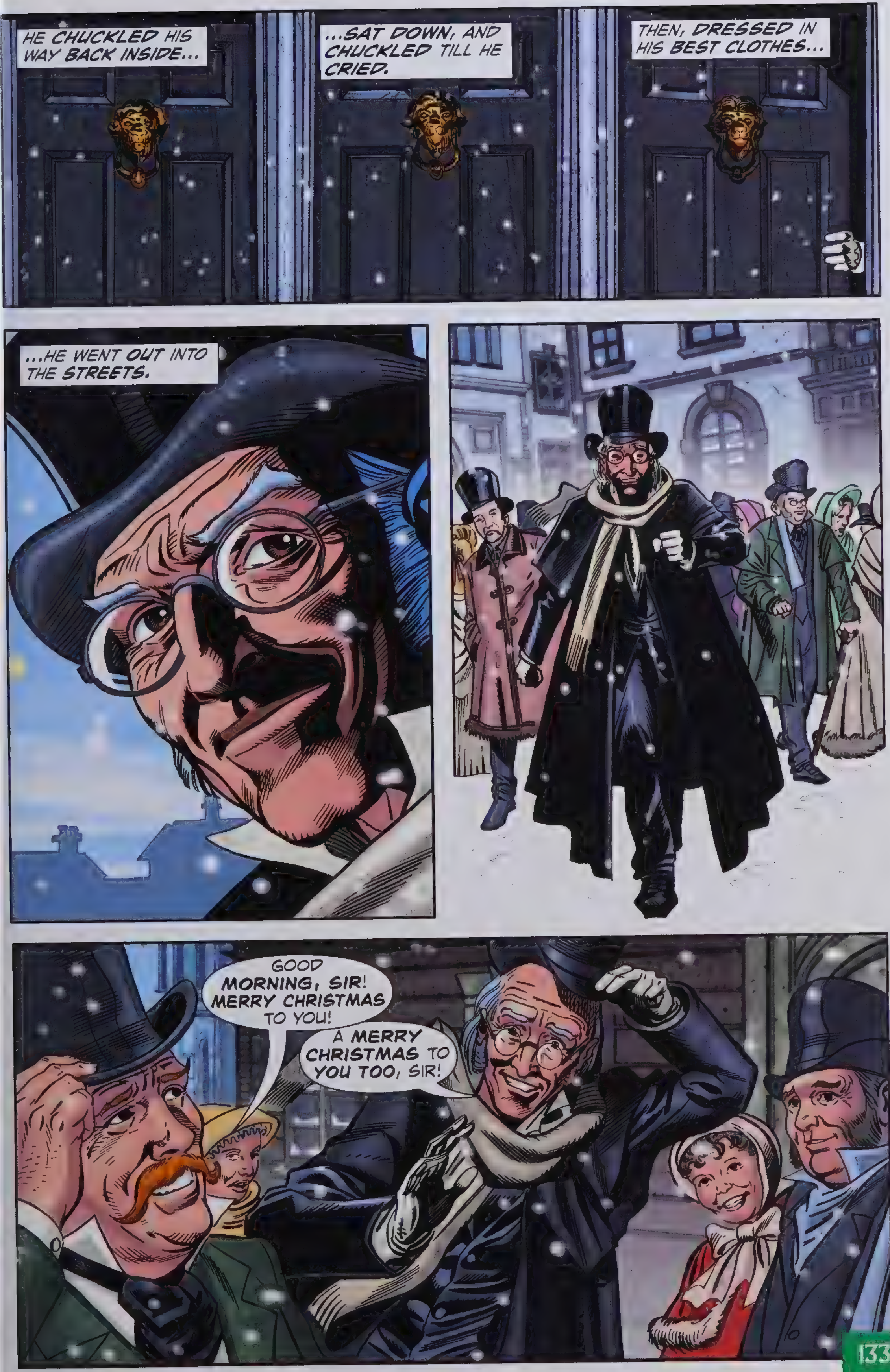

I CAN!
I'M SO HAPPY!
A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO EVERYBODY!
A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL THE WORLD!
THAT'S WHERE THE GHOST OF JACOB MARLEY CAME IN!
THAT'S WHERE THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT SAT!
THERE'S THE WINDOW WHERE I SAW THE WANDERING SPIRITS!
IT ALL HAPPENED. HA, HA, HA!

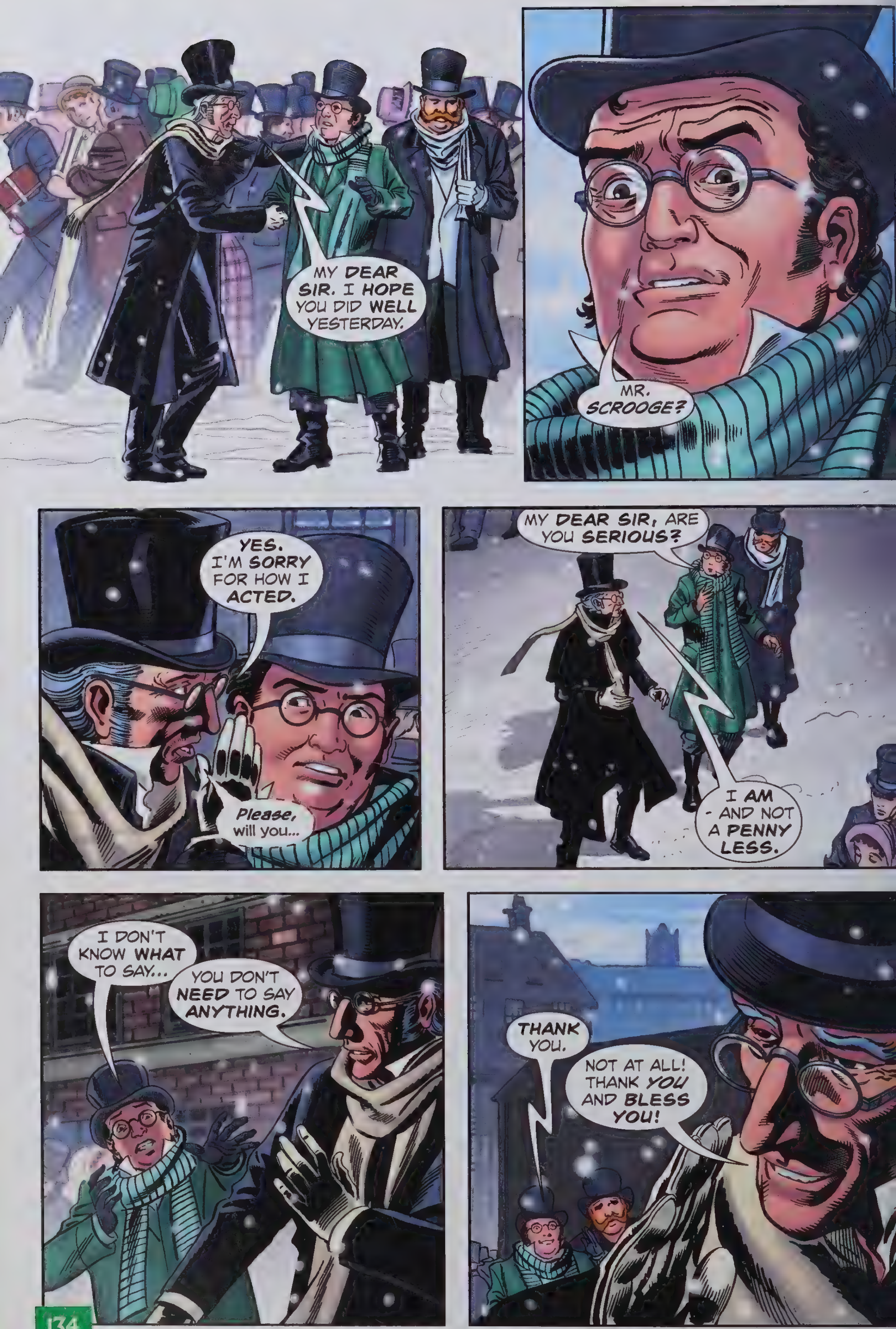

I DON'T KNOW WHAT DAY IT IS! I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I'VE BEEN WITH THE SPIRITS.
DING DONG!
DING DONG!
HALLO HERE!
DING DING DONG! DONG! DING DING DONG! DING DONG! DING DONG!
DING DONG! DING DONG!
WHAT'S TODAY?
DING DONG! DING DONG!
EH?
DING DONG! DING DONG! DING DONG!
WHAT'S TODAY, MY FINE FELLOW?
WHY - CHRISTMAS DAY.

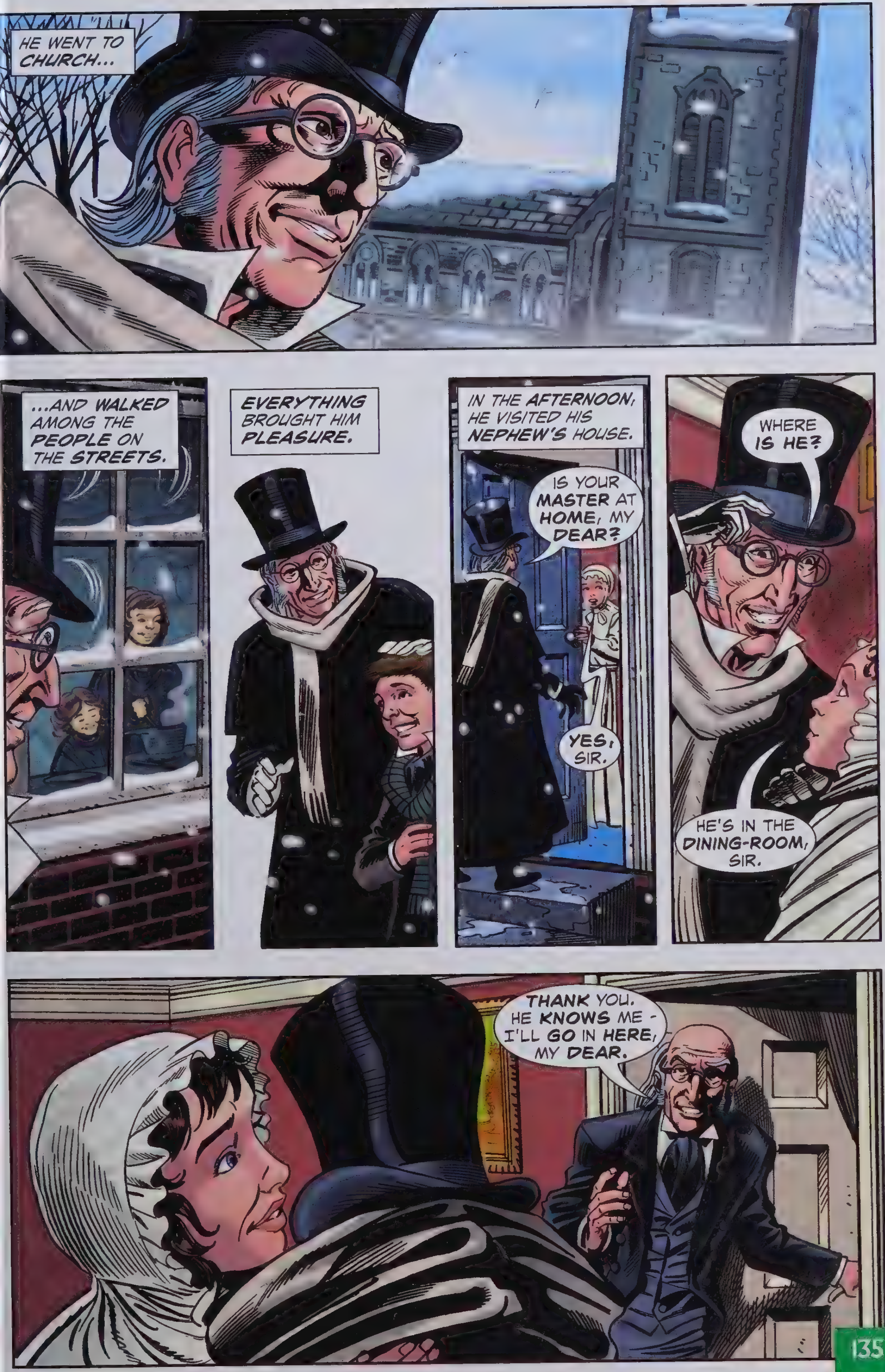

DING DONG! DING DONG! DING DONG!
IT'S CHRISTMAS DAY!
I HAVEN'T MISSED IT.
THE SPIRITS HAVE DONE IT ALL IN ONE NIGHT.
DING DONG! DING DONG! DING DONG!
MY FINE FELLOW!
DING DONG! DING DONG! DING DONG! DING DONG! DING DONG! DING DONG!
THERE'S A SHOP IN THE NEXT STREET THAT WAS SELLING A TURKEY.
I KNOW THE ONE.
DING DONG! DING DONG!
A REMARKABLE BOY!
DO THEY STILL HAVE IT?
DING DONG!
THE ONE AS BIG AS ME?
WHAT A DELIGHTFUL BOY!
YES, THAT ONE.
DING DONG! DING DONG!

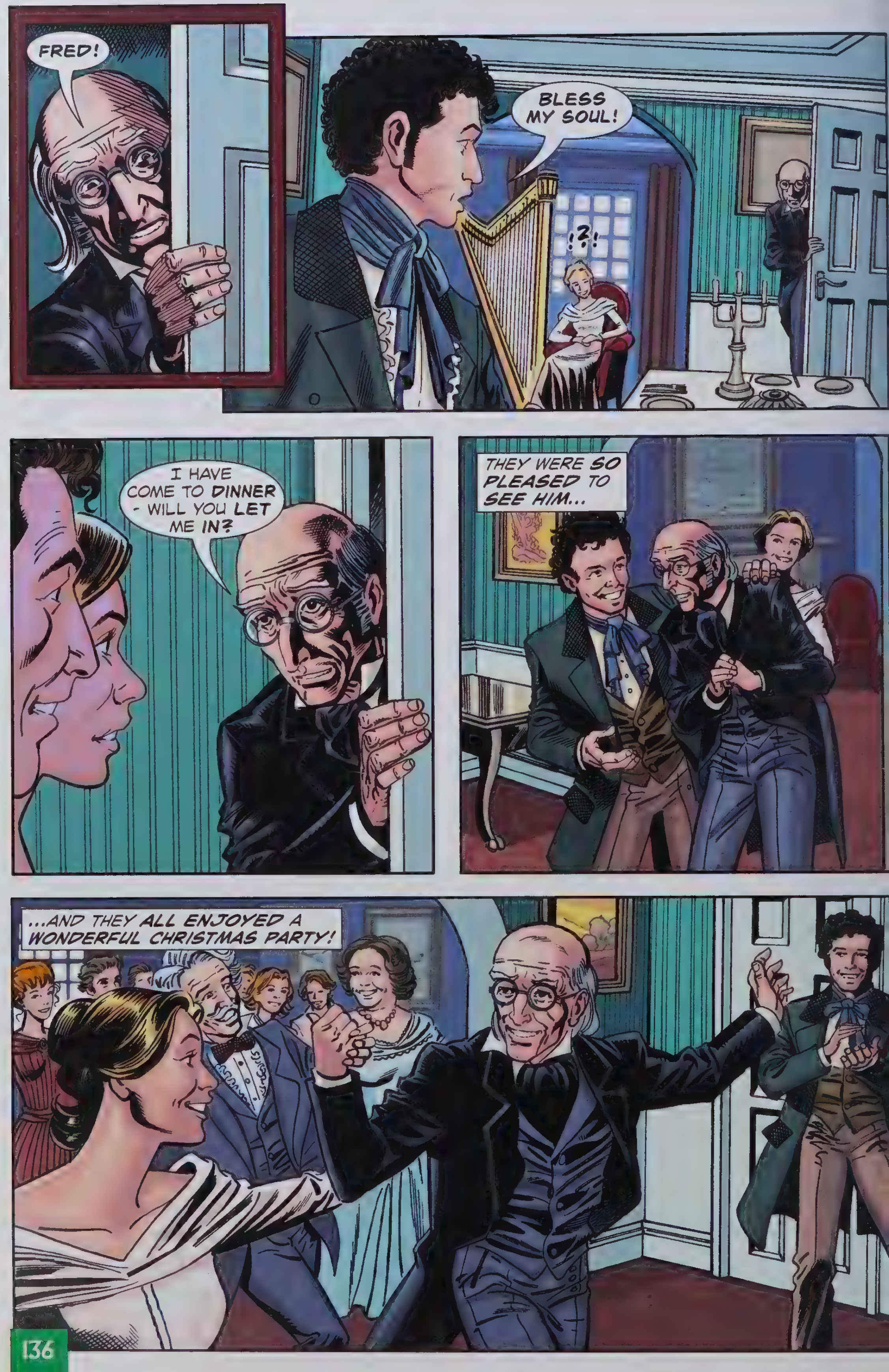

DING DONG!
IT'S STILL THERE.
DING DONG!
GO AND BUY IT.
DING DONG!
DING DONG!
-- ERR -- PARDON ME?!?!
DING DONG!
DING DONG!
DING DONG!
DING DONG!
DING DONG!
DING DONG!
YES, GO AND BUY IT, AND TELL THEM TO BRING IT HERE --
DING DONG!
DING DONG!
-- AND I'LL GIVE YOU A SHILLING.
MORE, IF YOU COME BACK QUICKLY!

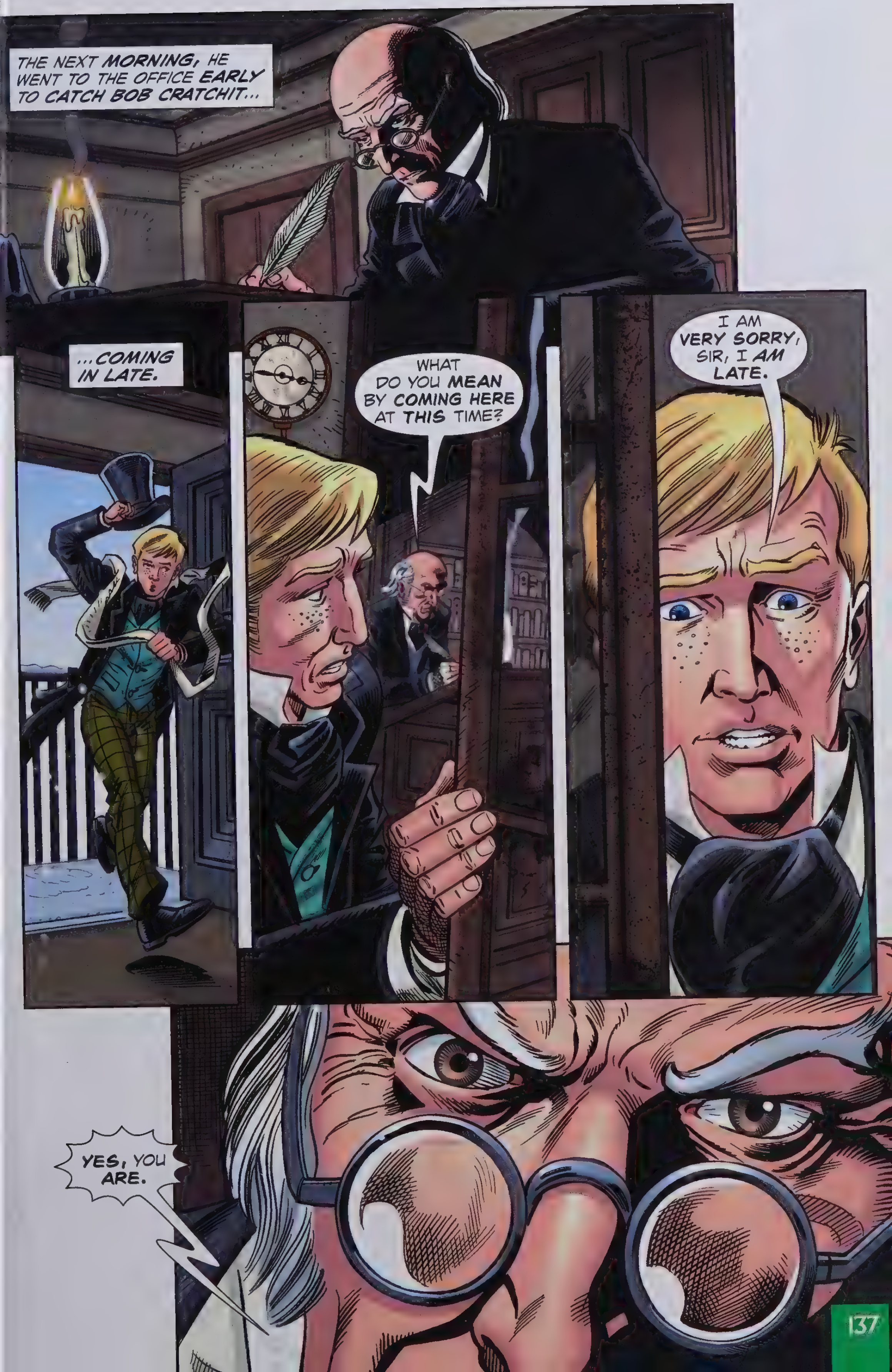

I'LL SEND IT TO BOB CRATCHIT! HE WON'T KNOW WHERE IT'S COME FROM. IT'S BIGGER THAN TINY TIM!
HE WENT DOWNSTAIRS, OPENED THE DOOR, AND WAITED FOR THE TURKEY.
AS HE STOOD THERE, HE NOTICED THE DOOR-KNOCKER.
I SHALL LOVE THIS WONDERFUL DOOR-KNOCKER AS LONG AS I LIVE!
HERE'S THE TURKEY.
HELLO! MERRY CHRISTMAS!
IT'S TOO BIG TO CARRY TO CAMDEN TOWN.
PLEASE TAKE A CAB.
HE, HE, HE!

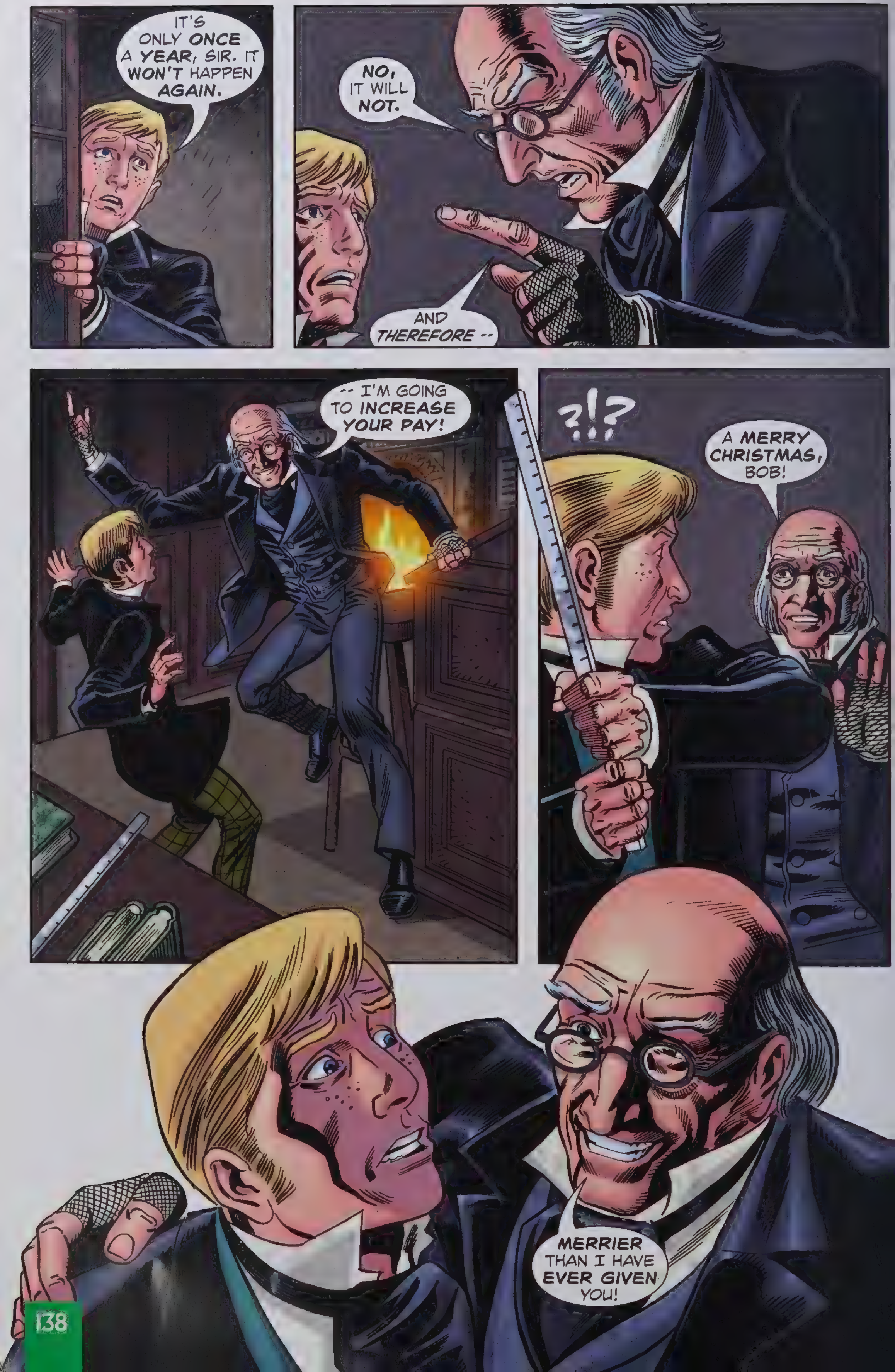

HE CHUCKLED HIS WAY BACK INSIDE...
...SAT DOWN, AND CHUCKLED TILL HE CRIED.
THEN, DRESSED IN HIS BEST CLOTHES...
...HE WENT OUT INTO THE STREETS.
GOOD MORNING, SIR! MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU!
A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU TOO, SIR!

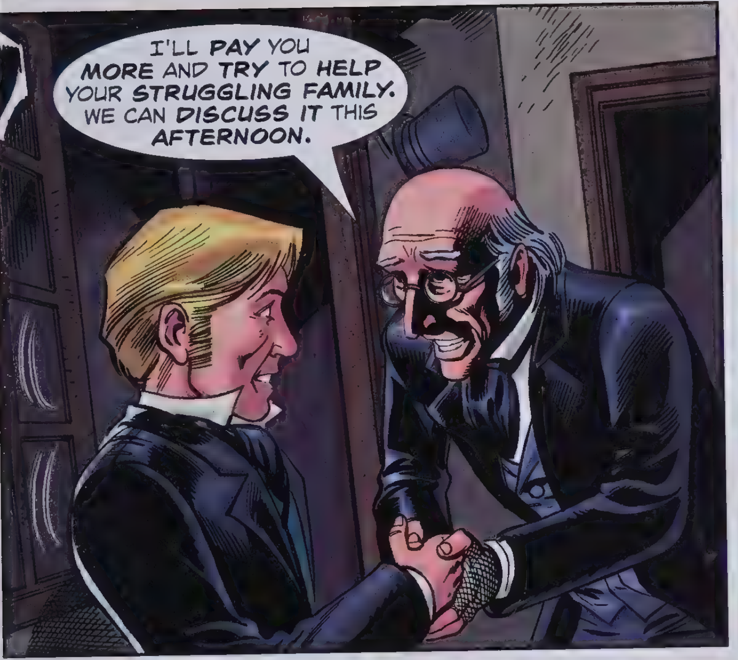

MY DEAR SIR. I HOPE YOU DID WELL YESTERDAY.
MR. SCROOGE?
YES. I'M SORRY FOR HOW I ACTED.
Please, will you...
MY DEAR SIR, ARE YOU SERIOUS?
I AM - AND NOT A PENNY LESS.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY...
YOU DON'T NEED TO SAY ANYTHING.
THANK YOU.
NOT AT ALL! THANK YOU AND BLESS YOU!

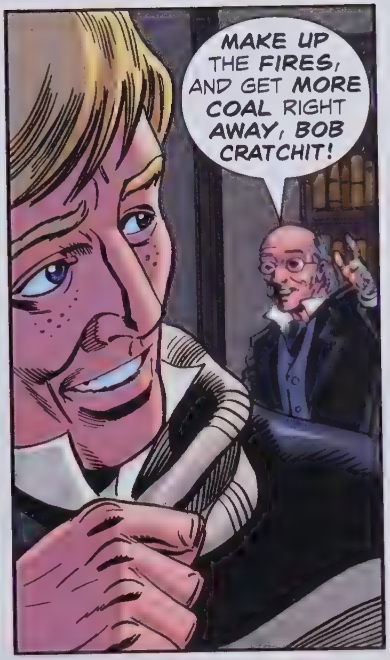

HE WENT TO CHURCH...
...AND WALKED AMONG THE PEOPLE ON THE STREETS.
EVERYTHING BROUGHT HIM PLEASURE.
IN THE AFTERNOON, HE VISITED HIS NEPHEW'S HOUSE.
IS YOUR MASTER AT HOME, MY DEAR?
YES, SIR.
WHERE IS HE?
HE'S IN THE DINING-ROOM, SIR.
THANK YOU. HE KNOWS ME - I'LL GO IN HERE, MY DEAR.

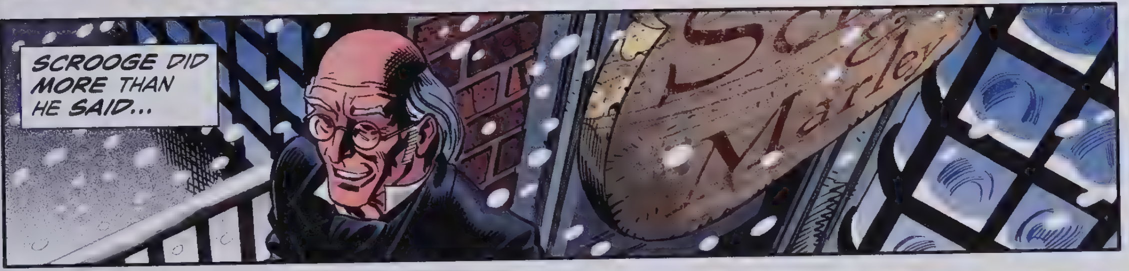

FRED!
BLESS MY SOUL!
!?!
I HAVE COME TO DINNER - WILL YOU LET ME IN?
THEY WERE SO PLEASED TO SEE HIM...
...AND THEY ALL ENJOYED A WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS PARTY!

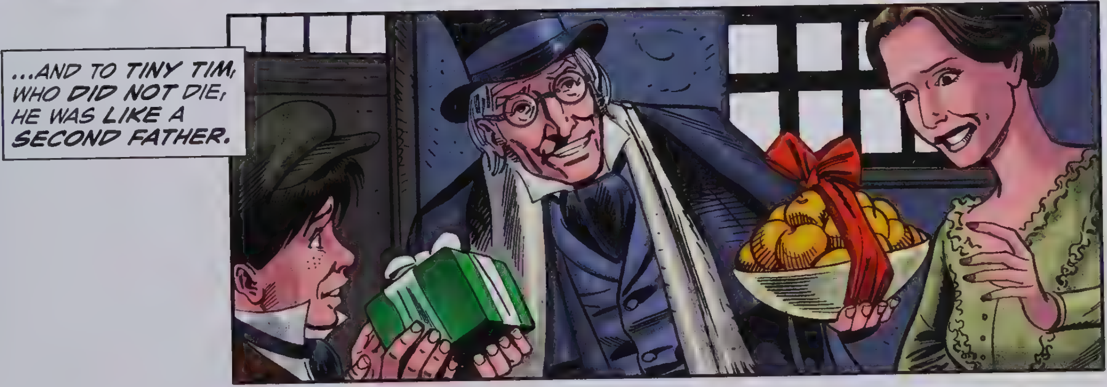

THE NEXT MORNING, HE WENT TO THE OFFICE EARLY TO CATCH BOB CRATCHIT...
...COMING IN LATE.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY COMING HERE AT THIS TIME?
I AM VERY SORRY, SIR, I AM LATE.
YES, YOU ARE.

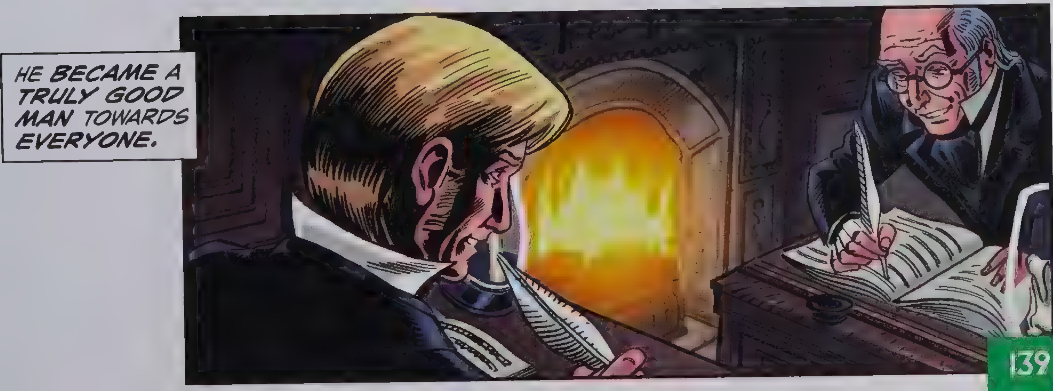

IT'S ONLY ONCE A YEAR, SIR. IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.
NO, IT WILL NOT.
AND THEREFORE --
-- I'M GOING TO INCREASE YOUR PAY!
?!?
A MERRY CHRISTMAS, BOB!
MERRIER THAN I HAVE EVER GIVEN YOU!

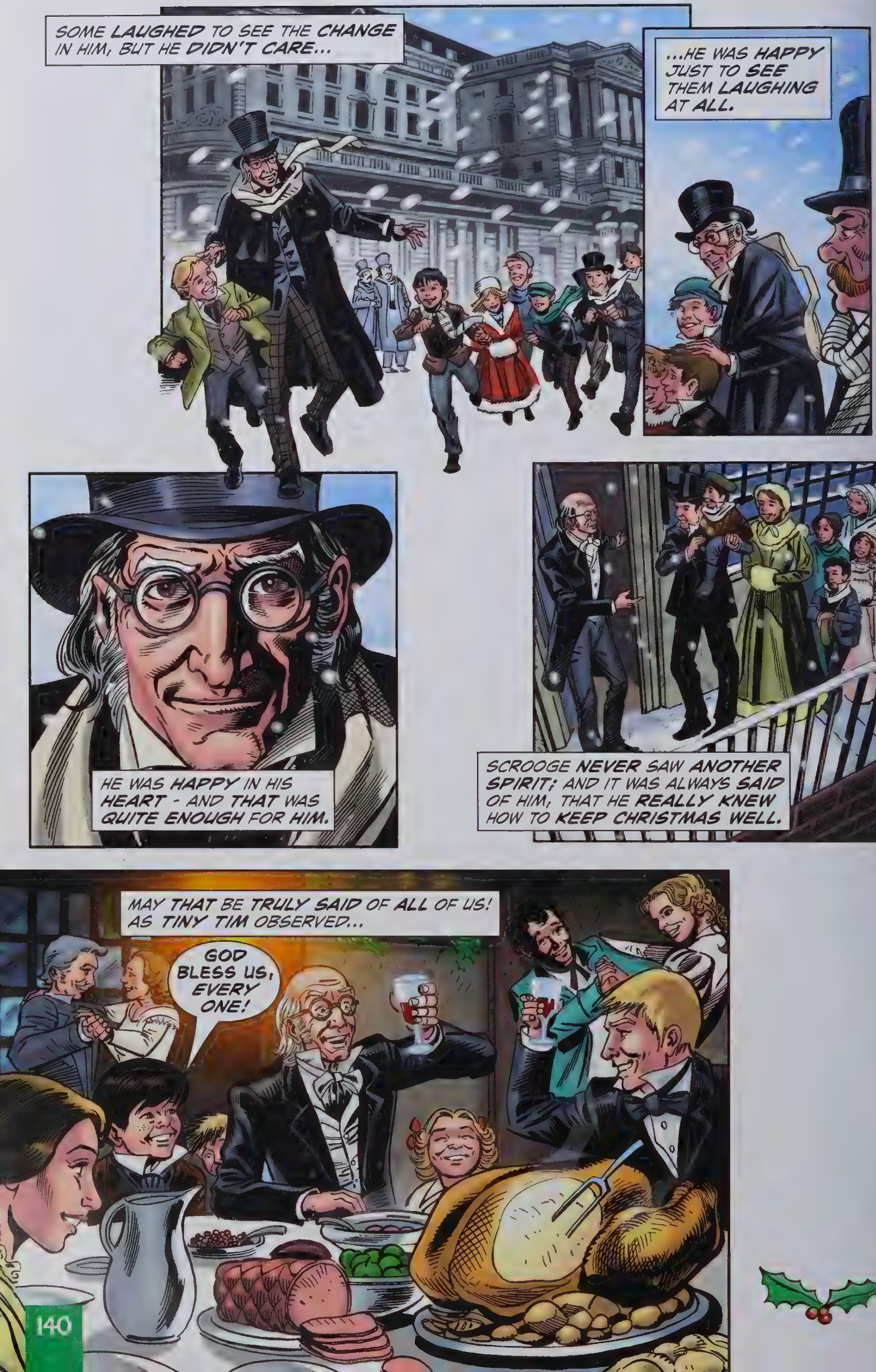

I'LL **PAY** YOU **MORE** AND **TRY** TO **HELP** YOUR **STRUGGLING FAMILY.** WE CAN **DISCUSS IT** THIS **AFTERNOON.**


MAKE UP THE **FIRES,** AND GET **MORE COAL** RIGHT **AWAY, BOB CRATCHIT!**


SCROOGE** DID **MORE** THAN HE **SAID...
Marley


*...AND TO **TINY TIM,** WHO **DID NOT** DIE, HE WAS **LIKE** A **SECOND FATHER.***


*HE **BECAME** A **TRULY GOOD MAN** TOWARDS **EVERYONE.***

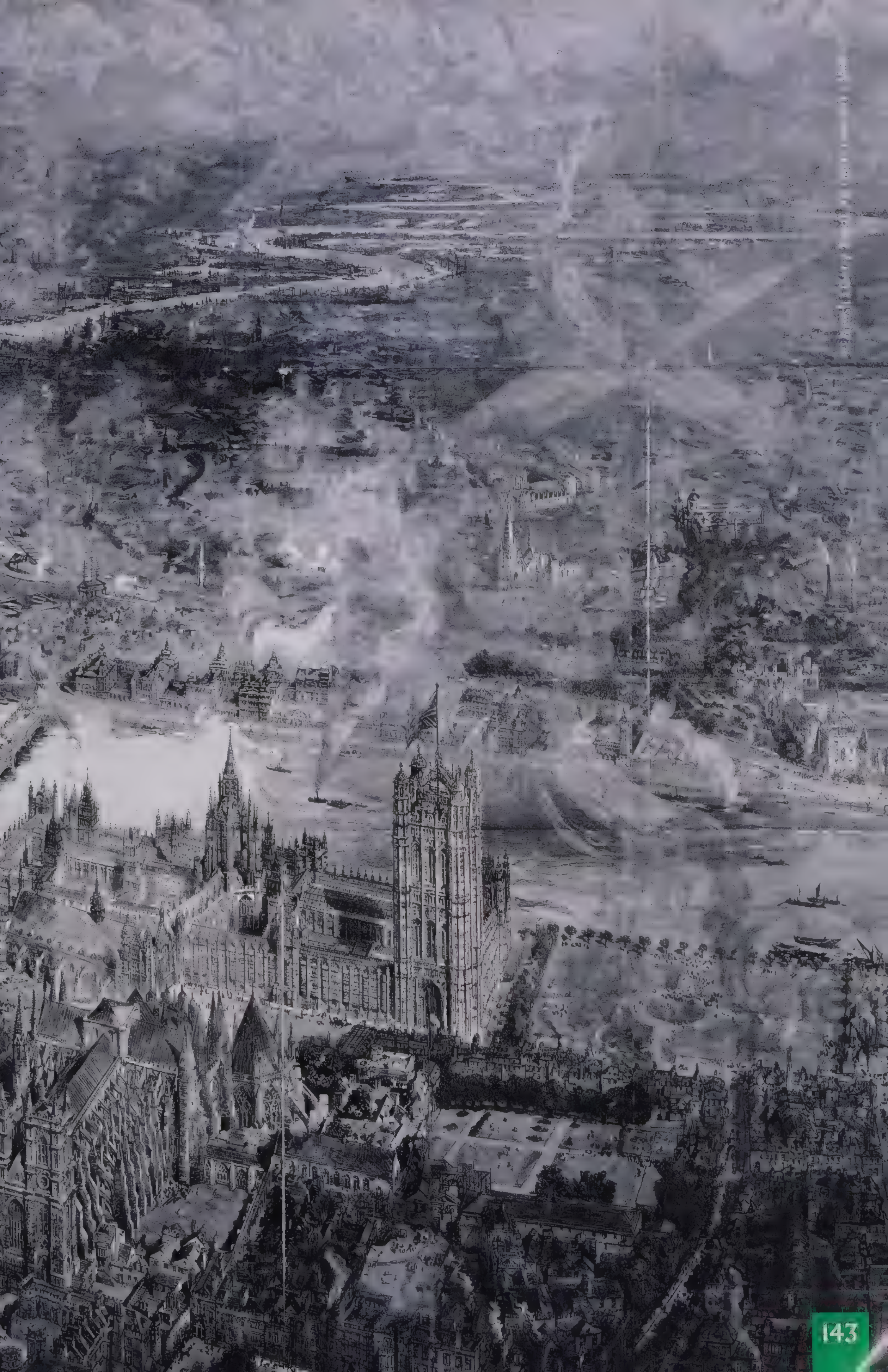

SOME LAUGHED TO SEE THE CHANGE IN HIM, BUT HE DIDN'T CARE...
...HE WAS HAPPY JUST TO SEE THEM LAUGHING AT ALL.
HE WAS HAPPY IN HIS HEART - AND THAT WAS QUITE ENOUGH FOR HIM.
SCROOGE NEVER SAW ANOTHER SPIRIT; AND IT WAS ALWAYS SAID OF HIM, THAT HE REALLY KNEW HOW TO KEEP CHRISTMAS WELL.
MAY THAT BE TRULY SAID OF ALL OF US! AS TINY TIM OBSERVED...
GOD BLESS US, EVERY ONE!

A Christmas Carol

The End

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way – in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only."

Excerpt from *A Tale of Two Cities* by Charles Dickens



What the Dickens?

(1812 - 1870 AD)

Charles John Huffam Dickens was born in Landport, Portsmouth, on 7th February 1812. He was the second of eight children born to John and Elizabeth Dickens, and described himself as a "very small and not-over-particularly-taken-care-of boy". Although not wealthy, the Dickens family was not poor. They moved to Chatham, Kent in 1817 and sent Charles to the fee paying William Giles' school in the area. Despite his youth, he was a frequent visitor to the theatre. He enjoyed Shakespeare, and claimed to have learned many things from watching plays.

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Charles Dickens

By the time he was ten, the family had moved again; this time to London following the career of his father, John, who was a clerk in the Naval Pay Office. John had a poor head for money, but liked to impress people. As a result, he got into debt and was sent to Marshalsea Prison in 1824. His wife and most of the children joined him there (a common occurrence in those days before the Bankruptcy Act of 1869 abolished debtors' prisons). Charles, however, was put to work at Warren's Blacking Factory, where he labelled jars of boot polish.

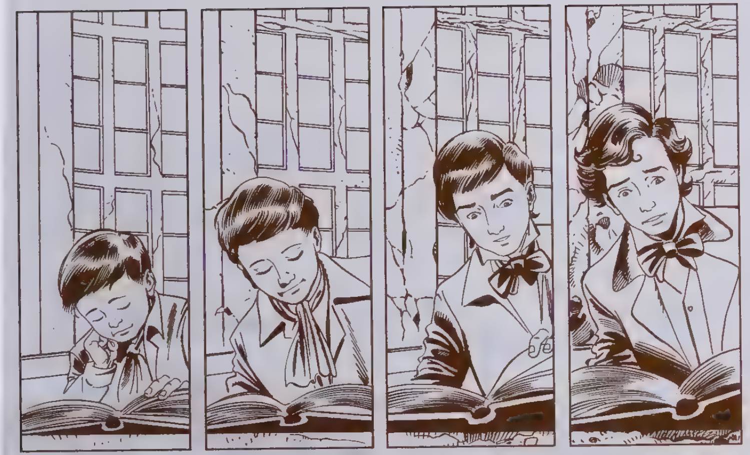
Later in 1824, John's mother died and left enough money to her son to pay off his debts and get him released. John Dickens retired from the Navy Pay Office later that year and worked as a reporter for *The Mirror of Parliament*, where his brother-in-law was editor. He allowed Charles to leave Warren's Blacking Factory, and go back to school. Charles' brief time at the factory continued to haunt him for the rest of his life. He later wrote:

> "For many years, when I came near to Robert Warren's, in the Strand, I crossed over to the opposite side of the way, to avoid a certain smell of the cement they put upon the blacking corks, which reminded me of what I once was. My old way home by the borough made me cry, after my oldest child could speak."

Dickens Fact

"Dicken" or "Dickens" was used as another name for the Devil. The first recorded use appears to have been by William Shakespeare in *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*

FORD:
    Where had you this pretty weathercock?
MRS PAGE:
    I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of.



Charles left school at fifteen and worked as an office boy with a Mr. Molloy of Lincoln's Inn. Here, he decided to be a journalist. He studied shorthand at night, and went on to spend two years as a shorthand reporter at the Doctors' Commons Courts. Many thought that the institution of Doctors' Commons (a society of lawyers in London) was old-fashioned and ridiculous - including Dickens: his satirical description of his time there can be found in both *Sketches by Boz* and in *David Copperfield*.

Charles' first love was Maria Beadnell – a banker's daughter whom he met in 1830. Their relationship came to an end after three years, probably through the wishes of Maria's parents who thought that Charles was not good enough for their daughter.

Around this time, Dickens started to achieve recognition for his own written work. He wrote for a number of newspapers: *True Sun* (1830-32), *Mirror of Parliament* (1832-34), and *The Morning Chronicle* (1834-36). He was later to recognise how important these years were to him, when he wrote,

> "To the wholesome training of severe newspaper work, when I was a very young man, I constantly refer my first successes".

December 1833 saw his first published (but unpaid for) work appear in *The Old Monthly* magazine: a story entitled *A Dinner at Poplar Walk*. On seeing his first work in print, Dickens wrote,

> "On which occasion I walked down to Westminster-hall, and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride, that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there".

He wrote further stories for *The Old Monthly*, but when the magazine could not pay for them, Dickens began to write his "series" for *The Chronicle* at the request of their editor, George Hogarth.

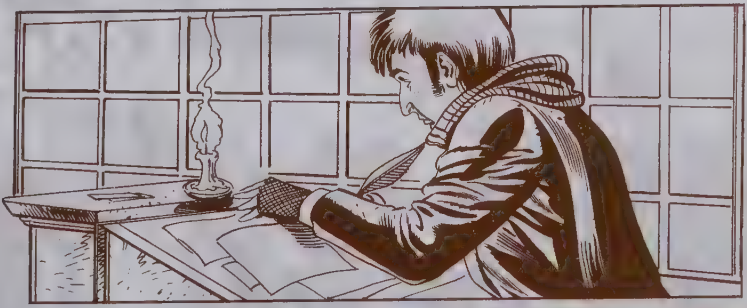
In 1835, Charles got engaged to George Hogarth's eldest daughter, Catherine. They married on 2nd April 1836 and went on to have ten children (seven boys and three girls). Biographers have long suspected that Dickens preferred Catherine's sister, Mary, who lived with the Dickens family and died in his arms in 1837 at the age of seventeen. Dickens had asked to be buried next to her; but when her brother died in 1841, Dickens' "place" was taken. He wrote to his great friend and biographer John Forster,

> "It is a great trial for me to give up Mary's grave... the desire to be buried next to her is as strong upon me now, as it was five years ago... And I know...that it will never diminish...I cannot bear the thought of being excluded from her dust".

Not only did Dickens wear her ring for the rest of his life, he also wrote the epitaph which appears on her gravestone:

> "Young, beautiful, and good, God numbered her among his angels at the early age of seventeen".

In 1844, another of Catherine's sisters, Georgina, moved in to the Dickens household; some say that the novelist fell in love with her too.



The first series of ***Sketches by Boz*** was published in 1836. "Boz" was an early pen name used by Dickens. It came from

> "the nickname of a pet child, a younger brother, whom I had dubbed Moses, in honour of The Vicar of Wakefield, which, being pronounced Bozes, got shortened into Boz".

Shortly afterwards, with the success of ***Pickwick Papers*** in 1837, Dickens was at last a full-time novelist. He produced works at an incredible rate; and at the start of his writing career, also continued his work as a journalist and editor. He began his next book, ***Oliver Twist,*** in 1837 and continued it in monthly parts until April 1839.

Dickens visited Canada and the United States in 1842, taking Catherine and her maid with him. During that visit he talked on the need for international copyright, because some American publishers were printing his books without his permission and without any payment; he also talked about the need to end slavery. His visit and his opinions were recorded and published as ***American Notes*** in October of that year, causing quite a stir.

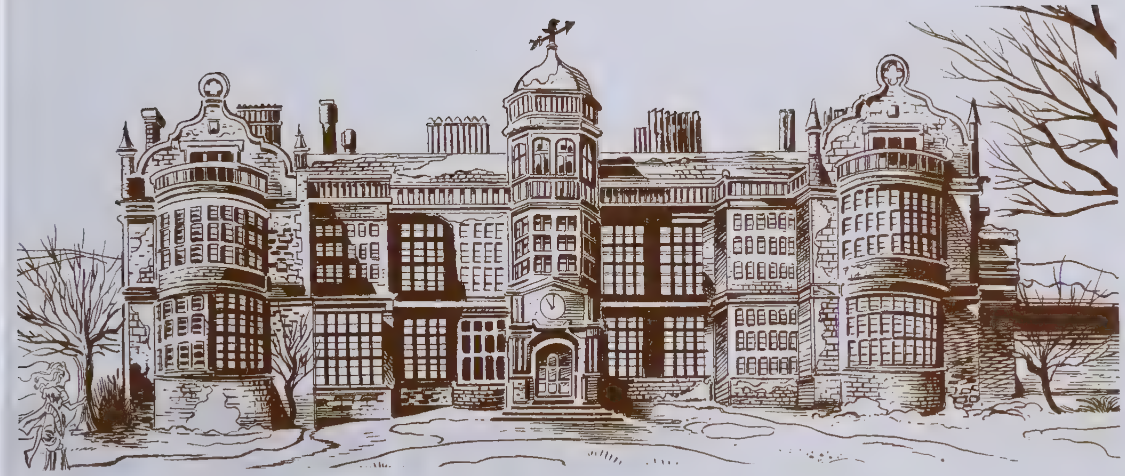
17th December 1843 saw the publication of ***A Christmas Carol.*** It was the first of Dickens' enormously successful series of Christmas books which ran until 1848. It was so popular that it sold five-thousand copies by Christmas Eve – and has never been out of print since.

KING GEORGE
37

Dickens became something of an international celebrity. In 1853 he toured Italy with his friends Augustus Egg (the artist), and Wilkie Collins (the author and playwright). On his return to England, he gave the first of many public readings from his own works: at first he did these for charity, but before long he demanded payment.

From childhood, Dickens had loved the stage and enjoyed the attention and applause he received. He performed in amateur theatre throughout the 1840s and 50s, and formed his own amateur theatrical company in 1845, which occupied much of his time.

By 1856, Dickens had made enough money to purchase a fine country house: Gads Hill in Kent. He had admired this place ever since his arrival to the area as a child, and it must have felt a huge achievement to finally own it. However, Gads Hill was not a happy family home. A year later, Charles met a young actress called Ellen Lawless Ternan who



went on to join his theatre company; and they began a relationship that was to last until his death.

Charles separated from his wife Catherine in 1858. The event was talked about in the newspapers, and Dickens publicly denied rumours of an affair. He was morally trapped – he was deeply in love with Ellen, but his writing career was based on promoting family values and being a good person; he felt that if he admitted his relationship with Ellen, it would put an end to his writing career.

Catherine moved to a house in London with their eldest son Charles, and Dickens remained at Gads Hill with the rest of the children and Catherine's sister, Georgina (there were rumours of Charles and Georgina having a relationship too). On her deathbed in 1879 Catherine gave her collection of Dickens' letters to her daughter Kate, instructing her to:

> "Give these to the British Museum, that the world may know he loved me once".

The more he tried to hide his personal life, the more it came out in his writing. One of his most popular books, *Great Expectations* (1860) has elements of imprisonment, love that can never be, people living in isolation, and the urge to better oneself – all subjects that were part of Dickens' own life at the time.

He looked after Ellen until his death, renting houses for her to live in, and making regular secret journeys to see her – not easy for the local celebrity that Dickens had become. He went to incredible lengths to keep his secret safe, including renting houses under different names and setting up offices for his business in places that made it easy for him to visit her. On 4th September 1860 he wrote to William Henry Wills, the sub-editor of *Household Words:*

> "Yesterday I burnt, in the field at Gads Hill, the accumulated letters and papers of twenty years. They set up a smoke like the genie when he got out of the casket on the seashore; and as it was an exquisite day when I began, and rained very heavily when I finished, I suspect my correspondence of having overcast the face of the heavens".

In 1865, Dickens was involved in the Staplehurst Rail Crash: an incident which disturbed him greatly. He was travelling by train, along with Ellen and her mother: they were most likely returning from a secret holiday in France. The train left the track, resulting in the deaths of ten people, with a further forty being injured. It is reported that Dickens tended to some of the wounded. He wrote to his old friend Thomas Mitton about the crash:

> "My dear Mitton,
> I should have written to you yesterday or the day before, if I had been quite up to writing. I am a little shaken, not by the beating and dragging of the carriage in which I was, but by the hard work afterwards in getting out the dying and dead, which was most horrible.
> Two ladies were my fellow passengers; an old one, and a young one.
> I don't want to be examined at the Inquests and I don't want to write about it. It could do no good either way, and I could only

> seem to speak about myself, which, of course, I would rather not do".

Even when writing to a friend, Dickens still hid Ellen's name, and he didn't want to be part of the inquest in case his relationship became public knowledge.

By 1867 Dickens' health was getting worse. His doctor advised him to rest, but he carried on with his busy schedule, including another tour of America.

Mark Twain saw him during this second American tour in January 1868 and wrote:

> "Promptly at 8pm, unannounced, and without waiting for any stamping or clapping of hands to call him out, a tall, "spry," (if I may say it,) thin-legged old gentleman, gotten up regardless of expense, especially as to shirt-front and diamonds, with a bright red flower in his button-hole, gray beard and moustache, bald head, and with side hair brushed fiercely and tempestuously forward, as if its owner were sweeping down before a gale of wind, the very Dickens came! He did not emerge upon the stage – that is rather too deliberate a word – he strode."

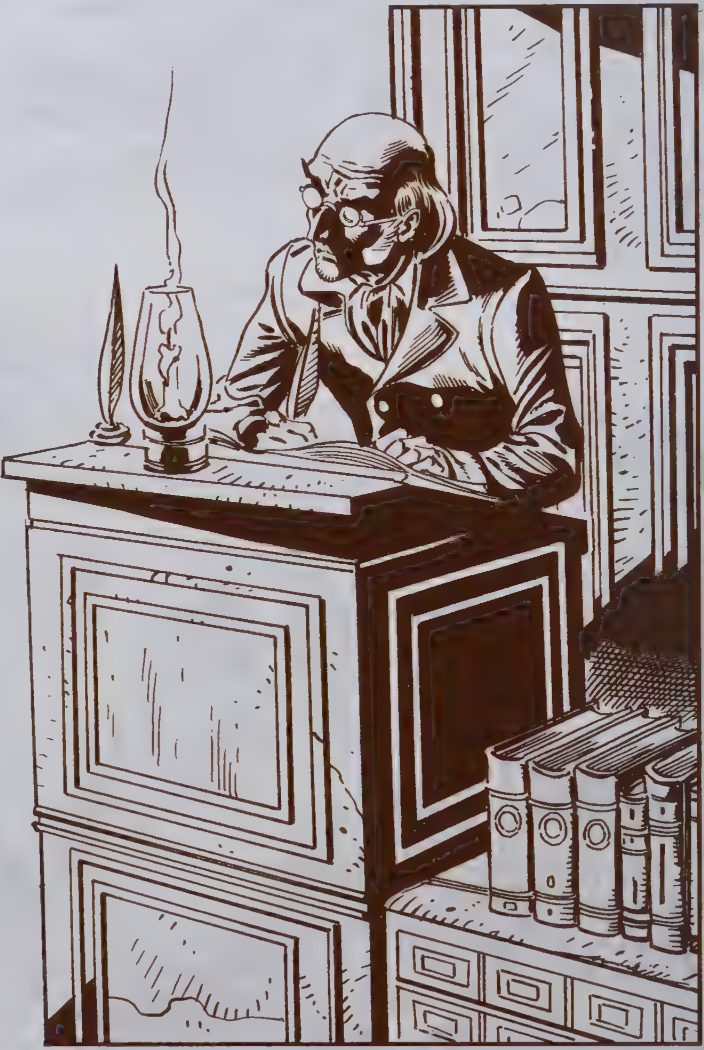
By the end of this tour, it is said that Dickens was so ill that he could hardly eat solid food, surviving on champagne and eggs beaten in sherry. He returned to England and despite his bad health, continued his public reading appearances. In April 1869, he collapsed during a reading at Preston, and he was again advised to rest. Dickens didn't listen, and continued to give performances in London as well as starting work on a new novel, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood.*

This novel was never finished: Dickens had a stroke and died suddenly at Gads Hill on 9th June 1870. He had asked to be buried "in an inexpensive, unostentatious, and strictly private manner", but public opinion, led by *The Times* newspaper, insisted that he should be buried in keeping with his status as a great writer. He was buried at Westminster Abbey on 14th June 1870.

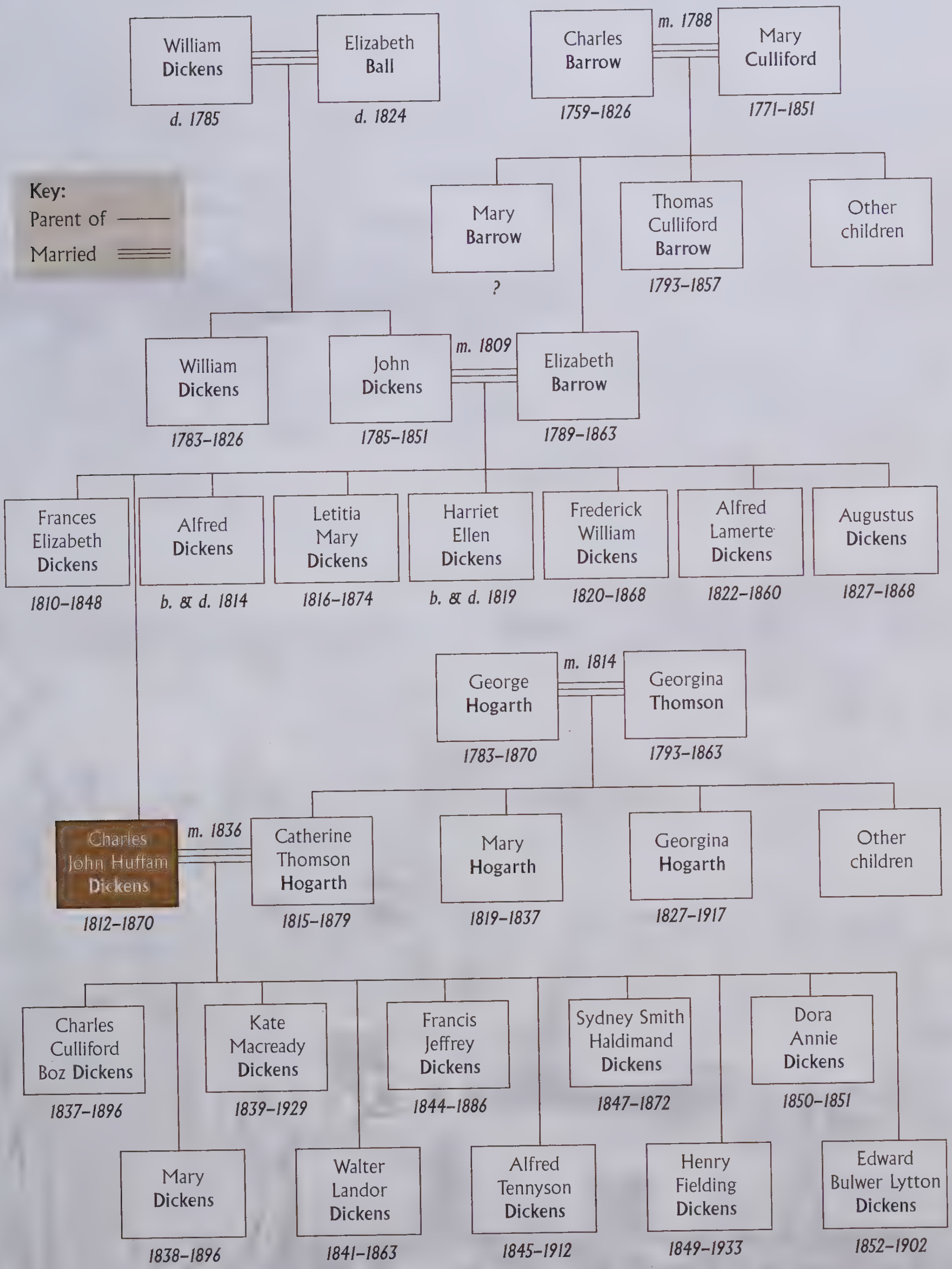
His funeral was a private affair, attended by just twelve mourners. After the service his grave was left open, and thousands of people from all walks of life came to pay their respects and throw flowers onto the coffin. Today, a small stone with a simple inscription marks his grave:

> **"CHARLES DICKENS**
> **BORN 7th FEBRUARY 1812**
> **DIED 9th JUNE 1870"**

Dickens was so closely associated with Christmas that, shortly after his death, the critic and poet Theodore Watts-Dunton overheard a London barrow girl say, **"Dickens dead? Then will Father Christmas die too?".**



The Dickens Family Tree


William Dickens
d. 1785
Elizabeth Ball
d. 1824
Charles Barrow
1759–1826
m. 1788
Mary Culliford
1771–1851
Key:
Parent of
Married
Mary Barrow
?
Thomas Culliford Barrow
1793–1857
Other children
William Dickens
1783–1826
John Dickens
1785–1851
m. 1809
Elizabeth Barrow
1789–1863
Frances Elizabeth Dickens
1810–1848
Alfred Dickens
b. & d. 1814
Letitia Mary Dickens
1816–1874
Harriet Ellen Dickens
b. & d. 1819
Frederick William Dickens
1820–1868
Alfred Lamerte Dickens
1822–1860
Augustus Dickens
1827–1868
George Hogarth
1783–1870
m. 1814
Georgina Thomson
1793–1863
Charles John Huffam Dickens
1812–1870
m. 1836
Catherine Thomson Hogarth
1815–1879
Mary Hogarth
1819–1837
Georgina Hogarth
1827–1917
Other children
Charles Culliford Boz Dickens
1837–1896
Kate Macready Dickens
1839–1929
Francis Jeffrey Dickens
1844–1886
Sydney Smith Haldimand Dickens
1847–1872
Dora Annie Dickens
1850–1851
Mary Dickens
1838–1896
Walter Landor Dickens
1841–1863
Alfred Tennyson Dickens
1845–1912
Henry Fielding Dickens
1849–1933
Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens
1852–1902

Due to the lack of official records of births, deaths and marriages within this period, the above information is derived from extensive research and is as accurate as possible from the limited sources available.

Dickens Timeline

1812
7th February: Charles John Huffam Dickens born at Landport, Portsmouth.

1817
April: Family moves to Chatham, Kent.

1821
March: Charles goes to school (William Giles' school, next-door to the family home).

1822
September: Family moves to Camden Town, London.

1824
February: Charles (aged 12), goes to work at Warren's Blacking Factory. Charles' father arrested for debt and sent with his family to Marshalsea Prison.

May: Father and family released from prison.

June: Charles leaves the Blacking Factory and is enrolled in Wellington House Academy.

1827
May: Becomes an office boy for solicitors in Lincoln's Inn, and studies shorthand.

1828
November: Becomes a freelance reporter at Doctors' Commons courts.

1830
Becomes a parliamentary reporter for the *True Sun* newspaper.

1832
March: Moves to the *Mirror of Parliament* newspaper.

1833
December: First published story *A Dinner at Poplar Walk* appears in *The Old Monthly Magazine.*

1834
August: Moves to the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, and writes under the name of "Boz".

November: Father once again arrested for debt; Charles comes to his aid.

1836
February: His first series of *Sketches by Boz* published; receives £150 for the copyright.

March: First part of *Pickwick Papers* appears in its serialised form, and runs for a year.

April: Marries Catherine Hogarth, daughter of George Hogarth, editor of the *Evening Chronicle.*

December: Becomes editor of *Bentley's Miscellany,* and publishes the second series of *Sketches by Boz.*

1837
February: Begins *Oliver Twist,* which continues in monthly parts in *Bentley's Miscellany* until 1839.

May: Catherine's younger sister Mary, whom he idolises, dies.

1838
March: Begins serialisation of *Nicholas Nickleby,* which continues until 1839.

1839
January: Resigns as editor of *Bentley's Miscellany.*

1840
April: Begins serialisation of *The Old Curiosity Shop,* which runs for a year in *Master Humphrey's Clock.*

1842
January: Travels to Canada and United States.

June: Returns to London and declines offer to stand for Parliament

October: Begins *American Notes.*

1843
January: Serialisation of *Martin Chuzzlewit* begins.

December: Publishes *A Christmas Carol,* the first of his Christmas books.

1845
September: His amateur theatrical company gives its first performance *(Every Man in his Humour).*

1846
July: Begins *Dombey and Son,* which runs until April 1848.

1848
December: Publishes final Christmas book, *The Haunted Man.*

1849
May: *David Copperfield* serialised in monthly parts until November 1850.

1851
March: His father dies.

April: Death of his infant daughter, Dora.

1852
March: First appearance of *Bleak House.*

1853
December: Gives first public reading, for charity, of *A Christmas Carol* in Birmingham.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Charles Dickens Museum, London

The Dickens Dramatical Company in 1854 with Charles Dickens at the front.

1854

April-August: *Hard Times* appears weekly in *Household Words.*

1855

December: *Little Dorrit* appears in monthly parts until 1857.

1856

March: Purchases Gads Hill, in Rochester, Kent.

1857

July: Performs in front of Queen Victoria.

August: Meets and falls in love with a young actress, Ellen Ternan.

1858

April: Dickens starts series of public readings for profit in London, and continues with a provincial tour.

May: Separates from his wife, Catherine. Her sister Georgina looks after the household.

1860

September: Dickens intentionally burns a large number of his personal letters.

December: Begins writing *Great Expectations.*

1863

September: His mother, Elizabeth Dickens, dies.

December: His son Walter dies in India.

1864

February: His health begins to fail, probably due to over work.

May: *Our Mutual Friend* begins in monthly parts and runs until 1865.

1865

June: Badly shaken after being involved in the Staplehurst Railway Accident, while travelling back from France with Ellen Ternan and her mother.

1867

November: Against doctors' advice, Dickens continues public readings in England and Ireland, and embarks on an American reading tour.

1868

April: Returns to England, and continues his series of readings.

November: His readings now include a sensational version of the death of Nancy in *Oliver Twist.*

1869

Dickens shows symptoms of having suffered a mild stroke. He cancels his provincial readings.

September: Begins to write *The Mystery of Edwin Drood,* and draws up his will.

1870

March: Has a private audience with Queen Victoria. His final public readings take place in London.

9th June: Dies at Gads Hill after suffering a stroke. He is buried on 14th June at Westminster Abbey.

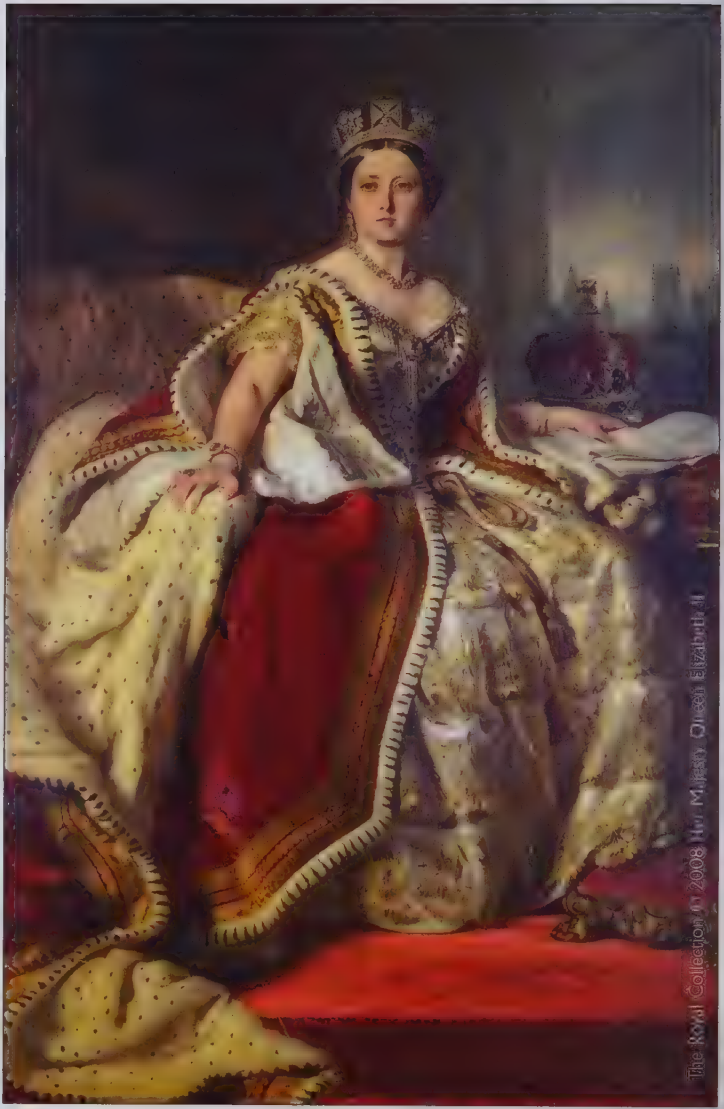
September: Last of his unfinished *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* appears.

Hard Times

The Victorian era, 1837-1901, represented the height of the Industrial Revolution - a period of major social, economic, and technological advancement in Great Britain. Queen Victoria's reign also saw a huge expansion of the British Empire, making Britain the most important global power of the age.

It was a time of inventors and inventions; of rapid progress in science, technology and medicine, such as anaesthetics and antiseptics. From the steam engine to the steam printer, the skyscraper to the machine-gun, the flush toilet, photography, moving pictures, electricity, the telegraph and telephone – it was as if the Victorian era was a transition from the old traditional world into the new modern age.

Travel was also revolutionised, mainly through the rise of the railway as a method of transporting goods and people. Although the first purpose-built railway, from Stockton to Darlington, opened in 1825 (twelve years before Victoria became queen) the early years of her reign witnessed the most extraordinary boom – so called, "Railway Fever". In 1850, there were ten thousand miles of railway track in Britain; by 1901, that number had grown to about thirty-five thousand. The railway age changed the way people lived and worked.



The Royal Collection © 2008 Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II

Queen Victoria

Many important developments, such as the fledgling postal service (the "Penny Post"), could not have happened without railways; and as technology allowed us to travel further and faster, the world was divided into twenty-four time zones – with Greenwich becoming the centre of the world's time.

But this new Britain was not a paradise for all: with this rapid progress came massive change in terms of population size, trades and the way in which people lived. The population trebled in Great Britain between 1800 and 1900 and people flocked to the cities to work in the new industries. Accommodation became overcrowded and unsanitary, with London being the area most affected. Much prosperity was generated for the elite through new technology, and on an underpaid workforce consisting of adults and children living in poverty. Millions of workers lived in slums or in old decaying houses. They had no sanitation, no fresh water supply, no paved streets, no schools, no law or order, no decent food and little fuel for fires.

Children were expected to earn wages to help the family; as Dickens himself did in Warren's Blacking Factory. They often worked long hours in dangerous jobs and in appalling conditions for just a few pennies a day.

There were also many homeless children who could only survive by begging and stealing. To the respectable Victorians they must have seemed a real threat to society; and something had to be done about them to preserve law and order.

Many believed that education was the answer, and a number of "Ragged Schools" were started to help meet that need. These were charitable schools dedicated to the free education of destitute children, and they often provided food, clothing and lodging on top of basic education. Charles Dickens' visit to Field Lane Ragged School in 1843 made a lasting impact on him, and it is said to have been a major influence when he wrote *A Christmas Carol.*

In 1870 an act of parliament allowed "Board Schools" to be paid for out of local rates, which allowed more children to attend school. However, it took another eleven years before schooling up to the age of ten became compulsory (1881), and a further nine years after that until state education became free for everyone (1890).

The government also began to protect the welfare of children in the workplace. The first Factory Act (1819) prohibited children under the age of nine from working in factories and those aged from nine to sixteen from working more than seventy-two hours per week.

In 1833, a second act limited the working hours for nine- to thirteen-year-olds in textile factories to a maximum of forty-eight hours per week. The Mines Act of 1842 stopped women and boys under ten from working underground. Further Factory Acts in 1844 and 1847 established the twelve-hour day for women and the six-and-a-half-hour day for children under thirteen. These laws were enforced by factory inspectors; but they were so poorly paid that they were easily bribed. In addition, many parents were so desperate for money that they lied about the ages of their children so that they could work. Before 1837 births didn't have to be registered, and without a birth certificate, it was impossible for anyone to prove the age of a child.

Life was indeed harsh. As well as appalling working conditions, low wages, slum housing and disease, the majority of the population had no means by which to change their circumstances; and nowhere was this better described than in the writings of Charles Dickens.

Dickens Fact

"Dickensian" = denoting poverty, distress, and exploitation, as depicted in the novels of Charles Dickens.

A Very Victorian Christmas

Prior to the arrival of Christianity in northern Europe, a twelve-day mid-winter "Yule" festival was celebrated, beginning the traditions of using evergreen plants like mistletoe, holly and ivy for decorations, and the burning of the yule log. With the introduction of the Julian calendar, this festival was fixed on 25th December and was combined with Christian celebrations to create the twelve days of what we now call Christmas.

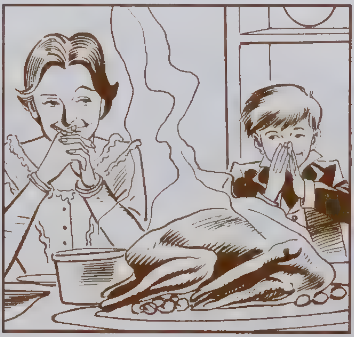
Re-inventing Christmas

The Victorian era saw the re-invention of Christmas in Britain. When Queen Victoria's reign began in 1837, the celebration of Christmas was in decline. Nobody in Britain had heard of Santa Claus; Christmas cards and crackers had not been thought of; and most people were not allowed the time off from work or had the money with which to buy gifts or extra food – but this all began to change.

The wealth generated by the new factories and industries now gave middle class families the opportunity to take time off work and celebrate the festive season over Christmas Day and Boxing Day. The advent of the railways also allowed the country folk, who had moved into the towns and cities in search of work, to return home for a family Christmas.

Children's toys that used to be handmade and expensive were suddenly made more affordable through mass-production in factories. However, they were still too expensive for working families and the poor, whose Christmas stockings, (which first became popular around 1870), would contain only an apple, orange and a few nuts, or maybe a small home-made gift.

Food was a major part of the festivities. In northern England roast beef was the traditional fare for Christmas dinner while in London and the south, goose was favoured. Many of the poor had to make do with rabbit. It wasn't until the end of the century that most people had turkey for their Christmas dinner.



The introduction of a national postal service in 1840 (the "Penny Post") paved the way for the sending of Christmas cards. The first Christmas card was created in 1843 by Sir Henry Cole, a wealthy British businessman, who wanted a card that he could send to friends and professional acquaintances to wish them a "Merry Christmas".

In 1846, Tom Smith, a London sweet maker, made the first Christmas cracker. The original idea was to wrap his sweets in a twist of fancy coloured paper, but he found that they were more popular when he added mottos, paper hats and small toys; and especially when he devised a way to make the parcel open with a bang!

A Royal Celebration

Queen Victoria loved celebrating Christmas, which she described as a "most dear happy time". With nine children, her Christmases became great family occasions and many of the royal Christmas traditions were described in her personal diaries and in the newspapers of the day. These traditions included decorated trees, the sending of cards, a lavish family meal, and taking gifts to the poor. It was Queen Charlotte (Queen Victoria's grandmother, and wife of George III) who brought the German tradition of Christmas trees to England, and they were a feature of Victoria's Christmas festivities from childhood.

In her journal for Christmas Eve 1832, the thirteen-year-old Princess Victoria wrote:

> "After dinner... we then went into the drawing-room near the dining-room... There were two large round tables on which were placed two trees hung with lights and sugar ornaments. All the presents being placed round the trees..."

And for those less fortunate?

The Victorian era was one of stark contrasts, and Christmas was no exception. For the very poor, the passing of the Christmas season made little difference to their lives.

Following the example set by Queen Victoria, it became fashionable amongst the Victorian middle-classes to give "alms" to the poor (which is what the businessmen are trying to organise with Scrooge on page seventeen). The custom of giving gifts and food to the poor on Boxing Day (26th December) was also revived in this period, when the churches opened their alms boxes and distributed money to the poor.

For those without employment or homes of their own, the workhouse provided the venue for Christmas celebrations. In the era of the parish workhouse, prior to 1834, Christmas Day meant a treat for most of the residents. However, with the advent of union workhouses set up by the 1834 Poor Law Amendment Act, no extra food was to be allowed on Christmas Day (or any other feast day). Despite that, Christmas Day was one of the special days when the workhouse inmates rested. It took six years for the rules to be revised to allow extra treats – but only if they came from private sources and not from union funds. A change in the ruling seven years later, in 1847, finally allowed the provision of Christmas extras from the workhouse funds.

With the exception of the very poor, Victorian Christmases were a time of celebration, and of families gathering together with the prospect of a feast (however small) and entertainment - all of which is captured in the most famous "Christmas Book" of all time.

A Christmas Carol

Dickens' first "Christmas Book", the best loved and most read of all of his books, began life as seeds planted in Dickens' mind during his travels around England, where he saw children working in appalling conditions. His belief that education was a remedy for crime and poverty, along with scenes he had recently witnessed at the Field Lane Ragged School, made Dickens resolve to **"strike a sledge hammer blow"** for the poor.

As the idea for the story took shape and the writing began in earnest, Dickens became engrossed in the book. He later wrote that as the tale unfolded, he:
"wept and laughed, and wept again"

and that

> **"thinking whereof he walked about the black streets of London fifteen or twenty miles many a night when all of the sober folks had gone to bed".**

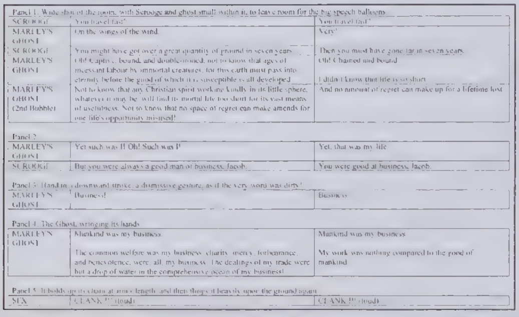
A Christmas Carol took just six weeks to complete, and the book was published on 17th December 1843. It was an overwhelming success, selling over five-thousand copies by Christmas Eve.

It is a book of enduring appeal that, due in no small part to the era of its release, has for many people become part of the festival of Christmas itself, and is one of the best-loved Christmas stories in the world.

Page Creation

1. Script

In order to create two versions of the same book, the story is first adapted into two scripts: Original Text and Quick Text. While the degree of complexity changes for each script, the artwork remains the same for both books.

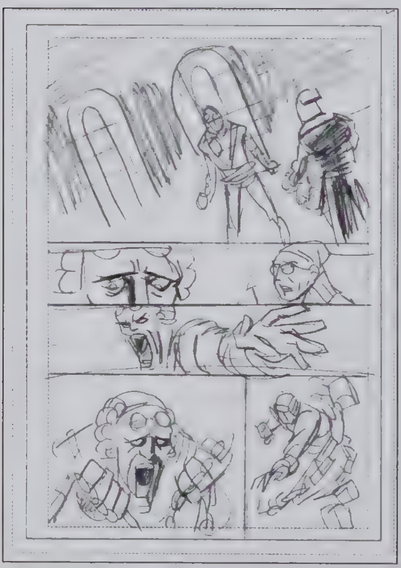


Panel 1: Wide shot of the room, with Scrooge and ghost small within it, to leave room for the big speech balloons		
SCROOGE	You travel fast?	You travel fast?
MARLEY'S GHOST	On the wings of the wind.	Very!
SCROOGE	You might have got over a great quantity of ground in seven years	Then you must have gone far in seven years.
MARLEY'S GHOST	Oh! Captive, bound, and double-ironed, not to know that ages of incessant labour by immortal creatures, for this earth must pass into eternity before the good of which it is susceptible is all developed	Oh! Chained and bound I didn't know that life is so short
MARLEY'S GHOST (2nd Bubble)	Not to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness. Not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunity misused!	And no amount of regret can make up for a lifetime lost
Panel 2		
MARLEY'S GHOST	Yet such was I! Oh! Such was I!	Yet, that was my life
SCROOGE	But you were always a good man of business, Jacob.	You were good at business, Jacob.
Panel 3: Hand in a downward stroke, a dismissive gesture, as if the very word was dirty!		
MARLEY'S GHOST	Business!	Business
Panel 4: The Ghost, wringing its hands		
MARLEY'S GHOST	Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence, were, all, my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business!	Mankind was my business My work was nothing compared to the good of mankind
Panel 5: It holds up its chain at arm's length, and then flings it heavily upon the ground again		
SFX	CLANK!!! (loud)	CLANK!!! (loud)

A page from the script of *A Christmas Carol* showing the two versions of text.

2. Rough Sketch

The artist first creates a rough sketch from the panel directions provided by the scriptwriter. The artist is considering many things at this stage, including story pacing, emphasis of certain elements to tell the story in the best way, and even lighting of the scene.

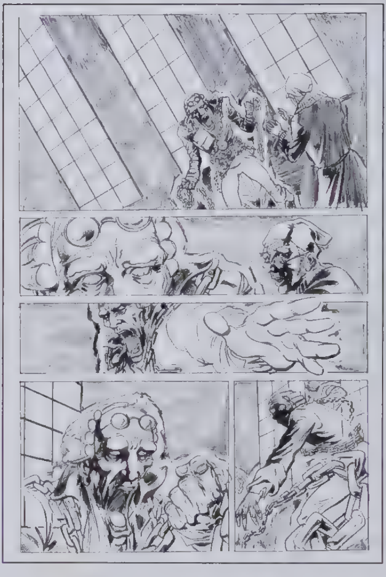


The rough sketch created from the above script.

3. Pencils

Once a clear direction is established, the artist creates a pencil drawing of the page.

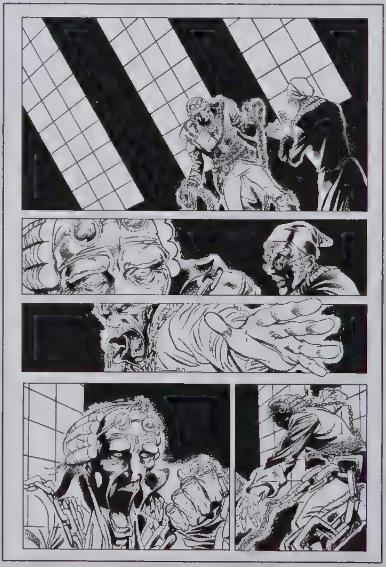
It is interesting to see the changes made from the rough to the pencil, such as in the last panel, where Marley's Ghost's movement has been increased to heighten the drama.



The pencil drawing of page 36.

4. Inks

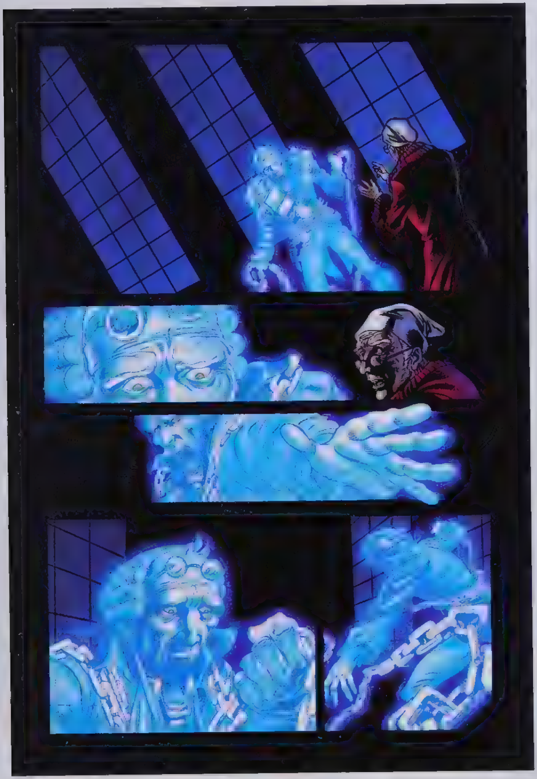
From the pencil sketch an inked version of the same page is created. Inking is not simply tracing over the pencil sketch, it is the process of using black ink to fill in the shaded areas and to add clarity and cohesion to the "pencils". The "inks" give us the final linework prior to the colouring stage.



The inked image, ready to be coloured.

5. Colouring

Adding colour really brings the page and its characters to life.

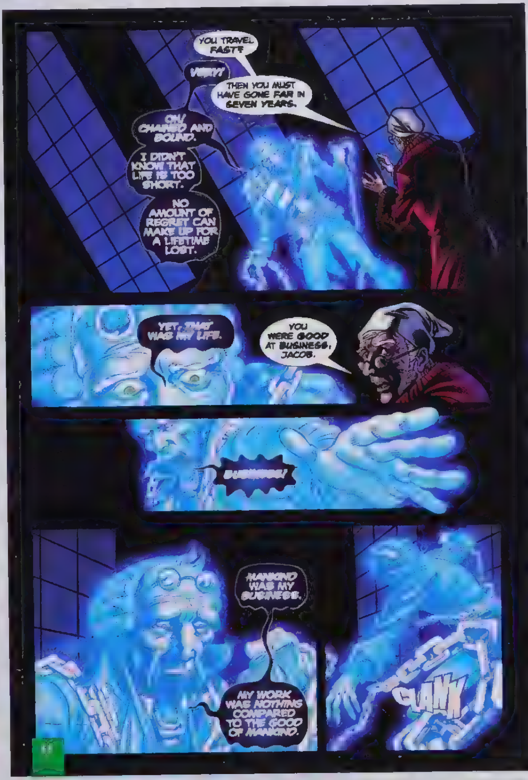


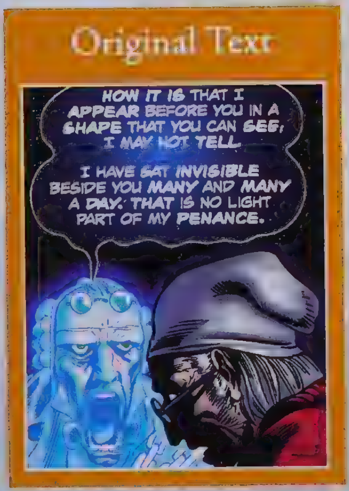
There is far more to the colouring stage than simply replacing the white areas with colour. Some of the linework is replaced with colour, the light sources are considered for shadows and highlights, and effects added. Finally, the whole page is colour-balanced to the other pages of that scene, and to the overall book.

6. Lettering

The final stage is to add the captions, sound effects, and dialogue speech bubbles from the script. These are laid on top of the finished coloured pages. Two versions of each page are lettered, one for each of the two versions of the book (Original Text and Quick Text).

These are then saved as final artwork pages and compiled into the finished book.

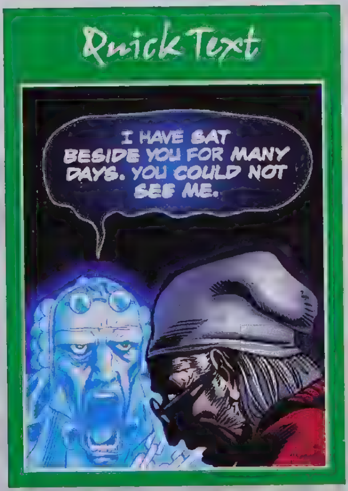

YOU TRAVEL FAST?
VERY!
THEN YOU MUST HAVE GONE FAR IN SEVEN YEARS.
OH! CHAINED AND BOUND.
I DIDN'T KNOW THAT LIFE IS TOO SHORT.
NO AMOUNT OF REGRET CAN MAKE UP FOR A LIFETIME LOST.
YET, THAT WAS MY LIFE.
YOU WERE GOOD AT BUSINESS, JACOB.
BUSINESS!
MANKIND WAS MY BUSINESS.
MY WORK WAS NOTHING COMPARED TO THE GOOD OF MANKIND.
CLANK!


Original Text
HOW IT IS THAT I APPEAR BEFORE YOU IN A SHAPE THAT YOU CAN SEE, I MAY NOT TELL.
I HAVE SAT INVISIBLE BESIDE YOU MANY AND MANY A DAY. THAT IS NO LIGHT PART OF MY PENANCE.

A Christmas Carol

Original Text
(The full story)

ISBN:
978-1-906332-17-4


Quick Text
I HAVE SAT BESIDE YOU FOR MANY DAYS. YOU COULD NOT SEE ME.

A Christmas Carol

Quick Text
(Fewer words for a fast-paced read)

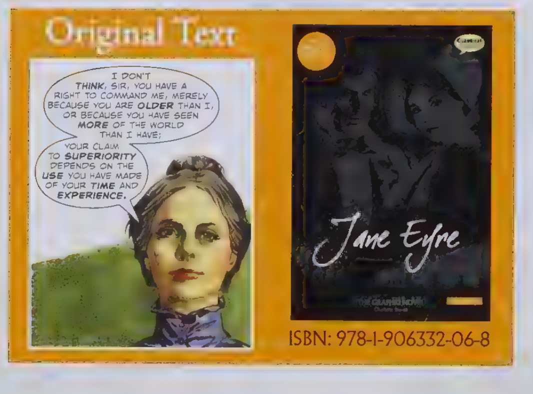
ISBN:
978-1-906332-18-1

LOOK OUT FOR MORE TITLES IN THE CLASSICAL COMICS RANGE

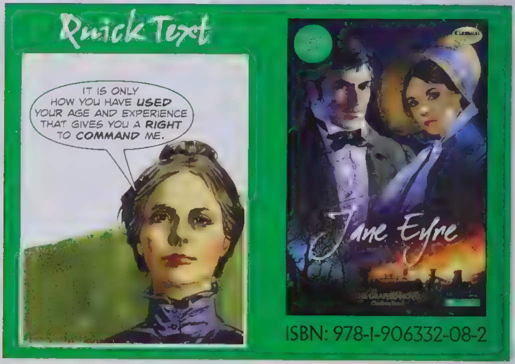
Jane Eyre: The Graphic Novel

Published: 29th September 2008 • 144 Pages • £9.99
• Script Adaptation: Amy Corzine • Artwork: John M. Burns • Letters: Terry Wiley

This Charlotte Brontë classic is brought to vibrant life by artist John M. Burns. His sympathetic treatment of Jane Eyre's life during the 19th century will delight any reader, with its strong emotions and wonderfully rich atmosphere. Travel back to a time of grand mansions contrasted with the severest poverty, and immerse yourself in this fabulous love story.


Original Text
I DON'T THINK, SIR, YOU HAVE A RIGHT TO COMMAND ME, MERELY BECAUSE YOU ARE OLDER THAN I, OR BECAUSE YOU HAVE SEEN MORE OF THE WORLD THAN I HAVE;
YOUR CLAIM TO SUPERIORITY DEPENDS ON THE USE YOU HAVE MADE OF YOUR TIME AND EXPERIENCE.
Jane Eyre

ISBN: 978-1-906332-06-8

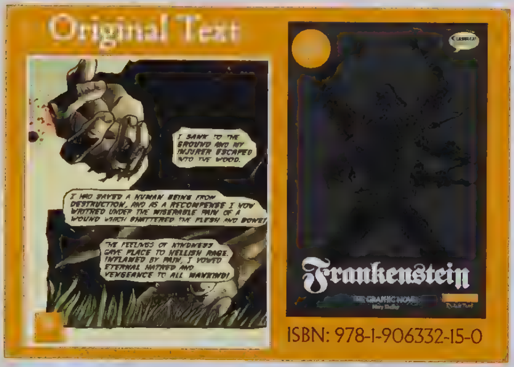

Quick Text
IT IS ONLY HOW YOU HAVE USED YOUR AGE AND EXPERIENCE THAT GIVES YOU A RIGHT TO COMMAND ME.
Jane Eyre

ISBN: 978-1-906332-08-2

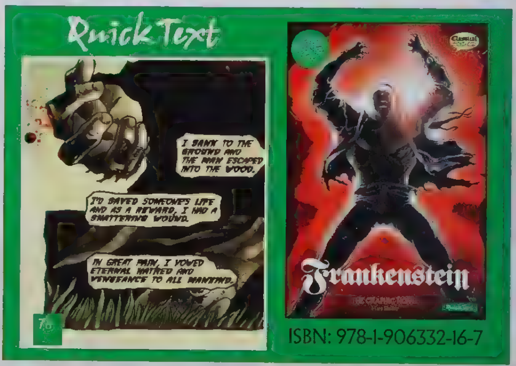
Frankenstein: The Graphic Novel

Published: 29th September 2008 • 144 Pages • £9.99
• Script Adaptation: Jason Cobley • Linework: Declan Shalvey
• Colours: Jason Cardy & Kat Nicholson • Art Direction: Jon Haward • Letters: Terry Wiley

True to the original novel (rather than the square-headed Boris Karloff image from the films!) Declan's naturally gothic artistic style is a perfect match for this epic tale. Frankenstein is such a well known title; yet the films strayed so far beyond the original novel that many people today don't realise how this classic horror tale deals with such timeless subjects as alienation, empathy and understanding beyond appearance. Another great story, beautifully crafted into a superb graphic novel.


Original Text
I SANK TO THE GROUND AND MY INJURER ESCAPED INTO THE WOOD.
I HAD SAVED A HUMAN BEING FROM DESTRUCTION, AND AS A RECOMPENSE I NOW WRITHED UNDER THE MISERABLE PAIN OF A WOUND WHICH SHATTERED THE FLESH AND BONE!
THE FEELINGS OF KINDNESS GAVE PLACE TO HELLISH RAGE. INFLAMED BY PAIN, I VOWED ETERNAL HATRED AND VENGEANCE TO ALL MANKIND!
Frankenstein

ISBN: 978-1-906332-15-0


Quick Text
I SANK TO THE GROUND AND THE MAN ESCAPED INTO THE WOOD.
I'D SAVED SOMEONE'S LIFE AND AS A REWARD, I HAD A SHATTERING WOUND.
IN GREAT PAIN, I VOWED ETERNAL HATRED AND VENGEANCE TO ALL MANKIND.
Frankenstein

ISBN: 978-1-906332-16-7

OTHER CLASSICAL COMICS TITLES:

Great Expectations
Published: January 2009

Original Text	978-1-906332-09-9
Quick Text	978-1-906332-11-2

Romeo & Juliet
Published: July 2009

Original Text	978-1-906332-19-8
Plain Text	978-1-906332-20-4
Quick Text	978-1-906332-21-1

Richard III
Published: March 2009

Original Text	978-1-906332-22-8
Plain Text	978-1-906332-23-5
Quick Text	978-1-906332-24-2

Dracula
Published: September 2009

Original Text	978-1-906332-25-9
Quick Text	978-1-906332-26-6

The Tempest
Published: May 2009

Original Text	978-1-906332-29-7
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Quick Text	978-1-906332-31-0

The Canterville Ghost
Published: October 2009

Original Text	978-1-906332-27-3
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For more information visit www.classicalcomics.com

TEACHERS' RESOURCES

To accompany each title in our series of graphic novels, we also publish a set of teachers' resources. These widely acclaimed photocopiable books are designed by teachers, for teachers, to help them meet the requirements of the UK curriculum guidelines. Aimed at upper Key Stage 2 and above, each book provides exercises that cover structure, listening, understanding, motivation and comprehension as well as key words, themes and literary techniques. Although the majority of the tasks focus on the use of language in order to align with the revised framework for teaching English, you will also find many cross-curriculum topics, covering areas within history, ICT, drama, reading, speaking, writing and art; and with a range of skill levels, they provide many opportunities for differentiated teaching and the tailoring of lessons to meet individual needs.

Suitable for KS2 and KS3
CLASSICAL COMICS STUDY GUIDE
Classical Comics
A Christmas Carol
THE GRAPHIC NOVEL
Charles Dickens

Classical Comics Study Guide: A Christmas Carol

Black and white, spiral bound A4 making it easy to photocopy.

Price: £19.99
ISBN: 978-1-906332-38-9
Published: October 2008

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Kornel Kossuth,
Head of English, Head of General Studies

"Thank you! These will be fantastic for all our students. It is a brilliant resource and to have the lesson ideas too are great. Thanks again to all your team who have created these."

B.P. KS3

"Thank you so much. I can't tell you what a help it will be."

A very grateful teacher, Kerryann SA

"...you've certainly got a corner of East Anglia convinced that this is a fantastic way to teach and progress English literature and language!!" *Chris Mehew*

"With many thanks again for your excellent resources and upbeat philosophy."

Dr. Marcella McCarthy
Leading Teacher for Gifted and Talented Education,
The Cherwell School, Oxford

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A. Dawes, Tockington Manor School

"I wanted to write to thank you - I had a bottom set Y9 class that would have really struggled with the text if it wasn't for your comics, THANK YOU."

Dan Woodhouse

"As to the resource, I can't wait to start using it! Well done on a fantastic service." *Will*

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	Henry V	*Macbeth*	*Jane Eyre*	*Frankenstein*	*Great Expectations*
Published:	November 2007	March 2008	October 2008	October 2008	January 2009
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ISBN:	978-1-906332-07-5	978-1-906332-10-5	978-1-906332-12-9	978-1-906332-37-2	978-1-906332-13-6

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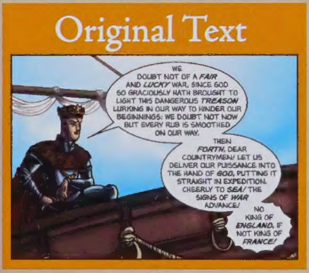
Henry V: The Graphic Novel

Published: 5th November 2007 • 144 Pages • £9.99

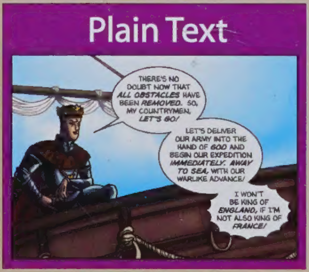
• Script Adaptation: John McDonald • Pencils: Neill Cameron • Inks: Bambos • Colours: Jason Cardy & Kat Nicholson • Letters: Nigel Dobbyn

Henry V
THE GRAPHIC NOVEL
Classical Comics


Original Text
WE DOUBT NOT OF A *FAIR* AND *LUCKY* WAR, SINCE GOD SO GRACIOUSLY HATH BROUGHT TO LIGHT THIS DANGEROUS *TREASON* LURKING IN OUR WAY TO HINDER OUR BEGINNINGS: WE DOUBT NOT NOW BUT EVERY RUB IS SMOOTHED ON OUR WAY.
THEN *FORTH*, DEAR COUNTRYMEN! LET US DELIVER OUR PUISSANCE INTO THE HAND OF *GOD*, PUTTING IT STRAIGHT IN EXPEDITION. CHEERLY TO *SEA*! THE SIGNS OF *WAR* ADVANCE!
NO KING OF *ENGLAND*, IF NOT KING OF *FRANCE*!

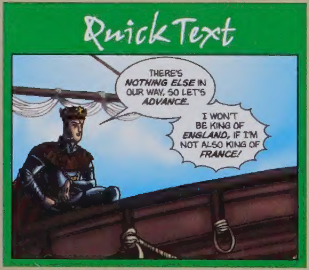
ISBN: 978-1-906332-00-6

Henry V
THE GRAPHIC NOVEL
Classical Comics


Plain Text
THERE'S NO DOUBT NOW THAT *ALL OBSTACLES* HAVE BEEN *REMOVED*. SO, MY COUNTRYMEN, *LET'S GO!*
LET'S DELIVER OUR ARMY INTO THE HAND OF *GOD* AND BEGIN OUR EXPEDITION *IMMEDIATELY. AWAY TO SEA*, WITH OUR WARLIKE ADVANCE!
I WON'T BE KING OF *ENGLAND*, IF I'M NOT ALSO KING OF *FRANCE*!

ISBN: 978-1-906332-01-3

Henry V
THE GRAPHIC NOVEL
Classical Comics


Quick Text
THERE'S *NOTHING ELSE* IN OUR WAY, SO LET'S *ADVANCE*.
I WON'T BE KING OF *ENGLAND*, IF I'M NOT ALSO KING OF *FRANCE*!

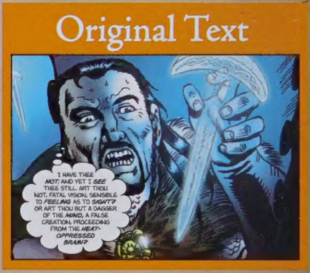
ISBN: 978-1-906332-02-0

Macbeth: The Graphic Novel

Published: 25th February 2008 • 144 Pages • £9.99

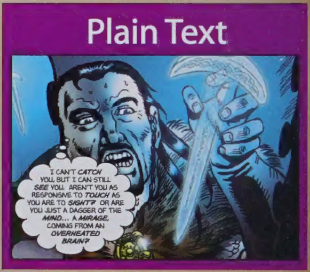
• Script Adaptation: John McDonald • Pencils: & Inks: Jon Haward • Inking Assistant: Gary Erskine • Colours & Letters: Nigel Dobbyn

Macbeth
THE GRAPHIC NOVEL
Classical Comics


Original Text
I HAVE THEE *NOT*, AND YET I *SEE* THEE STILL. ART THOU NOT, FATAL VISION, SENSIBLE TO *FEELING* AS TO *SIGHT?* OR ART THOU BUT A DAGGER OF THE *MIND*, A FALSE CREATION, PROCEEDING FROM THE *HEAT-OPPRESSED BRAIN?*

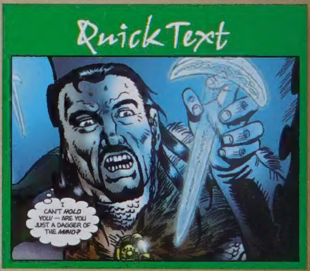
ISBN: 978-1-906332-03-7

Macbeth
THE GRAPHIC NOVEL
Classical Comics


Plain Text
I CAN'T *CATCH* YOU, BUT I CAN STILL *SEE* YOU. AREN'T YOU AS RESPONSIVE TO *TOUCH* AS YOU ARE TO *SIGHT?* OR ARE YOU JUST A DAGGER OF THE *MIND*... A *MIRAGE*, COMING FROM AN *OVERHEATED BRAIN?*

ISBN: 978-1-906332-04-4

Macbeth
THE GRAPHIC NOVEL
Classical Comics


Quick Text
I CAN'T *HOLD* YOU! -- ARE YOU JUST A DAGGER OF THE *MIND?*

ISBN: 978-1-906332-05-1

Quick Text

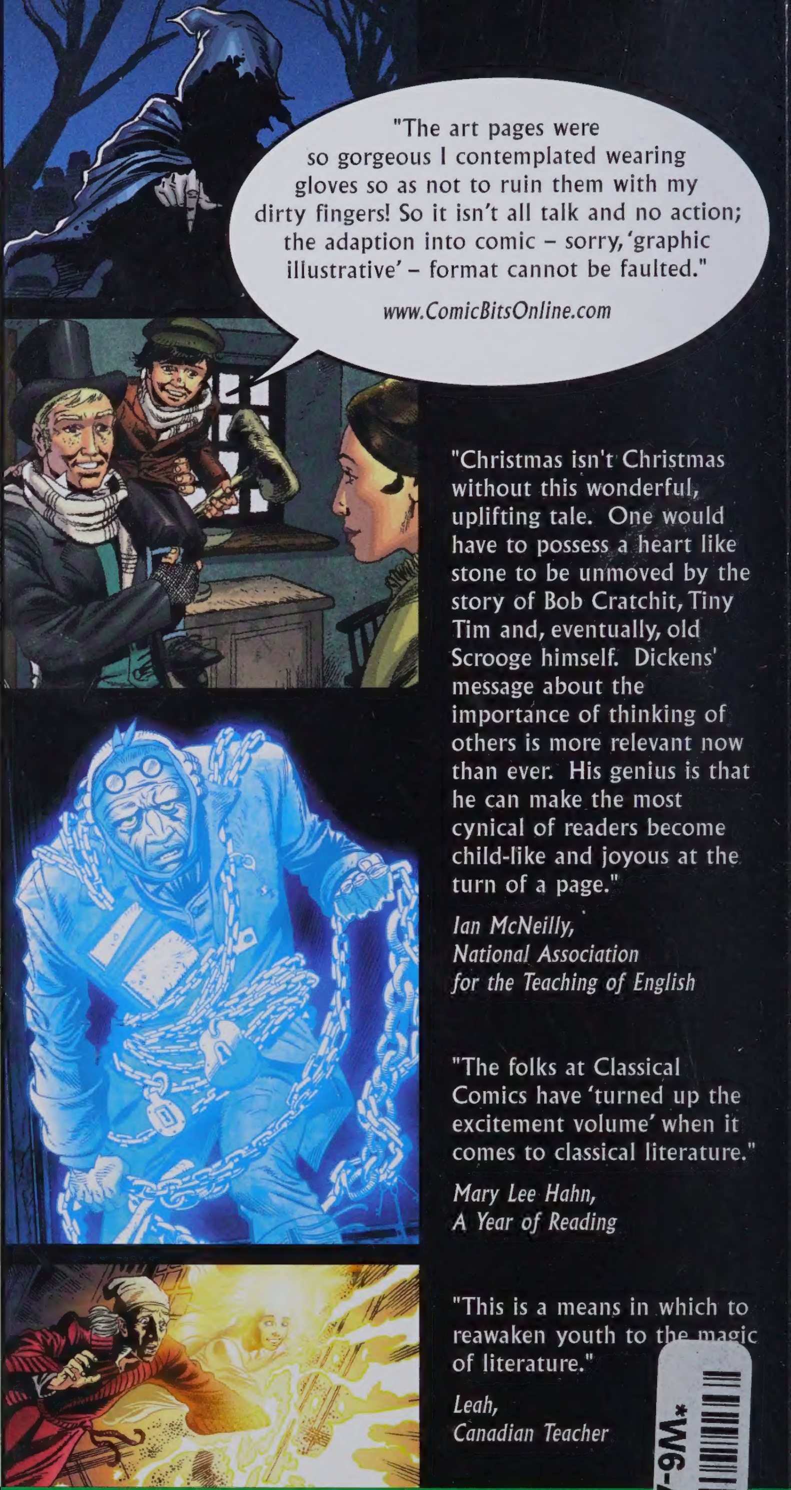
A Christmas Carol

The full story in quick modern English for a fast-paced read!

Ebenezer Scrooge is a selfish, miserable old miser. The only thing he cares about is making money and keeping it. He despises the poor and the needy; and he hates Christmas as much as he hates laughter and kindness…
…until one Christmas Eve when he gets a rude awakening to just how shallow and sad his life really is.

This timeless story was an immediate success for Charles Dickens when it was first published in 1843. Presented here as a full-colour graphic novel, with sumptuous artwork, authentic settings and wonderful characters, this magical tale can be enjoyed afresh by readers of all ages!

Script Adaptation:
Sean Michael Wilson
Pencils: Mike Collins
Inks: David Roach
Colouring: James Offredi
Lettering: Terry Wiley
Design & Layout:
Jo Wheeler & Jenny Placentino
Additional Information:
Karen Wenborn
Editor in Chief: Clive Bryant



"The art pages were so gorgeous I contemplated wearing gloves so as not to ruin them with my dirty fingers! So it isn't all talk and no action; the adaption into comic – sorry, 'graphic illustrative' – format cannot be faulted."

www.ComicBitsOnline.com

"Christmas isn't Christmas without this wonderful, uplifting tale. One would have to possess a heart like stone to be unmoved by the story of Bob Cratchit, Tiny Tim and, eventually, old Scrooge himself. Dickens' message about the importance of thinking of others is more relevant now than ever. His genius is that he can make the most cynical of readers become child-like and joyous at the turn of a page."

Ian McNeilly,
National Association
for the Teaching of English

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